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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Funday Best

ORCHESTRE JAZIRA
DRUGS PART 2
AMAZULU
ARCHIE SHEPP
MICHAEL PALIN
MATHILDE SANTING

SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE FUN

FUNBOYS CHEER UP — INTERVIEW BY PAULO HEWITT

Lynval, Neville & Terry grin and bear it:Photo by Peter Anderson

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
	4	BILLIE JEAN ... Michael Jackson (Epic)	5	1
2	1	TOO SHY ... Kajagoogoo (EMI)	6	1
3	3	AFRICA ... Toto (CBS)	4	3
4	5	CHANGE ... Tears For Fears (Mercury)	4	4
5	10	TOMORROW'S (JUST ANOTHER DAY) Madness (Stiff)	2	5
6	(—)	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	1	6
7	17	NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP Musical Youth (MCA)	2	7
8	8	TUNNEL OF LOVE Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	4	8
9	13	LOVE ON YOUR SIDE Thompson Twins (Arista)	3	9
10	2	SIGN OF THE TIMES ... Belle Stars (Stiff)	6	2
11	7	UP WHERE WE BELONG Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Island)	6	5
12	15	WHAM RAP ... Wham (Innervision)	4	6
13	6	DOWN UNDER ... Men At Work (Epic)	8	1
14	9	CHRISTIAN ... China Crisis (Virgin)	4	9
15	(—)	BABY COME TO ME Patti Austin & James Ingram (Qwest)	1	15
16	(—)	HEY LITTLE GIRL ... Ice House (Chrysalis)	1	16
17	19	SHINY SHINY ... Haysi Fantayzee (Regard)	4	17
18	28	GENETIC ENGINEERING OMITD (Telegraph)	2	18
19	(—)	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS) Eurythmics (RCA)	1	19
20	12	OH DIANE ... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	7	8
21	(—)	NA NA HEY HEY ... Bananarama (London)	1	21
22	23	SHE MEANS NOTHING TO ME Phil Everly/Cliff Richard (Capitol)	2	22
23	11	LAST NIGHT A DJ SAVED MY LIFE Indeep (Sound Of New York)	5	10
24	(—)	ROCK THE BOAT ... Forrest (CBS)	1	24
25	29	GET THE BALANCE RIGHT Depeche Mode (Mute)	3	24
26	30	COMMUNICATION Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	3	26
27	24	COLD SWEAT ... Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3	23
28	(—)	MIDNIGHT SUMMER TEAM ... Stranglers (Epic)	1	28
29	14	GLORIA ... Laura Branigan (Atlantic)	7	5
30	16	ELECTRIC AVENUE ... Eddy Grant (Ice)	7	2

Bonnie Tyler's chart eclipse at No 6

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
	1	BUSINESS AS USUAL Men At Work (Epic)	8	1
1	2	THRILLER ... Michael Jackson (Epic)	11	1
3	8	ANOTHER PAGE Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	2	3
4	(—)	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK Thompson Twins (Arista)	1	4
5	3	NIGHT & DAY ... Joe Jackson (A&M)	6	3
6	11	HEARTBREAKER ... Dionne Warwick (Arista)	17	2
7	(—)	TOTO 1V ... Toto (CBS)	1	7
8	3	PORCUPINE ... Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	4	2
9	5	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION John Lennon (Parlophone)	14	1
10	14	VISIONS ... Various (K-Tel)	4	10
11	9	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	11	4
12	6	HELLO, I MUST BE GOING Phil Collins (Virgin)	16	2
13	9	FRONTIERS ... Journey (CBS)	3	9
14	7	WAITING ... Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	2	7
15	17	MONEY & CIGARETTES ... Eric Clapton (Duck)	3	15
16	(—)	WORKOUT ... Jane Fonda (CBS)	1	16
17	(-)	WRECKIN' CREW ... Meteors (Identity)	1	17
18	13	THE BELLE STARS ... The Belle Stars (Stiff)	4	13
19	19	RIO ... Duran Duran (EMI)	36	2
20	(—)	SHOW PEOPLE ... Mari Wilson (Compact)	1	20
21	26	LIONEL RICHIE ... Lionel Richie (Motown)	10	9
22	(—)	WHAT'S WORDS WORTH Motorhead (Big Beat)	1	22
23	16	ALL THE BEST ... Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	3	14
24	(—)	UB40 LIVE ... UB40 (Dep Int)	1	24
25	15	DIFFICULT SHAPES & PASSIVE RHYTHMS China Crisis (Virgin)	5	15
26	24	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS) Eurythmics (RCA)	3	19
27	27	COMPLETE MADNESS ... Madness (Stiff)	29	1
28	18	KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE ... Eddy Grant (Ice)	6	6
29	12	PEARLS II ... Elkie Brooks (A & M)	15	3
30	22	20 GREATEST LOVE SONGS Nat King Cole (EMI TV)	10	6

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (1)**Oblivious** ... Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
2 (2)**Bad Seed** ... Birthday Party (4AD)
3 (3)**Get The Balance Right** Depeche Mode (Mute)
4 (5)**Johnny Remember Me** ... Meteors (ID)
5 (6)**Fat Man** ... Southern Death Cult (Situation 2)
6 (4)**New Age** ... Blitz (Future)
7 (7)**Plain Sailing** ... Tracy Thorn (Cherry Red)
8 (—)**Somewhere/Hide** ... Danse Society (Society)
9 (10)**Hit The O Deck** ... Pigbag (Y)
10 (18)**Fools Game 12"** Cabaret Voltaire (Disques Du Crepuscule)
11 (12)**You Must Be Mad** ... Marine Girls (Cherry Red)
12 (—)**Mexican Radio** ... Wall of Voodoo (Illegal)
13 (9)**Love's A Lonely Place to be EP** Virginia Astley (Why Fi)
14 (16)**They've Got It All Wrong EP** Anthrax (Small Wonder)
15 (8)**Wessex 82** ... Various (Bluurg)
16 (30)**Out On The Floor** ... Dobie Gray (Inferno)
17 (11)**Alice** ... Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
18 (17)**Fool For A Valentine** ... The Gist (Rough Trade)
19 (22)**City Invasion** ... Red Alert (No Future)
20 (26)**Shoot You Down** ... APB (Oily)
21 (14)**Orders Of The Day** ... Combat 84 (Victory)
22 (19)**Nellie The Elephant** ... Toy Dolls (Volume)
23 (13)**Heartache Avenue** ... Maisonettes (RSG)
24 (21)**Wide Screen** ... Soul On Ice (Red Rhino)
25 (25)**Into The Abyss** Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
26 (—)**Lined Up** ... Shriekback (Y)
27 (24)**Halloween** ... Dead Kennedys (Statik)
28 (20)**Shipbuilding** ... Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
29 (—)**Mr. Nobody** ... Major Accident (Step Forward)
30 (23)**Groovin' In Green** March Violets (Merciful Release)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 (1)**Pillows And Prayers** ... Various (Cherry Red)
2 (2)**Strive To Survive** Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)
3 (4)**A Distant Shore** ... Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
4 (3)**The Day The Country Died** Subhumans (Spiderleg)
5 (7)**North Marine Drive** ... Ben Watt (Cherry Red)
6 (5)**Partisans** ... Partisans (No Future)
7 (15)**The Cull Is Coming** 23 Skidoo (Operation Twilight)
8 (10)**Seduction** ... Danse Society (Society)
9 (—)**Wrecking Crew** ... Meteors (ID)
10 (6)**1981-82 The Mini Album** New Order (Factory)
11 (8)**Upstairs At Eric's** ... Yazoo (Mute)
12 (9)**The Maverick Years** ... Wah (White Label)
13 (12)**Pissed And Proud** Peter And The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
14 (11)**Never Mind The Dirt** ... Dirt (Crass)
15 (13)**Plastic Surgery Disasters** Dead Kennedys (Statik)
16 (—)**What's Words Worth** ... Motorhead (Big Beat)
17 (—)**Song And Legend** Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
18 (29)**Call Of The West** ... Wall Of Voodoo (Illegal)
19 (26)**Leather Bristles Studs And Acne** GBH (Clay)
20 (14)**Guilty** ... Vibrators (Anagram)
21 (19)**If I Die I Die** ... Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
22 (27)**live At Shepperton** ... Damned (Big Beat)
23 (25)**Voice Of A Generation** ... Blitz (No Future)
24 (—)**Embrace The Herd** ... The Gist (Rough Trade)
25 (28)**Under The Flag** ... Fad Gadget (Mute)
26 (18)**The Bedroom Album** ... Jah Wobble (Lago)
27 (21)**Garlands** ... Cocteau Twins (4AD)
28 (18)**La Variete** ... Weekend (Rough Trade)
29 (17)**Inchpinchers** ... Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
30 (30)**The Last Supper** ... Bollock Brothers (Bol)

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Lend Me A Chopper** ... Johnny Osbourne (Hitbound)
2 **Dim The Lights** ... Winston Reedy (Carousel)
3 **Rub A Dub Party** ... Johnny Osbourne (Coxsone)
4 **Palavin Spree** ... Sugar Minott (Thunder Bolt)
5 **Love Like This** ... Errol Dunkley (King Jam)
6 **Don't Bite The Hand** ... Johnny Osbourne/Aswad
7 **Handy Man** ... Trevor Walter (Ital)
8 **Young Free And Single** Al Charles (Body Music)
9 **Make It With You** ... Carroll & Sugar (Carousel)
10 **Wise Bird** ... Alton Ellis (Narrows)
11 **People Of The World** ... People Of The World (Carousel)
12 **Gate Man** ... Ranking Dread (Body Music)
13 **Love And Affection** ... The Cimarons (Cimarons)
14 **Drink Drink** ... Johnny Osbourne (Music Hawk)
15 **Never Let You Go** ... Phillip Frazer (Narrows)

REGGAE ALBUMS

1 **Carroll Thompson** Carroll Thompson (Carousel)
2 **I Am Ready** ... Freddie McGregor (Studio 1)
3 **Rub A Dub Party** ... Johnny Osbourne (Coxsone) (On-U Sound)
4 **Underground** ... Twinkle Bros (Twinkle)
5 **Earth** ... Misty In Roots (People Unite)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

US SINGLES

1 **Baby Come To Me** Patti Austin & James Ingram (Qwest)
2 **Shame On The Moon** Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
3 **Stray Cat Strut** ... Stray Cats (EMI-America)
4 **Billie Jean** ... Michael Jackson (Epic)
5 **Do You Really Want To Hurt Me** Culture Club (Virgin)
6 **Hungry Like The Wolf** ... Duran Duran (Capitol)
7 **You And I** ... Eddie Rabbitt & Crystal Gayle (Elektra)
8 **Down Under** ... Men At Work (Columbia)
9 **We've Got Tonight** Kenny Rogers & Sheena Easton (Liberty)
10 **Pass The Dutchie** ... Musical Youth (MCA)

US LPs

1 **Thriller** ... Michael Jackson (Epic)
2 **Built For Speed** ... Stray Cats (EMI-America)
3 **H_2O** ... Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
4 **Business As Usual** ... Men At Work (Columbia)
5 **The Distance** Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
6 **Frontiers** ... Journey (Columbia)
7 **Rio** ... Duran Duran (Capitol)
8 **Hello, I Must Be Going** ... Phil Collins (Atlantic)
9 **Toto IV** ... Toto (Columbia)
10 **Records** ... Foreigner (Atlantic)

Courtesy Billboard

DENMARK SINGLES

1 **Do You Really Want To Hurt Me** Culture Club (Virgin)
2 **Puttin' On The Ritz** ... Taco (RCA)
3 **High Society Girl** ... Laid Back (Medley)
4 **5 Eiffel** ... Kim Larsen (CBS)
5 **Marie Marie** ... Olsen Brothers (EMI)
6 **Twisting By The Pool** ... Dire Straits (Vertigo)
7 **Heartbreaker** ... Dionne Warwick (Arista)
8 **I Eat Cannibals** ... Toto Coelo (Tuba)
9 **Greenback Dollar** ... Debbie Cameron (EMI)
10 **Dancing In Madness** ... Secret Service (Sonet)

Courtesy BT/IFBI Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Take A Chance On Me** ... Abba (Epic)
2 **Wishing On A Star** ... Rose Royce (Warner Bros)
3 **Come Back My Love** ... Darts (Magnet)
4 **Wuthering Heights** ... Kate Bush (EMI)
5 **Mr. Blue Sky** ... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
6 **Stayin' Alive** ... Bee Gees (Polydor)
7 **Just One More Night** ... Yellow Dog (Virgin)
8 **Figaro** ... Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
9 **Hot Legs/I Was Only Joking** ... Rod Stewart (Riva)
10 **Alright Now (EP)** ... Free (Island)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Part Of The Union** ... Strawbs (A & M)
2 **Blockbuster** ... Sweet (RCA)
3 **Cindy Incidentally** ... Faces (Warner Brothers)
4 **Sylvia** ... Focus (Polydor)
5 **Do You Wanna Touch Me (Oh Yeah)** ... Gary Glitter (Bell)
6 **Whisky In The Jar** ... Thin Lizzy (Decca)
7 **Baby I Love You** ... Dave Edmunds (Rockfield)
8 **Superstition** ... Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
9 **Daniel** ... Elton John (DJM)
10 **Looking Thru The Eyes Of Love** ... Partridge Family (Bell)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Cinderella Rockerfella** ... Esther & Abi Ofarim (Philips)
2 **Mighty Quinn** ... Manfred Mann (Fontana)
3 **Legend Of Xanadu** Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
4 **She Wears My Ring** ... Solomon King (Columbia)
5 **Fire Brigade** ... Move (Regal-Zonophone)
6 **Pictures Of Matchstick Men** ... Status Quo (Pye)
7 **Bend Me Shape Me** ... Amen Corner (Deram)
8 **Everlasting Love** ... Love Affair (CBS)
9 **Suddenly You Love Me** ... Tremeloes (CBS)
10 **Rosie** ... Don Partridge (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Please Please Me** ... Beatles (Parlophone)
2 **The Wayward Wind** ... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
3 **The Night Has A Thousand Eyes** ... Bobby Vee (Liberty)
4 **Summer Holiday** ... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5 **Loop De Loop** ... Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
6 **That's What Love Will Do** ... Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
7 **Diamonds** ... Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)
8 **Island Of Dreams** ... Springfields (Philips)
9 **Like I've Never Been Gone** ... Billy Fury (Decca)
10 **Little Town Flirt** ... Del Shannon (London)

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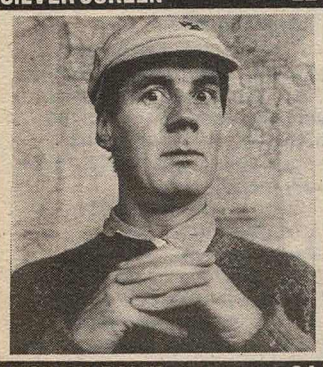

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World tour, new LP for Grammy winners

FLOCK TREATMENT

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS fly in later this month from Germany, where they've been recording their second album, to prepare for a major UK tour — preening themselves in the knowledge that they were the only British band to win a Grammy Award in last week's Los Angeles ceremony.

They achieved this distinction with 'DNA' — a track from their current album, also released as a 12-inch single — which was named Best Instrumental Record of 1982 in the recording industry's equivalent of Hollywood's Oscars.

The British outing will be the first leg of a world tour, subsequently taking them to France, Germany, Italy, America, Japan, Australia and New Zealand. Their 19-date schedule, which will be their only appearances here this year, comprises:

Aylesbury Friars (April 8), Sheffield City Hall (11), Hull City Hall (12), Newcastle City Hall (14), Glasgow Tiffany's (15), Aberdeen Capitol (16), Edinburgh Playhouse (18), Birmingham Odeon (19), Hanley Victoria Hall (20), Lancaster University (22), Liverpool Royal Court (23), Manchester Apollo (24), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (25), London Hammersmith Odeon (26), Portsmouth Guildhall (28), Crawley Leisure Centre (29), Bristol Colston Hall (May 1), Exeter University (2) and Poole Arts Centre (3).

Tickets everywhere are all at the one price of £3.50, and they should be on sale at the majority of venues by this weekend — one exception being Bristol, where the box-office doesn't open until one month before the show. A support band will be named shortly.

The new album, which they've been recording in Germany with Mike Howlett producing, will be released during the course of the UK tour. It will be preceded by a new single, to coincide with the opening of the itinerary.

Birds of a feather. . .Pic: Kevin Cummins

MORE BALLET HOO

SPANDAU BALLET, who last week announced the first six dates of their spring tour, have now completed their UK schedule — and it involves a further 16 concerts.

The extra shows are at Ipswich Gaumont (March 30), Brighton Centre (April 4), Birmingham Odeon (7), Coventry Apollo (9), Cardiff St. David's Hall (10), Margate Winter Gardens (12), Bradford St. George's Hall (15), Liverpool Empire (16), Bristol Hippodrome (17), Blackpool Opera House (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Aberdeen His Majesty's Theatre (21), Edinburgh Playhouse (22), Glasgow Apollo (23), Sheffield City Hall (25) and Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (26).

Together with their previously reported dates — including three in London at the Royal Albert Hall, Royal Festival Hall and Sadlers Wells, plus two in Bournemouth and one in Manchester — this brings Spandau's itinerary up to a total of 22 shows. And it's possible that still more dates will be added to the tour, which ties in with the release of their new album 'True'. Tickets should now be available at most venues, though details of prices must be obtained from the various box-offices.

NME EXCLUSIVE

Cream, Animals, Nice reform for Marquee's 25th birthday

ROCK RELICS EXHUMED

PLANS ARE well advanced for a series of star-studded and unique events to mark the 25th anniversary of London's Marquee Club, one of the longest established and best-known rock venues in the world.

Its reputation as a launching pad for many of the biggest names in contemporary music is unequalled, and a large number of those bands and artists will be returning to the club during the coming weeks and months. Its 25th birthday falls on April 13, and a special string of one-nighters is being lined up for around that period — but as some of the projected attractions won't be available at that time, celebration gigs will continue throughout the year.

The Marquee's history will be the subject of two hour-long BBC-TV documentaries for spring transmission, as well as a 60-minute Radio One show on Easter Monday.

Mean Records are compiling a series of historic recordings by bands who have appeared at the venue over the past quarter-century, and these will be available either individually or as a four-album set.

The Marquee is keeping its precise plans under wraps for the next few weeks. But *NME*, with its proven ability for accurate forecasting, is prepared to speculate on a few distinct possibilities:

● Eric Burdon to re-form The Animals?

● Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker and Jack Bruce to re-unite as Cream for the first time since their famous farewell concert in 1968?

● Keith Emerson get The Nice together again?'

● Bert Jansch and John Renbourn to re-create Pentangle folk nights at the Marquee?

● Jethro Tull to put in an appearance?

● Manfred Mann to revert to his original line-up with Paul Jones on vocals?

● Genesis to make a surprise appearance, as they did last year?

● Alvin Lee to re-form Ten Years After?

● Johnny Dankworth & Cleo Laine and Humphrey Lyttelton to recreate the Marquee's jazz nights?

● Dudley Moore to recall his days as pianist at the club, and Alexis Korner his regular blues sessions?

Perm any eight from ten — and you could hit the jackpot.

These are some of the prospects which we can view with reasonable optimism. But when one considers the many other acts who achieved their initial breaks at the Marquee — like The Rolling Stones, Rod Stewart, Black Sabbath, The Jam, The Who and Elkie Brooks, to name just a few — the options are endless. In fact, a club spokesman said this week that they were "being inundated with offers from big bands who want to do something towards the celebrations, and it's a question of sifting and sorting the dates to suit everybody".

JERRY LEE FLIES IN

PRINCE FOR LONDON

Jerry Lee illustration Ian Wright

TOUR & RECORD NEWS P37, 38

Wide bias.

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Different decks apply different amounts of bias, which is why Maxell tapes have a wide bias latitude, so they respond in the same way to different equipment.

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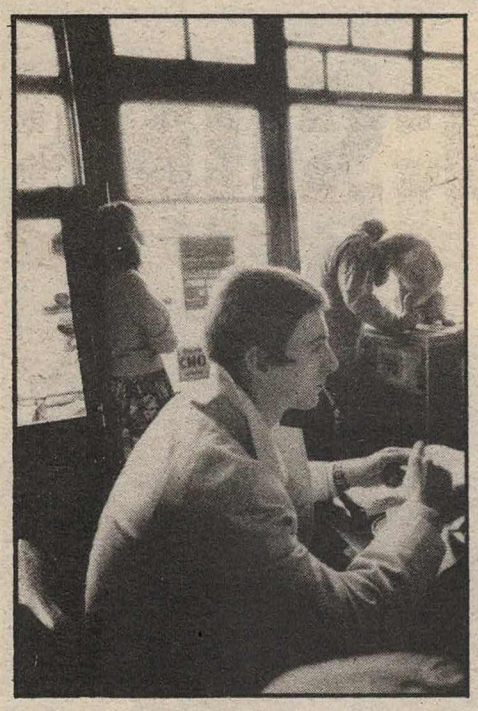


THE BOY WONDER'S WINNERS

After trouncing allcomers in the NME Readers' Poll Paul Weller casts his own votes.

group
CULTURE CLUB & FUN BOY 3

best new group
WHAM!

male singer
BOY GEORGE & TERRY HALL

female singer
TRACEY THORN

creep of the year
TOO MANY TO MENTION

most wonderful human being
STUART ADAMSON (for his burning passion)

songwriter
PAUL BARRY, JOHN ROBINSON, FB3

single
DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME/Culture Club

long player
FRIENDS/Shalamar

live act
SHALAMAR

dancefloor
LET IT WHIP/Dazz Band
IN AND OUT/Willie Hutch

best sleeve
BEAT SURRENDER/The Jam

event of the year
NEVER HAPPENS

best dressed male
VAUGHAN TOULOUSE & THE BOY WONDER

best dressed female
MISS PRICE

haircut
FRENCH MEN (over 30)

electronics
ME

bass
I LEVEL'S BASSIST

drums
ZEKE MANYINKA & JON MOSS

miscellaneous
MICK TALBOT

radio show
GARY CROWLEY'S TUESDAY CLUB

video
FRIEND OR FOE/Adam Ant

tv show
ONLY FOOLS AND HORSES

film
E.T.
THE PLAGUE DOGS

NOT WAIVING NOT FLAGGING

AS LONDON froze over in the belated winter, white-hot scenes inside Oxford Street's 100 Club recalled a combo who trod that very stage seven long years ago. . .But never mind The Sex Pistols, here's Black Flag.

The last time they were over here Black Flag played almost unnoticed, buried demeaningly in the middle of a bill of spikey mediocrity. But since then California's finest have picked up British attention in their own right, and we can now look forward to the imminent UK release of their back catalogue, plus an album of several years' worth of hiterto unreleased material, on SST.

Supporting Black Flag throughout their three-week European tour are the LA trio, the Minutemen, launch-on-warning purveyors of fast, furious and absurdly funny anthems, which include 'Working Men Are Pissed', 'Mutiny in Jonestown' and 'Bob Dylan Wrote Propaganda Songs'. Although their images embody almost everything punk orthodoxy destests, both Black Flag and Minutemen play brands of classifiably "punk" music which easily outstrip those of more celebrated and correctly-attired practioners.

"What we like to do is play for anyone who will hear us. We certainly don't like to play to a certain type of audience," drawls lanky, long-haired Greg Ginn, main writer and lead guitarist. "I feel most people don't really understand our music. What's happening on the surface hits them real hard, so they never get down to the point of really understanding the things we do and where that kind of thing might come from."

BLACK FLAG: and you thought they all had crewcuts. Pic: Peter Anderson

The "surface hitting real hard" is right. Their LP 'Damaged' *sounds* one of the most punchy, exciting and deranged punk albums *ever*. But, like The Sex Pistols, The Clash and precious few others, they transcend the narrow punk tag. 'Damaged' is a great record of any description.

"Most of those songs were written in '76, before we heard The Sex Pistols or The Clash," explains Greg. "We had some influences in common I didn't know till later. But our influences were more like, among other things, The Stooges, the MC5 and this band called The Dogs, a Detroit band that moved to LA".

"The first two Ted Nugent albums," cuts in Henry Rollins, the crazed, muscular singer, who possesses a stare of the blankest, most murderous implacability. Otherwise, he's a very friendly guy.

"One of our favourite bands is Trouble Funk from Washington DC," continues Greg. "And we like old Black Sabbath, the first four albums."

"...Velvet Underground, Bach, Beethoven, Johnny Cash..."

A lot of disparate influences.

"We always like to challenge ourselves with our music..." ruminates Greg. "You got to be willing to take a risk and keep pushing..."

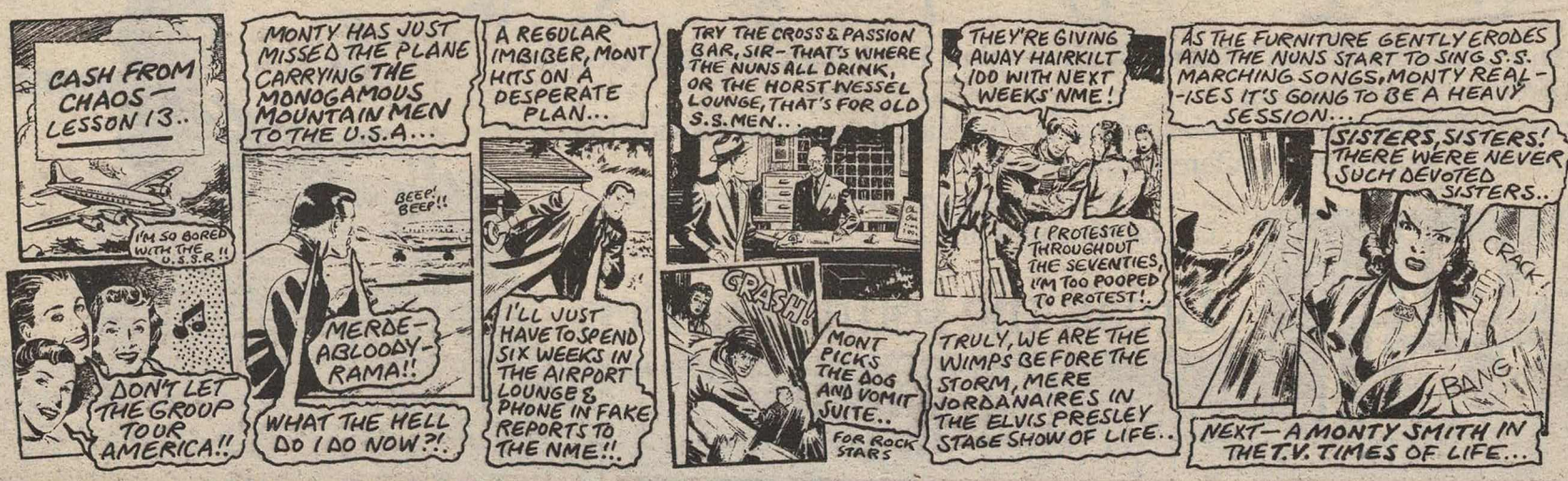
"Else you just crawl up your own ass," concludes Henry.

MAT SNOW

the lone groover — benyon

I SET OUT T'BE A TRUE WORKIN' CLASS NERD....
T'MAKE RECORDS FOR KIDS WITH NO HOPE, NO FUTURE AN' NO JOBS.....
GOLD LEAF TOILET PAPER
... IT WORKED — I'VE GOT THOUSANDS OF FANS.....
Flyer by plane
HELP!
.... BUT THEY HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY TO BUY RECORDS.....
YOU WANT TO AIM AT TH' COCKTAIL SET!
HOW DO I DO THAT...
JUST IMAGINE ROMES BURNIN' AN' YOU'RE NERO PLAYIN' A SYNTH!
WAY OUT

note oilskin base — lowry


CASH FROM CHAOS — LESSON 13..
I'M SO BORED WITH THE U.S.S.R!!
DON'T LET THE GROUP TOUR AMERICA!!
MONTY HAS JUST MISSED THE PLANE CARRYING THE MONOGAMOUS MOUNTAIN MEN TO THE U.S.A...
A REGULAR IMBIBER, MONT HITS ON A DESPERATE PLAN...
BEEP! BEEP!!
MERDE-ABLOODY-RAMA!!
WHAT THE HELL DO I DO NOW?!
I'LL JUST HAVE TO SPEND SIX WEEKS IN THE AIRPORT LOUNGE & PHONE IN FAKE REPORTS TO THE NME!!
TRY THE CROSS & PASSION BAR, SIR — THAT'S WHERE THE NUNS ALL DRINK, OR THE HORST WESSEL LOUNGE, THAT'S FOR OLD S.S. MEN..
CRASH!
MONT PICKS THE DOG AND VOMIT SUITE..
FOR ROCK STARS
THEY'RE GIVING AWAY HAIRKILT 100 WITH NEXT WEEKS' NME!
I PROTESTED THROUGHOUT THE SEVENTIES, UM TOO POOPED TO PROTEST!
TRULY, WE ARE THE WIMPS BEFORE THE STORM, MERE JORDANAIRES IN THE ELVIS PRESLEY STAGE SHOW OF LIFE..
AS THE FURNITURE GENTLY ERODES AND THE NUNS START TO SING S.S. MARCHING SONGS, MONTY REAL-ISES IT'S GOING TO BE A HEAVY SESSION...
SISTERS, SISTERS! THERE WERE NEVER SUCH DEVOTED SISTERS..
CRACK!
BANG!
NEXT — A MONTY SMITH IN THE T.V. TIMES OF LIFE...

SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Free jazz

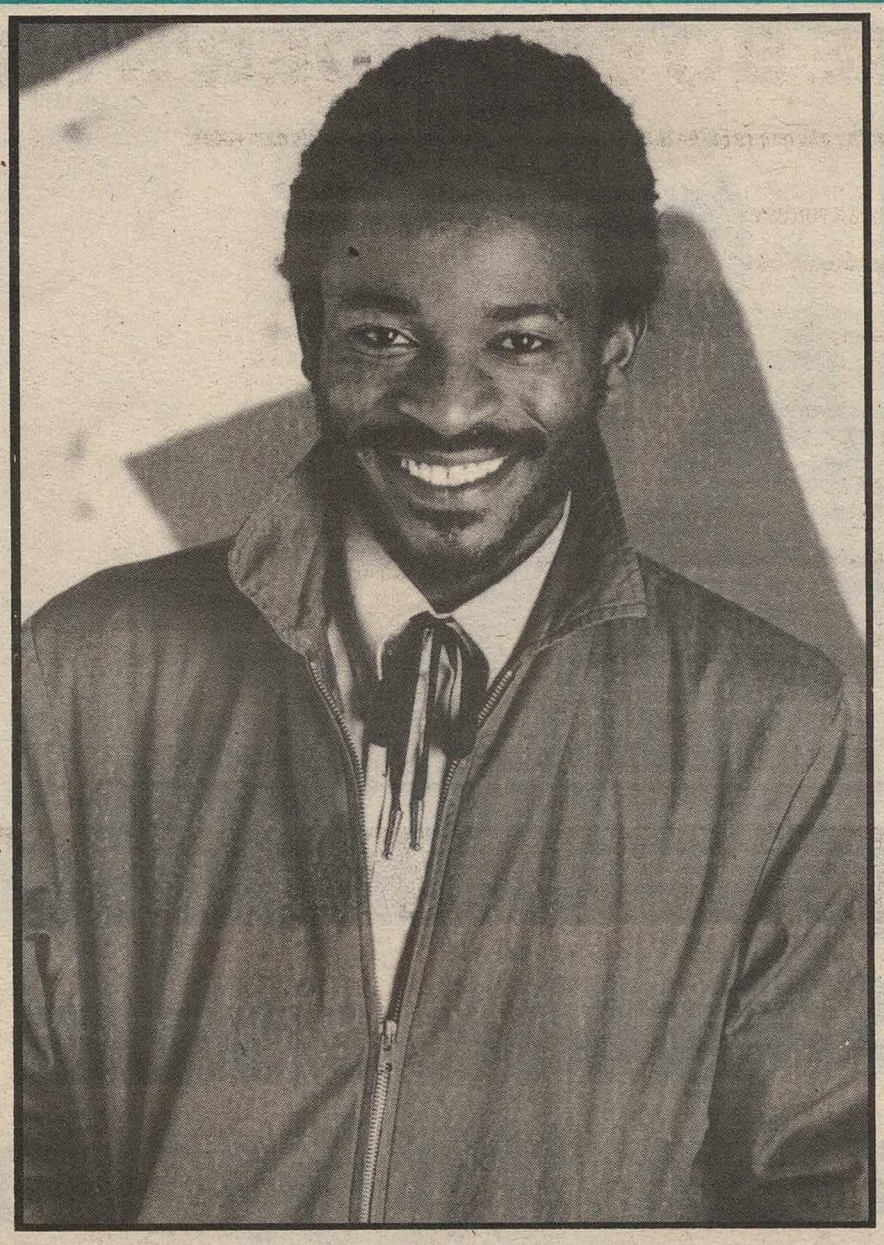
☐ West London's cool note emporium ***Jazz Trash*** *242, Lilly Road, SW6. (phone 381-3173)* is unveiling a swinging little improvisation called ***Sinners, Swinger and Saints.*** The exhibition which will be marching down town from the 9th March to 4th April will be a visual interpretation of jazz based on a series of photos and portraits Although closed on Mondays the show will be open for the rest of the week (including Sundays) and records will be on sale for the discerning buff. Admission free!

In the swim

☐ Undercurrents magazine are the latest to hop on the ever rolling club bandwagon — they present **Partyzans** on Sat March 5th at Covent Garden Community Centre, 27 Shelton St in downtown London Wc2. Headlining are a quintet from Rip Rig and Panic, foxy feminist Hermine, fab acapella girl trio Pandu Red, and Glebus Bland, who claims to be "Turkestan's answer to The Beatles". Plus performance artist Sef Townsend, poets and films. Sounds Art by the King Biscuit Diskit. Mode, they say, is 'post-industrial'. Start 7.30, ends 11.30. Admission £2.

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

ORANGE JUICE



ZEKE MANYIKA

BOOKS
Who Are The Bullies? (I'm still writing it)
To Kill A Mocking Bird by Harper Lee (The first English book I read right through)

FILMS
I'm not really a "movie" person so I never remember titles!

SINGLES
State Of Independence by Donna Summer (Tickles my hair and reminds me of the Zulu singing tradition)
Perfect Day by The The (Perfect!)

ALBUMS
Rip It Up by Orange Juice (Well, I think so!)

LIKES
I'm fascinated by people

DISLIKES
Snakes (reptilian and human)
Arguments

FOOD
I like most things but I hate Indian curries (oops!)

FAVOURITE SAYING
"Excellent!"

LEAST FAVOURITE SAYING
"Let's go for a curry!"

LEAST FAVOURITE CHORE
Talking to people on the phone
Filling in forms
Soundchecks

PLACES
Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe
Kildonan, Isle of Arran, Scotland

IDEA OF HELL
Stevo's cup of coffee!

IDEA OF BLISS
I prefer not to embarrass her

FAVOURITE CHORE
Cooking

POLITICIANS
Julius Nyrere (president of Tanzania)

INFLUENCES
Everybody, everything...

FIRST THING I CAN REMEMBER
Overturning five times in my uncle's car

FANTASY
To save the world from the distortions of irresponsible journalism. (*The Sun* — the paper that distorts our boys!)

MUSICIANS I WOULD PAY TO GO AND SEE
Dr John
Leta Mbuli (S. African singer)

MOST TREASURED POSSESSION
A picture of my mum and dad when they were teenagers

lowry

THE HIGSONS

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C/W PUT THE PUNK BACK INTO FUNK
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£61 includes ● best tickets for concert ● Cross-channel ferry ● 4 Star Hotel ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets ● ☐1

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LIVE IN PARIS, 27th JUNE
Leave morning 26th June return morning 28th June
£60 includes ● best tickets for concert ● Cross-channel ferry ● 4 Star Hotel ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets● ☐2

ROD STEWART
LIVE IN ROTTERDAM FRIDAY 10th JUNE
£58 includes ticket for concert ● Cross-Channel Ferry ● 4 Star Hotel ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets. Depart morning 9th June, Return evening of 11th June. ☐3

DIRE STRAITS
LIVE IN BRUSSELS 31st MAY
Depart morning 30th May. Return 1st June
The price of £54.00 includes ● Ticket for the concert ● 4 Star Hotel ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets ● Cross-Channel Ferry ☐4

UB40
LIVE IN UTRECHT, HOLLAND 17th MARCH
£32.00 includes ● ticket for concert ● Cross-Channel Ferry ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets. Depart morning 17th March. Return morning 18th March. ☐5

BUMPER HOLLAND in HOLLAND
SANTANA
April 22nd
ERIC CLAPTON
April 23rd
Depart morning 22nd April. Returning morning 24th April. £65.00 includes ● Tickets for both concerts ● 4 Star Hotel ● Cross-Channel Ferry ● Coaches equipped with videos and toilets. ☐6

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of course

Next Week In NME

—PETE— TOWNSHEND

Paul Morley quizzes the other Dr. Who.

—DRUGS— PART THREE

Andrew Tyler concludes his shock survey of Britain's bad habits with a look at London lifestyles.

JAPAN

ALL TOMORROWS PARTIES
(1983 REMIX BY STEVE NYE)

7" B/W 'IN VOGUE'
12" B/W 'OBSCURE ALTERNATIVES'/ 'DEVIATION'

(BOTH LIVE AND PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED ON RECORD)

7"HANSA 18 12"HANSA 1218 ARISTA

Mathilde Santing—no fuss.

Sapphire sisters raise the Spector

AS Wah has plowed up the charts, you may have wondered about that angelic sounding trio of glamorous girls standing behind them. Well, they're sisters, they're from Croydon and they're Masons . . .

IT WAS Phil Spector who used to lecture initial proteges The Shirelles on the differences between 'simple' and 'honest' singles. "I make *honest* records," Spector loved to assert.

Well, Sylvia and the Sapphires agree, and they aren't *un*-pleased that their debut disc as a Stiff girl group ('Shopping Around') merited most of its press mentions on the strength of a "South London Spector sound".

"It was deliberate," comments Ruby — eldest of those three Mason sisters from Croydon who masquerade as the ten-month-old Sapphires. "It was definitely something we went for in the most polished way. Mainly because that sort of thing just wasn't happening." By 'that sort of thing', Ruby says she means exactly the sort of cascading, confiding harmonies the Spector girl groups gave the world.

The second Sapphires single, 'Baby I'm A Fool For You', offered an about-face — a pastiche of the Supremes, with less orchestral embellishments and more soulful emoting.

"The idea is for every single to be dressed up a little differently," says Sylvia.

Sapphires' production is all JayODee: with Edwards, O'Donnell and Jennings supplying all the group's original numbers and the Masons then 'working out' arrangements with them in the studio. That's an arena in which the sisters have accrued a lot of expertise; each boasts a separate back catalogue of session work.

"I've known the guys a long time, though," explains Ruby. "A few years back I was in a group with two other boys, and Colin and Steve wrote a song for us to enter in the Eurovision. We came second to Coco, then I ended up with the same guys for two years in something else called Ritz. When that broke up, I thought 'Well, I've got something at home, let's try that'. That's the reason we really got it together so much between the producers and ourselves."

Ruby was the first Mason sister to defy parental wishes by singing professionally. "Hard times at first!" she laughs now. "Our parents just did *not* regard music as anything for life. They thought it was too unstable — and of course they were right. But they didn't give Sylvia or Vicki quite such a hard time."

By the time her sisters — there are ten years between them — took up the act, Ruby had already toured Australia and New Zealand, worked live with Elkie Brooks and in the studio with Cilla Black, Jimmy Cliff, Junior Campbell and Rod Stewart.

Sylvia made her debut as the replacement for an ailing Ruby. She swiftly recruited Vicki — who was still at school and had yet to try even music lessons.

The sisters are doing yet more telly: *Top Of The Pops* with Yazoo, on whose stuff they've recently sung backing. They're also audible on the Undertones' LP and will be cutting a new 45 of their own for March release. Six songs are demo'd for that already and Stiff supremo Dave Robinson is angling for an LP.

"Face it," says Ruby, "there's not even half the music coming out of England right now that there should be; and we'd like to help change that."

CYNTHIA ROSE

Sapphire sisters — Sylvia, Ruby and Vicki.

Even Dutch girls sing the blues...

She's just an old fashioned lady singer who likes to do it her way . . .

PARADOXICAL THOUGH it may sound, anonymity is a desirable quality for a singer to pursue. Such a pursuit gives the singer space to develop his or her craft, and the time to get to know a song. The public should eventually recognize the improvements and reward the singer accordingly.

That old Welsh mountain sage Green, of Scritti Politti, said as much last summer when he proposed "an economy of style as opposed to an excess of signature", but such is his way of expressing things that nobody took any notice.

The pop charts have suffered the consequences in the form of a thousand cover versions perpetrated by nonentities out to deface perfectly good songs with their messy signatures. Judging by their cheap success it seems that the public, overcome with nostalgia, quickly forgets what it is to hear a good song properly sung.

As often the case, it takes a foreign visitor such as Dutch vocalist Mathilde Santing to point up the folly of a British fad. Though her visit was brief, she made a deep and lasting impression on those who saw her supporting Randy Newman, or, more luckily, in the more intimate atmosphere of the London club Canteen.

The possessor of a beautiful and distinctive voice, her most remarkable trait is the humility with which she puts it to the service of the song. Shunning easy emotion tugging devices, she relies on the perfect outline of the melody to move the listener, and only the slightest of vocal gestures to focus the words.

In keeping with this minimum of fuss she's stripped her backing down to a basic rhythm box—"the kind you can find in any living room organ"—and the delicate electronic shadings of her two unobtrusive accompanists (who also play with Dutch group The Tapes).

Her somewhat bizarre choice of back up was dictated by her shyness with musicians who, so she figured, she would have difficulty restraining from stamping their personalities over what she does.

If you think all this adds up to someone willing herself into oblivion, that's only because she begins from a different proposition to most of her contemporaries: the pursuit of quality before fame.

"Whatever it is you do," Mathilde proposes, "you have to do it right. I skipped all the other big dreams I had about myself and concentrated on singing."

HER RESPECT for quality decides the songs she sings. "I am very particular," she says. "It's not that I think 'This is the style or period I sing from, so let's take five new ones and sing them'. It takes a long time before I decide."

Her 45 minutes set has been arrived at over a number of years, during which time she has brought her performance to perfection. The span of songs is deliberate, ranging from standards such as 'The Gentleman Is A Dope' and 'I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face', through the Isleys' 'Behind A Painted Smile', Rundgren's 'The Dream Goes On Forever' (all available on a 10" mini LP on WEA) and to Costello's 'Hand In Hand'.

"I just see myself as an old fashioned lady singer who takes songs she likes because she thinks 'I can do them my way'. Because I live in the '80s it's nice to do them with music that goes with this time, rather than to treat them as a nostalgic thing."

That most of her songs are standards is not so much down to a decline in songwriting as the change in focus from the vocalist to the group.

"There used to be a time when people were writing all the time for people like me," she recalls wistfully, "and for musicals, of course. Now it's not being done so much. In modern music it is always a combination of the song and the instrumentation. So you couldn't leave out a bass riff or there would be nothing left!"

Mathilde feels no great urge to project her view onto the world. She's quite satisfied to let slip as little about herself as can be gleaned from her selection of songs. Even then she's content to hide behind a song's irony, to relish the ambiguity behind her choice.

"I try for songs which have some irony if I sing them in the '80s," she says, "or I switch them round, so they have a double meaning in a certain way, or sing men's songs without changing the gender.

"Maybe just by my choice you can see something of me shimmering through, but it is not the main thing. I am trying to write my own songs, put a greater flow of what I think or feel into the songs I do, but I give myself a couple of years to decide whether I'll use them."

Fools rush in, Mathilde Santing treads more carefully. Her caution is the difference between a fleeting cover version and an enduring standard. You will have time to grow accustomed to her face.

CHRIS BOHN

Ras Elroy, person of the world and cornerstone of the community.

COLLECT AND SURVIVE

UNITY is the keyword of an extraordinary alliance involving seasoned singers and players on the North London reggae circuit who have joined together to operate under the umbrella tag People Of The World. The collective makes its debut this week with a song also entitled 'People Of The World' for the Carousel label in Bethnal Green, a consistent hitmaking imprint.

Born out of a pool of session musicians regularly employed at East End lovers rock *factory* Easy Street studios on a succession of reggae hits for the likes of Sugar Minott, Trevor Walters, Carroll Thompson, Jean Adebambo and many others, the group now establishes itself a single entity on the foundations of the two Bailey brothers, former Black Slate bassist Ras Elroy, currently filling in for Cimarons, and drummer John, the sole male member of the Amazulu tribe.

"Basically," says Elroy. "People Of The World is a crop of professional musicians from London who thought it would be a good idea to have a collective group going, not restrictive like a band, but where we would each have the opportunity to pursue our own solo careers."

Also in the group is the spirited session keyboards player Ojemba, who played alongside Rico in Gene Rondo's Undivided band in the early '70s—"a pioneer in keyboards, a teacher," according to Elroy—inventive guitarist and arranger Alan Weekes, formerly of The Equators and now fronting La Famille; Jah Lenny of La Famille on percussion; plus backup vocals from Karen Wheeler of Black Harmony and Search For A Star finalist Naomi. Business runnings are overseen by the ever dapper Scorpion.

Guest lead vocals on this first effort are shared between Keith Drummond, until recently Black Slate's lead singer, now working with Red Cloud, and the Queen of lover's rock Carroll Thompson.

So what came first, the name of the song or the name of the group?

"We wanted to stress the point of unity, which is the answer to what we seek, a better world. The song 'People Of The World means unity, and the way we got the group together is an example of that."

PENNY REEL

Mari Wilson

LP and Cassette: Showpeople

Includes: 'JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED' 'CRY ME A RIVER' and free full colour Mari Wilson calendar

Coming soon:
The single 'CRY ME A RIVER' (New Version) available on 7" - or12"with Spanish/Smooch mixes

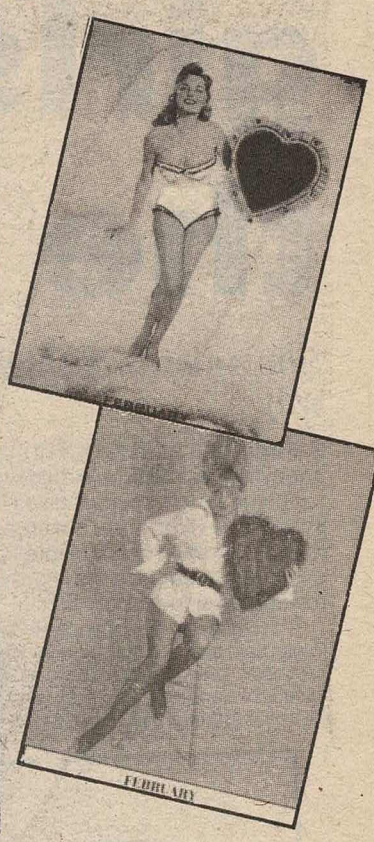
The Tour
MARCH
12 Cornwall Coliseum, St. Austell
13 Bristol, Colston Hall
14 Brighton, The Dome
15 Poole, Arts Centre
17 Derby, Assembly Rooms
18 Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, City Hall
19 Glasgow, Pavilion
20 Edinburgh, Playhouse
22 Southport Theatre, Southport
23 Leeds, University
25 Birmingham, Odeon
26 Manchester, Free Trade Hall
27 London, Palladium

Comp 2

Cry me a cult figure

Mari Wilson is her name and she seems to have a lot to answer for in bringing about a Julie London revival . . .

Julie is her name



ONCE THERE was a girl, a bass and a guitar. Together they made a record called 'Cry Me A River', which turned the singer into a one-hit wonder. And maybe that's the way things might have stayed but, somewhere along the way, the girl became a cult figure. A quirk of fate, perhaps.

Way back when, our living legend was plain Julie Peck, daughter of a California based vaudeville team. Not that she was *that* plain. In fact, she was decidedly dishy. So much so, that folks told her that a move to Hollywood would set her career on the up and up. In reality, the move saw her heading up *and* down; she became an elevator operator in a tinseltown department store. Between bouts of button-pushing, she changed her name to Julie London and grabbed bit parts in cheapo cheapo productions like *The Girl And The Gorilla*. Then in 1947, by which time she was knocking on 21, she made *The Red House* with Edward G Robinson. A smart thing to do. She also married an obscure radio actor named Jack Webb, which wasn't so bright.

A few more nowhere film roles came Julie's way during the next few years — along with a brace of daughters. Meanwhile, hubby Webb had decided to give up being obscure and opted instead to become Sgt Joe Friday in a TV series about an LA cop. Known as *Dragnet*, the series proved a groundbreaker and ran from 1951 through to '58. Stan Freberg even guyed Webb on record and was rewarded with a No.1 hit. Within months, Jack Webb became the biggest thing in worldwide TV.

He wasn't so big at home though. Just two years after he began constantly repeating "Give us the facts, mam, all we want is the facts," for the benefit of his goggle-box audiences, he and Julie London got a divorce.

However, sultry beauties with 36-23-36 figures have a habit of not staying single over long. In 1954 Julie met up with ultra-cool song stylist Bobby Troup, who soon tumbled to the fact that the London voice was worth recording. Accordingly, Troup, who eight years earlier had penned a ditty known as 'Route 66', helped gain her a contract with a brand new label called Liberty Records and in late '55 Julie London recorded the smoke-filled ballad that's 'Cry Me A River'. The session was almost a write-off. "Everytime Julie got near the mike she froze," Troup claimed. But later she relaxed and delivered in a manner that was both sensuous and sophisticated. If ever a song came decked out vocally in a black lace negligee, then that song was 'Cry Me A River'.

A torch ballad, soaked in tears of goodbye, it proved an ideal vehicle for Julie's smoky, wee small hours voice. *"Told me love was too plebeian, told me you were through with me an' . . ."* she whispered huskily. And the DJs loved it. When the single was released they virtually fell over themselves in the rush to air it. American record punters responded just as warmly. Within days the disc became one of the nation's top sellers. In its wake, Julie made her first onstage in New York — at that city's swank Cameo Club.

"Her voice is packed with a warmth which captivates the audience," emoted one scribe. "And all she does is sit on a stool and sing. There's no wild arrangements, no swinging of arms and head. No shouting of lyrics. She's always on key and phrases like an instrument."

Her first album, 'Julie Is Her Name', which reiterated the intimacy of the debut single, garnered similar critical comment, as did the later 'Calendar Girl', the sleeve of which featured Julie in

twelve seasonal poses, all very *Playboy* and decidedly pre Women's Lib.

Her screen career received a fillip as a result of her vinyl activities. In '56 she was offered her strongest-ever Hollywood role in *The Great Man*, Jose Ferrer's attempt to emulate *Citizen Kane*. And that same year, she turned up in *The Girl Can't Help It* playing Tom Ewell's dream girl, drifting spectrally into scenes and constantly reprising 'Cry Me A River'.

Eventually, even Britain latched onto the London allure. In 1957, in fact. By then, all the initial furore was over and Julie had settled down to being a steady album seller and routine role-filler in equally routine movies. She also settled down maritally with Bobby Troup, gaining not only a husband but also a songwriter and producer. There were no further hit records, however, and by the late '60s she was struggling to maintain her Liberty contract by recording such unlikely material as 'Yummy, Yummy, Yummy' and 'Louie, Louie', delivering these slabs of bubblegum with such an overt degree of sensuality that they remain as gorgeously funny as a Mae West aside.

With her film and recording career sliding to a halt, Julie turned increasingly to TV and from 1972 through to '77 she played a leading role in *Emergency*, a series about paramedics working out of the LA Fire Department, which also found Bobby Troup appearing as first scalpel.

Since then, there's been little except for the growing legend, Mari Wilson being the first to stake her claim as a London-lover by displaying the sleeve of 'Julie Is Her Name' among the bric-a-brac on the cover of her own 'Just What I Always Wanted' single — a move akin, according to the erudite Burchill, to wearing the slogan "I have good taste" on her hat. Later Mari sang 'Cry Me A River' on *OGWT*, perched on a stool, no wild arrangements, etc, while she has since recorded not one but *two* versions of that same song, one of which forms part of an album which — wait for it! — contains an insert picturing Queen Beehive in 12 'Calendar Girl' poses!

Helen Shapiro's comeback album for Charlie Gillet's Oval

label will also feature a version (admittedly very fine) of 'Cry Me A River' while Edsel Records, aware of a good thing when they smell it, this week release Julie London's original version and are shortly to reissue both 'Julie Is Her Name' and the decorative 'Calendar Girl'.

So the Julie London revival starts here. Who's next? Nellie 'Real Gone Gal' Lutcher perhaps? Eartha Kitt? Sister Rosetta Sharpe? Or maybe even Bobby Troup himself? After all, would you constantly ignore a sharpie who delivers lines like *"Nothing beats a piece of pizza* and *"It isn't merely circumstantial that the lemon is a highly healthful citrus fruit"*? No, I thought not.

FRED DELLAR

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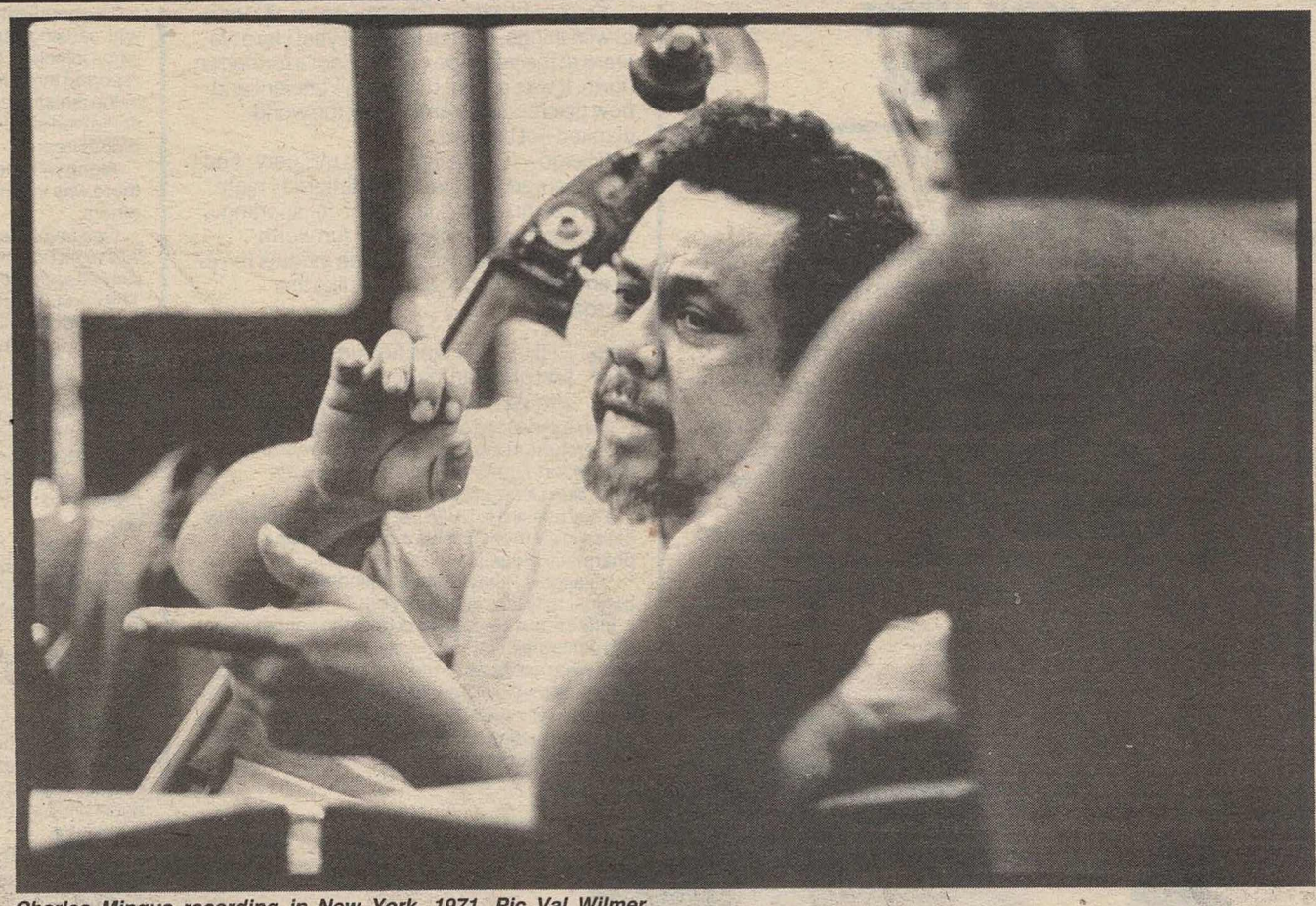
MINGUS: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY
by Brian Priestley *(Quartet, £13.95)*



Charles Mingus recording in New York, 1971. Pic Val Wilmer

MINGUS AH UMMED

MAYBE MINGUS simply won't fit the confines of a 'critical biography'. Perhaps it's that that prolific entrepreneur of life and its capacious sounding board, music, won't stop wriggling under the entomological stake. Whatever the case, *Mingus* must be reluctantly classified as a respectable failure.

Anyone who doesn't know about Charles Mingus — bassist, composer, arranger, group leader and an organiser of the tenets of the jazz ensemble second only to Ellington — will find Brian Priestley's book difficult and frequently discouraging. It's an exemplary piece of scholarship, painstakingly threaded together from the patchwork archives that constitute jazz commentary over the last 40 years, drawing on interviews with most of the major musicians Mingus worked with, contemporary criticism and first-hand accounts. A 56-year life that must have seemed a bewildering rollercoaster of paradox, genius, insatiability and bloody-mindedness has been sifted for the core of reason and humanity which it contained.

Humanity: perhaps no other jazz (an epithet the bassist would wince at) figure insisted quite so intensely on that quality as Mingus. Priestley's clear and chronological narrative details the human frailty which utterly possessed Mingus and his music: the murderous quarrels with musicians and women and promoters that were as likely to end in embraces of reconciliation as a swing to the jaw; the roaring passions of sorrow and ecstasy that could shake a Mingus tune like a fevered palsy; the questing after a full-blooded beauty that was awash with sentiment without ever *ever* tipping towards the maudlin.

Nothing in the book is made to seem apocryphal, and probably nothing is. A frequent writer of open letters to *Down Beat* and such, Mingus made no attempt to shy away from his own legend. He was confident that he could back it up with creative powers that pieced together a way of making the jazz group take on a (his) personal identity while allowing each member the leeway to follow his own track — very Ellingtonian, of course (and Priestley is particularly good on the parallels and differences between the two giants), but there was little of the Duke's urbanity and civilised wit in the raw shove and spit of the Mingus groups.

When you hear the furious joy of records like 'Mingus Ah Um' or 'Mingus Mingus Mingus Mingus Mingus' — arguably the greatest album title ever — you have the colours of exorcism spun on the wheels of an intellect as 'composerly' and demanding as any in jazz — and one which still has the temperament of a half-starved wildcat.

Mingus holds up the podgy kid with a chip on his shoulder about being a 'yellow nigger'; the womaniser; the ambitious young bandleader; the rogue anti-establishmentarian; the cantankerous elder statesman. It examines the consistent musical advance of Mingus' composing self and takes a jeweller's scrutiny to the key episodes in an unwieldy discography which, while never as vast as Coltrane's, is almost equally rich in the sheer outpouring of ideas.

And then you wonder, where is the spark? Priestley has elected to academicise his subject to the point where personal preference is mastered by impartiality, as if in deliberate antithesis to the ferment of feeling which is Mingus music. We're told that 'Black Saint And Sinner Lady' is an "excellent session" and, indeed, "monumental", but the polite dissection of its heartbeat is surely an inappropriate response to an amazing record which, in its use of the studio, opened doors for jazz which still haven't been properly explored.

Priestley refuses to play the fan, which leaves his analysis of such stomping and tumultuous records as 'Tijuana Moods' and 'Mingus Oh Yeah' anaemically cold and his excusing of the dreadful 'Mingus Plays Piano' misleading. To be fair, he admits in his introduction that it's impossible to put across the coagulation of rhythm, expression and feel which makes up any one bar of creative jazz music using a Western musical vocabulary. He begins on the defensive and seems to stay that way throughout.

If you'd like to know about Mingus, you have to hear some of those records mentioned above first. Then have a look at his own Rabelaisian spectacle, *Beneath The Underdog*. Mingus will tell you how those records tick, and it is important for that. It will grant one view of a man who answered a critic of his blues singing on 'Oh Yeah' as follows: "No one could sing my blues but me just as no one could holler for you if I decide to punch you in your mouth. So don't come near me ever in this life." If you want to get near, listen.

RICHARD COOK

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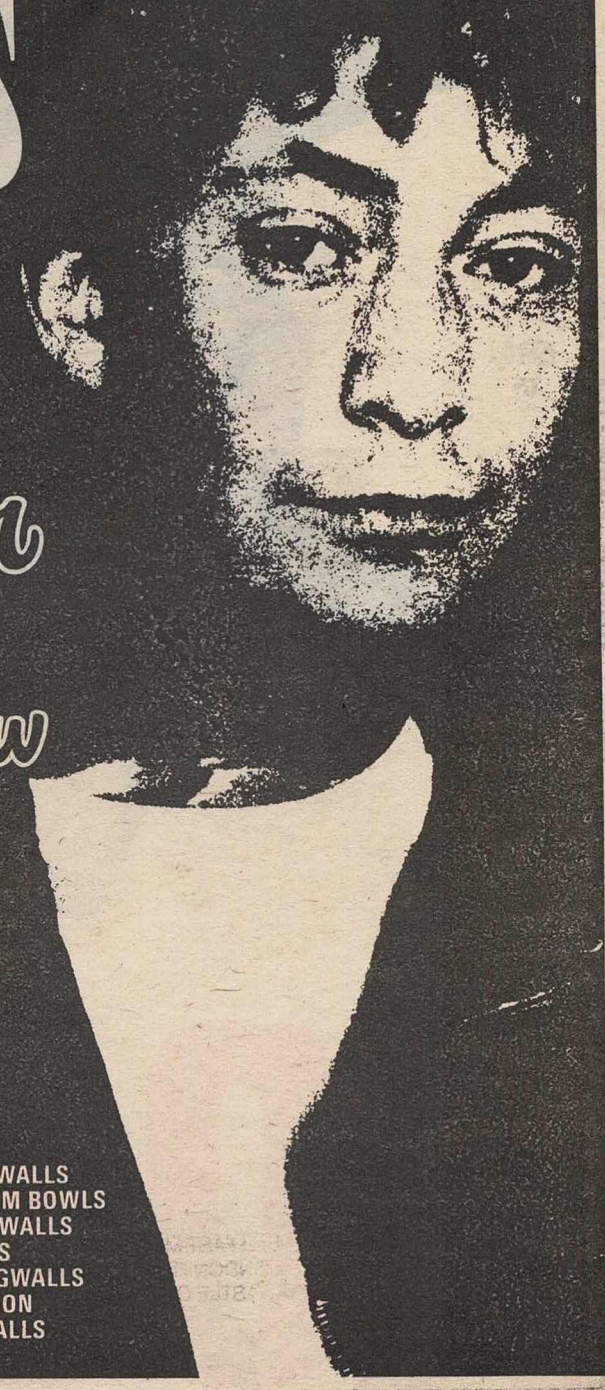

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ON SCENE REPORT:

GLASGOW

GLASGOW WAS wet when I arrived and, at the centre, filled with a dull kind of silence. A half a dozen steps from the station a youth in an anorak approached me and begged some money. The next day the dull severity pressed closer still.

There was the little two-track subway with its fastidiously silent travellers; the city centre department store that I swear was empty except for its fidgety staff. And the young beggar — he turned out to be typical in appearance with the jeans, the running-shoes, head bent into the wind.

You could expect Glasgow to be all kinds of wild things, but not this. But yes! Here we were at the very apex of Toryism's forbidden north. It was a town built on the ancient and now discredited premise that the world clanked not blipped.

Glasgow felt like last year's millinery. And I was assured that even on a Saturday night there was no darn good music for sporting youth, no fashionable cheap fun worth commuting in from the outside estates for, or even from inner city blotches like the Gorbals.

PERHAPS IT was no surprise that the first great drugs scare story of the '80s should have originated from this town.

It was produced by a couple of sociology researchers at the City's University who called their report *The Rapid Increase Of Heroin Addiction During 1981.*

They pointed to a 388 per cent rise in new clinic cases in six months, plus a quantum leap in pharmacy break-ins.

"Glasgow," they chimed ominously, "is beginning to look like New York."

Fifteen and 16-year-olds from the sandstone and concrete estates were jacking up a range of 'pain killing' solutions — much of it fouly adulterated. Whereas they once got ground up Victory V lozenges with their brown Iranian heroin, they were now getting talcum powder or strychnine with the new whiter stuff.

The popularity of the doctor's friend, Diconal, was causing particularly gruesome problems when injected. The head of the main drugs clinic reported three recent stroke cases, one gangrene of the intestines and an amputated finger: Diconal contained silicon and was in no way suitable for the bloodstream.

Along with the extreme levels of self-violence there was the thievery and mugging inflicted on others.

One favourite ruse was to call out doctors on a late night bogus emergency and when he or she arrived snatch their DD (Dangerous Drugs) bag. The £5,000 worth of contents were then sold to a dealer for usually one-fifth that sum.

Because of the increased rewards old fashioned villians had got involved, and were practising old fashioned blood and extortion methods.

One man's hands were recently broken with a baseball bat because he allegedly owed £150. He was later stabbed to death. (An alternative to the £150 theory is that he was ready to tell on some big names and they did a New York-type silence job on him.)

So whatever has happened to Glasgow?

Admittedly there wasn't the razor slashing of the '30s and '60s anymore, but this methodical poisoning of youth was surely leading to a catastrophe.

The report authors — Jason Ditton and Kevin Speirits — concluded that the drift in British drugs policy in recent years from "treatment to criminalisation" was a key factor in the new problem. And they pointed out that America was travelling a reverse path having finally established that dependence was more than a flat-out crime against the state. It had a psychological/social dimension.

Three policy options exist, they wrote. Number one is to throw more policemen at the problem; number two is to throw more money; number three, more heroin. They liked number three best.

"If we return to a policy of unrestricted free prescription of pure heroin to registered addicts, the black market and addict-related crime would be eliminated, and addict-related medical problems would decline. Implementing this option would generate realistic statistical knowledge of the size of the current problem and eventually lead to a reduction in its size and significance".

This hey presto! solution is now recognised by Speirits to be a little out of step with reality.

The expectation that Glasgow's 1,000 to 10,000 addicts (the experts can't agree) would obediently line up for their state fix misses the point that for many the habit is a fuck you mesage aimed at the state itself. Speirits also acknowledges that the black market is now far too large to be *eliminated.*

"All the same," he says a little weakly, "I feel it's important for doctors to stay in the field."

Of the younger, estate kids he believes "most

GOVERNMENT POLICY

BEFORE THE 1960s heroin addicts were invariably doctors and nurses who'd plundered their own medicine cabinets, or they were patients who'd been prescribed the drug during treatment.

They were a small select set, catered for by their own GPs.

The GP was supposed to effect a 'cure' via a gradually decreasing dose of the drug itself and it was for him/her to decide how long to maintain the 'patient'. Often it was for many years.

The policy was called, simply enough, the British system.

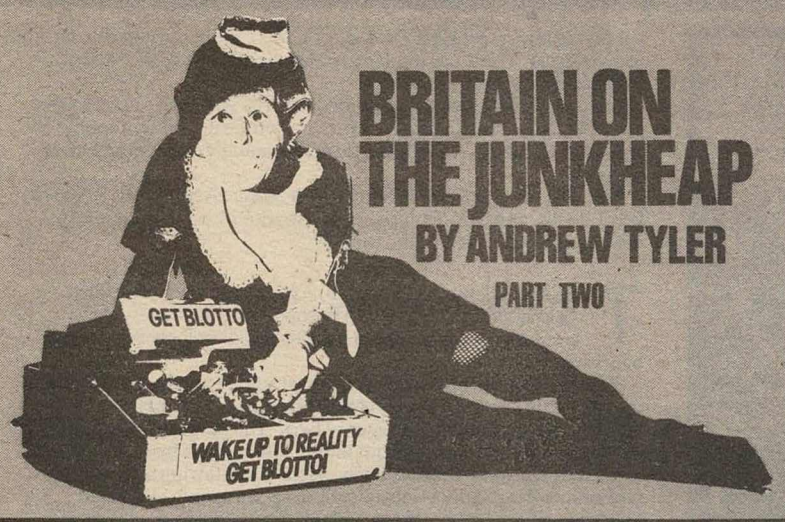
It was admired by drugs cognoscenti throughout the world, particularly in America whose own police-dominated system was spectacularly failing to cap either usage or the horrendous levels of associated crime.

But 20 years ago the British System was knocked into a cocked hat by a new generation of pleasure seekers craving — not in the old 'controlled' way — a whole range of substances, heroin included.

They got their supplies from GPs equally hungry for the 'consultancy fees', or from legitimate medical users with surplus stocks.

THATCHER PIC: PETER ANDERSON
MODEL: KATE BARTLETT
FAR RIGHT — CHARLIE ROGERS. PIC: KEVIN CUMMINS

NO FUTURE IN



BRITAIN ON THE JUNKHEAP

BY ANDREW TYLER

PART TWO

Last week we opened our special three-part drugs survey with an on-scene report from Manchester, a searching look at the political/big business context and an Index Of Substances. We continue with a file on Glasgow — from where the first great drugs scare story of the '80s originated — as well as an examination of drug smuggling routes and the Government's response over the years to drug addiction.

will end up getting out of it if only because they want to start doing something else. But 15 per cent or higher will die".

Since *The Rapid Increase* report there's been another startling upturn in the number of addicts. They are to be found not just in inner city areas like Possil or the Gorbals or in outlying experiments in rat-colony living such as Castlemilk and Easterhouse, but among the dissolute middle classes who know all about junk and the rest but don't care or can't help themselves.

The problem has grown to the point where the local authority was forced to grant a day time drop in centres specially for drug addicts — an extreme rarity throughout the whole UK.

IT IS CALLED St Enoch's and is situated in the Gorbals in what was once a school for the handicapped. The building is low-rise and set on patch of muddy land butting onto huge dark-faced estate blocks.

Each morning up to 100 addicts gather for their withdrawal script of Methadone linctus then they drift in and out, stopping for a game of pool or a warm by the fire.

The average age is 19 to 23, the decor leaky, bin liners everywhere bulging with junk donations. The project was started eight months ago by an ancient Franciscan priest and an alcoholic called Pat Gilligan.

Gilligan told me he was fed up with the press. It was time people acted instead of writing and talking.

"What we're supposed to be doing here is helping addicts back into society. Full stop."

Glasgow, he said, needed a rehabilitation centre — several of them. And more clinics and crisis centres like his own so people weren't turned back onto the streets. As it is, he rejected as many as he took in.

There were a clutch of nuns on hands with their predacious, charitable smiles. Also two youths — one with a scabby face — were playing pool, and an unhappy mother of three kids with stones in her one remaining kidney who said she was down from half a gram of smack plus 10 Methadone tablets a day to just four of Methadone — thanks to Enochs. The doctor at the Southern General clinic, she said, was a hard cow.

The scab-faced pool player offered me a cigarette with a shaky hand, and then was gone to see a friend's court appearance. Pat Gilligan's dog growled. The nuns smiled. It was cold and rainy in the Gorbals 1983.

CHARLIE ROGERS, Glasgow's drugs squad chief, says things aren't in fact as hysterically bad as painted.

"People are jumping up shouting that this is horrific. But the figures show, so far as I'm concerned, that heroin is still a small part of the overall drugs problem, and let me say right away it scarcely exists compared to the alcohol problem we have."

Attacks on retail pharmacies had diminished (large stocks are no longer carried on the advice of the police), and while "traditional criminal elements have taken a distinct interest in drug dealing", Charlie had been locking them away for up to seven years at a stretch.

What — just as a matter of interest — did Charlie do with all the confiscated drugs? In London, coppers were being put away for re-dealing contraband. No hint of such a scandal up here, was there?

Charlie's ears reddened: "No scandal," he said firmly, "and there won't be as long as I'm in command."

He used to be with the marine squad, the flying squad, fraud squad, murder squad and so, despite the twinkling stone cuff-links and pin striped two piece, this was a hard cop.

All the materials were tabulated, said Charlie, and locked in a safe. Once a month he and a deputy removed them to the city cleansing department for vaporising in an incinerator. A nice clean job.

In other respects, not quite so . . .

"You go to some houses," he said, "and come back jumping with fleas." Some of his men had contracted hepatitis after rifling through drawers and spiking themselves on dirty needles.

Yet since he took over five years ago the popularity of the department had shot up. One job vacancy recently drew 72 applications. Even the clients are happy.

"I'd be very surprised if any of the people addicted to drugs with whom we deal would complain about the treatment they get from us. I think we deal with them very fairly. We have an amicable arrangement if not with all of them, with 99 per cent."

Clients, he said, cheerfully dropped in to grass on dealers — out of 'civic duty'. He even got Christmas cards from addicts declaring their gratitude for his department's good and lawful service.

Sleep tight Easterhouse. Sleep tight Gorbals and Hillhead. Charlie's pinstriped command.

SOME WAY across town from Charlie's, in a place I agreed not to mention because the people I spoke to there don't want it dragged through the media gutter anymore, there is another perception of police and the cankerous system they are asked to defend.

We were in the grey midst of two and three storey sandstone blocks. They went on forever, everywhere until they grudgingly stopped at some low grey hills.

We gathered in the office of a community project's principal: three young men — one in a bobble hat, one in a cream suit, a third wearing shiny dark trousers, as well as a nervous student youth worker, the mother of one of the youth's and the project leader herself.

In the conversation that followed there was no separating 'the drug problem' from any other pressing local factor, whether it be the pro-birching local Labour bureaucracy, the basketball games with black youths from London, police bullying, corruption, holidays in Israel, apathetic teachers slumming in from better areas and — what else? — unemployment.

Among 16 to 25-year-olds they estimated the unemployed rate to be 75 per cent — discounting YOP arrangements.

Heroin showed up in force about 16 months ago and now everything was being tried. The level of ignorance or plain self-violence ran fantastically high. Bel Air hairspray was being injected between toes. Beechams powders were cranked up, as was a curious cocktail of Methadone and pulped travel sickness pills.

CONTINUES OVER

The Government decided to bang a number of prominent heads together under the chairmanship of one Lord Brain. The result was new policy from 1968 onwards that decreed heroin be limited to only certain doctors registered with the Home Office.

Most would be attached to new drug clinics and these would generally be situated in the psychiatric wings of hospitals. Heroin didn't survive long in these places. It was soon replaced by synthetic opiates and then the needle was banished in favour of oral fixes — usually Methadone linctus.

Many addicts found the new set-up churlish. Not only could it mean daily attendances across town, but it was all for an experience involving maximum feelings of guilt and minimum sensual pleasure.

The clinics' share of the total addict population began to decrease. Chinese street heroin arrived and the black market flourished. It was served additionally by GPs who, though forbidden heroin, were still allowed to prescribe a host of synthetic opiates.

THE GULF between clinic and (particularly young) user is wider than ever today. Many clinic doctors are convinced users see them as a "prescription on legs" — to quote a Glasgow medic — and that by continuing to prescribe drugs they are encouraging weakness and feeding the black market.

The user, in turn, sees the doctor as frosty — disinterested in any angle that extends beyond what is chucked down a person's throat.

In a recent report of the Advisory Council On The Misuse Of Drugs, the Government is told there must be a move away from looking at compulsive drug taking in isolation from the problems that lie behind it.

It must learn from the treatment of alcoholism where there is less a fixation on whether it's brown ale or vodka and more an attempt to confront the underlying "social, psychological, physical or legal problems".

To convert these fine and sensitive words into action the Council suggests a "multi-disciplinary approach" involving the setting up of regional and local committees centred at the hospitals but drawing on non-medical "outsiders" from the youth, housing and social services.

It calls for a range of long-term "treatment modules"; greater support for the piffling currently in existence (many surviving on charity and volunteer input) and better training all round.

It also takes a sharp stab at those GPs who out of greed or ignorance, feed the drugged population. Despite plenty of evidence about irresponsibility, says the report, few have ever come to book. This has to change.

In fact, GPs should be prevented altogether from prescribing opiates unless licensed by a professional panel. The panel would then watch over their conduct. As to Diconal, this had to be taken out of ordinary GPs' hands now — "as a matter of urgency".

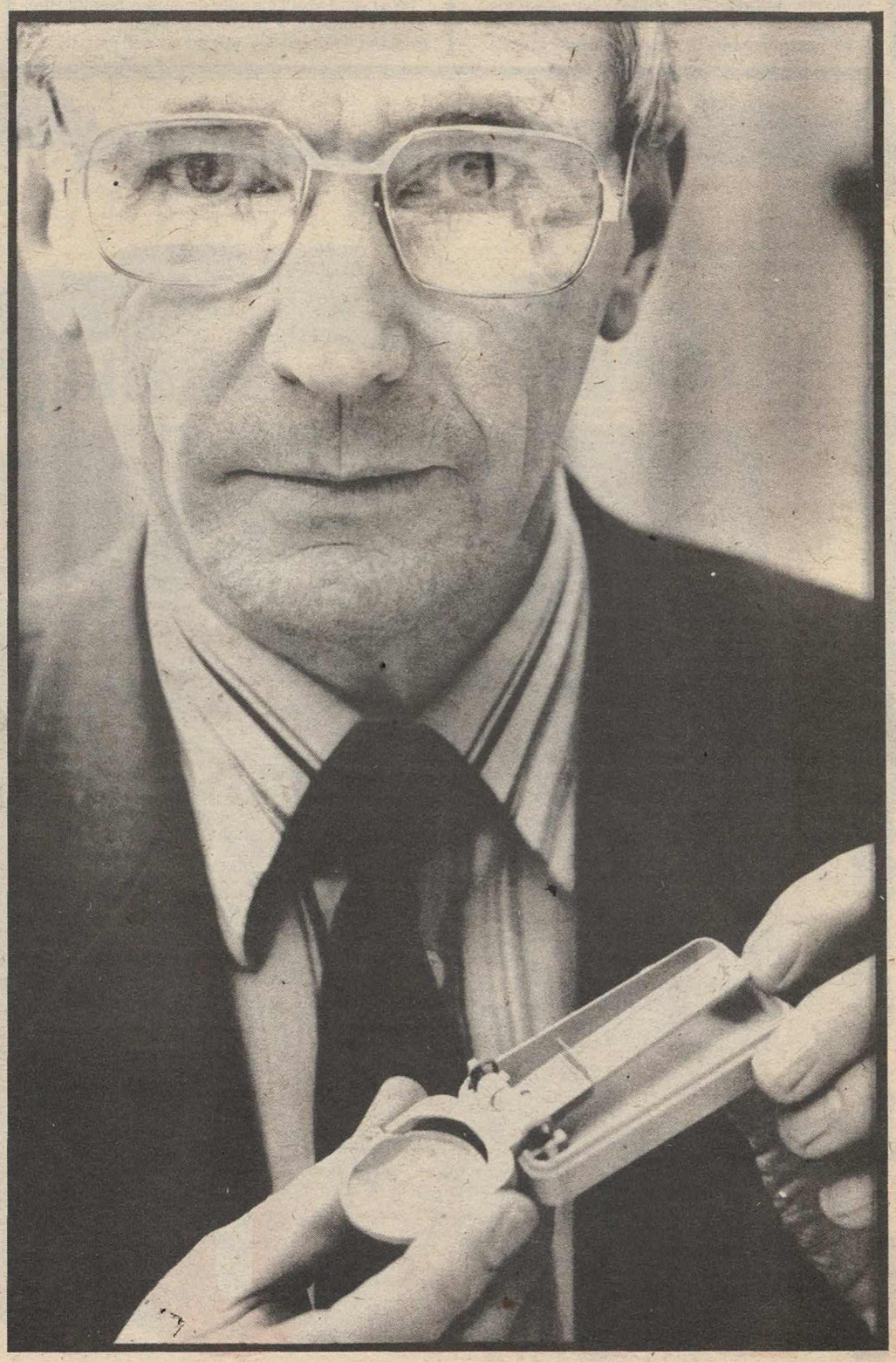
The real sticky conundrum — what, if any, drugs should be handed out by the clinics? — seems to have been ducked.

"We do not consider there can be any simple answer to the question since expert opinions differ and much must depend on individual circumstances. Rather we prefer an alternative, more flexible approach responsive to the varying problems faced by drug misusers."

Despite the wobbling, despite the gullible faith in new-improved bureaucracies, it's an intelligent report which the government must act on.

If the government believes an alternative is to punish or starve addicts out of existence they're dangerously wrong. Look what America found out.

THE UK



DRUG SMUGGLING

NARCOTICS SMUGGLING is enveloped by as many fabulous myths as those that surround the habit itself.

In a book called *Dope Inc,* the English aristocracy together with certain prominent warlocks and business magnates are said to be responsible for America's entire drugs problem.

This particular vantage point is right wing Jew baiting. In left wing circles the villains are fascists and CIA thugs.

A current conspiracy theory that defis all political categorisation is one that links the death by hanging of Vatican banker Senor Calvi to freemasonry, Turkish fascists out to kill the Pope, Bulgarian spies, right wing Latin American dictators — while through the whole insane procession passes a generous wash of guns, money and drugs.

Synthesising the most repeated and plausible accounts a pattern emerges.

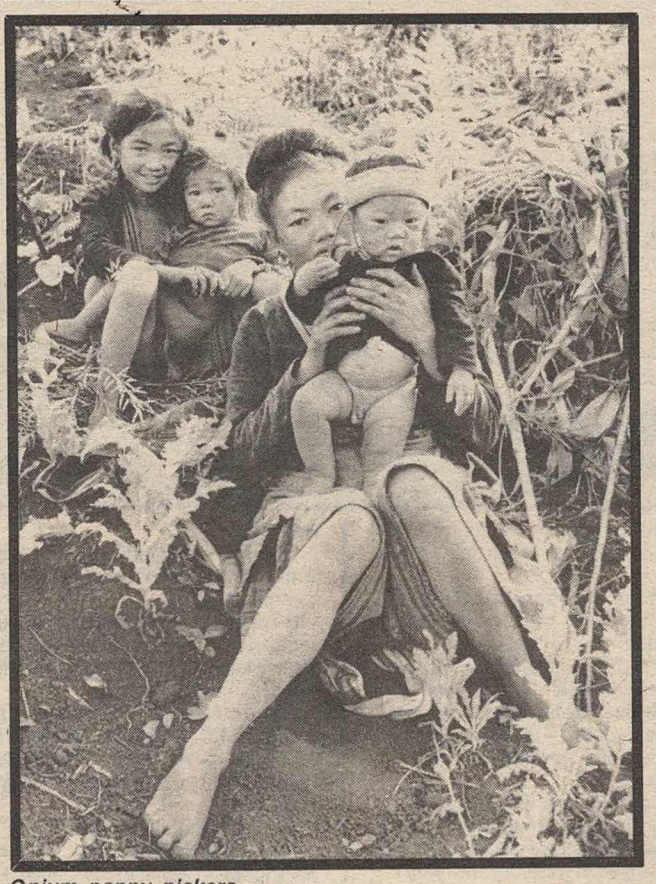
It is this: large scale heroin traffic between Europe and the US began in the 1930s and picked up in the '50s. The poppy was grown in Turkey and shipped as o ium or morphine base to the Marseilles area where it was converted by Corsican gangs into heorin.

It was smuggled to the US by Italian mafiosi who had an understanding with the Corsicans that ran roughly along the lines that you refine it, we sell it. It was branded the French Connection and eventually the French refined, transported and increasingly sold direct to New York themselves — until 1973.

There was also an understanding between these two parties and the CIA. The US intelligence bureau had called upon Corsican mobsters after the Hitler war to act as Communist strike breakers on the Marseilles waterfront, and one the Sicilian mafia to facilitate the Allied landings on the island. In return the CIA showed little interest in heroin shipments to the States.

The unstated pact is said to have continued until the late '50s when the US moved into the Indochinese vacuum left by the French. There they found opium and morphine permeating every crevice of society — top to bottom.

The CIA were obliged to turn another blind eye to keep opium-dealing tribal insurgents and government officials happy and still hating the communists. It meant actually flying opium Air



Opium poppy pickers.

America for processing in Laos, just as the French had done before their defeat at Dien Bien Phu.

By the late '60s American soldiers were picking up the heroin habit large scale. One respected survey indicated 34 per cent had tried and 20 per cent had become dependent on opium or heroin. (The great majority, interestingly, gave up when they got home.)

In 1971 Richard Nixon declared a War On Drugs. This had the effect of barring Turkish heroin from the US, soon to be displaced by supplies from the Golden Triangle of Laos, Cambodia and Burma, and from Mexico. There are more than a few pundits who believe the displacement was no accident.

Golden Triangle opium continued to serve America's heroin users until 1977 when the distribution network broke up due to a couple of bad harvests, gang rivalry and a frontal assault by drug enforcement officers.

The US void was filled by South West Asian (Afganistan, Pakistan, Iran) stocks, and it is this apparently superior blend that presently sweeps across all Europe and the UK.

THERE ARE now estimated to be perhaps quarter of a million "heroin addicts" in Western Europe. ("The quotes are there because most dependent users don't hold out for heroin but will take whatever's going.)

Whatever the terminology, there is an awful lot of heroin getting into the main cities. Germany, Holland and, particularly, Italy have severe problems and many losses of lives. The new trafficking and production alliances are still not understood. Apart from the old French, Italian and Turkish 'firms', right and left wing terrorists have moved into the picture — also East European agents, displaced bourgeois citizens from various locales in the Middle East, plus tribal peoples at the points of origin.

In Britain, where there is an estimated addict population of 40,000; most stock derives from Pakistan's tribal areas and is brought in by small networks of Asian producer / dealers. This supply structure lacks the polished ruthlessness of the Italian / American model, and as a result London gang elements are believed to be butting-in for their rake off.

One knowledgeable scene watcher pointed out that a similar move is unlikely to be tried on Turkish traffickers (who also call upon Asian stocks): "They would soon end up in the bottom of a lake," I was informed. "The Turks are very heavy people."

THE HARD scramble for rewards is on, and with opium now being processed into morphine base and even heroin at its places of origin rather than relying on European labs, there could be serious interfactional warfare in the near-distance.

Large numbers of people in Britain and all west Europe clearly crave to be tranquilised. The populations are getting hungrier for a solution that will blot out the lingering taste of recession and the superpower menace of holocaust.

Heroin is no more likely to dispose of those worries than equivalent National Health remedies. In its pure state heroin is neither more daring, more dangerous nor more extraordinary that its legitimate counterparts. But for political and business reasons it is painted that way, and shoved underground — and *that's* the real heroin problem.

CONTINUED

It was this combination that recently killed a local boy on his 16th birthday. His parents found him in a coma choking on vomit. They didn't know how to cope. (See Coming Off in next week's issue).

Bobble hat said young fences took *trannies* or your mother's jewellery and gave you a £10 bag in return. There was open dealing in pubs, videos being humped in and out, getting swapped across the tables.

He said guns were turning up and people were doing extreme things to procure their fix — such as the lad who stole the family turkey for £5's worth. Houses were frequently broken into, dealers robbed. There had been so much thieving from Provident (loan) collectors that they no longer made the rounds, and so credit was drying up. It was a disease that spread more deprivation, more crime.

We talked about the riots. They all remember the balmy Friday evening when they began in England. The next day was still hot and the police came round declaring a 9.30 pm curfew. Nothing was official, of course. But that night a boy's nose was broken by them and a girl was beaten with a truncheon. A football match refereed by a naked man was taking place. It was broken up and a young spectator chased.

It was all getting quite wild — young kids waiting round corners with bricks in their hands ready to smite the police — when a local MP called a meeting.

After that, with the gut of the complaints spilled out, everything quietened down.

"The riots *were* wanted here," said the project leader, "but junk calmed it down. Everyone was too stoned and apathetic. None of the kids here have any political views. Nothing! And they don't care because they see no future.

"That's why it doesn't matter to them what the drugs do; whether they're left with a limp or a hump. We can't do anything about it either — not until they're ready. Then we can give them support."

PYROMANIA

THE SEARING NEW ALBUM & CHROME CASSETTE

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ARSON-ORIENTED ROCK

phonogram

VERTIGO

Jazira running wild: the London Symphony Orch was never like this.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY explores the dark continent of Dalston in search of Britain's premiere Afro combo ORCHESTRE JAZIRA. PETER ANDERSON brings back the pictorial proof.

GENERALLY speaking, the Balls Pond Road is not an inviting place. In winter, however, it becomes still more forbidding: a harsh canyon of grimy shops and pubs which seems designed to entrap and funnel any particularly biting winds which may wish to make the journey between Hackney and Islington that much more unpleasant.

Still, down the Hackney end — just before you reach Dalston Junction — something yellow and brown is growing out of the concrete. Behind a mural still in progress is Jenako Arts, a centre for the study and dissemination of African cultures and skills where you can learn dancing, painting, guitar and drum idioms and techniques, and where the band called Orchestre Jazira base themselves.

Way back in the mists of time, the term 'band' meant an awful lot of people and an aggregation of three to five musicians was called a 'group'. Then all the 'groups' became 'bands' and now it is necessary for a band like Jazira to be an orchestra to indicate the scale of what's involved. Orchestre Jazira are a mighty ensemble — three vocalists/percussionists, three horn players, two guitarists, bass, drums and keyboard — who are the most advanced proponents of African pop currently resident in this country.

"My country is a very poor country," guitarist Follo Graff is saying quietly but firmly, which is the way he says most things. "There, there is no way for me to show my calibre, but if I am given a chance I *can* show my calibre. What we are into is to show this music and how it is played and constructed. Many of the members of the band are Ghanaians, but they are not chosen for political reasons or because of colour. They reached their position by audition, they proved that they can play this music, that they are good musicians. This proves that this music is for everybody, and that is what we are into."

We are clustered around an electric fire in an upstairs room at Jenako, Follo and his co-guitarist Ben Mandelson, who compiled Island's 'Sound d' Afrique' albums and collaborated with Jah Wobble on the 'Body Music Mokili' single. Mandelson who lived and played in Kenya for a while, probably knows as much about the theory and practice of contemporary African pop as any white person in the country. Other members of Jazira arrive and depart at various points in the discussion, principally bassist Opata Azu, keyboard player Kwadwo Oteng and altoist Nicky Scott Francis. The room is copiously supplied with plastic stackable chairs and the floor is encircled with percussion instruments. Its principal function is as a classroom.

"We want no division," Follo continues. "I am black, and I would play with an all-white group if they could play African music. What Ben is playing is not far off, and in the next months plenty of African guitarists will have to stretch themselves a *lot* to contend with this man. In a sense we would like . . . I am not expecting political favours. We are not promoting a particular tribe or culture."

With the new wave — you should pardon the expression — of interest in African music and culture, does it seem to Jazira as if there is a total failure to recognise the diversity of the subject and to assume that *all* African music is one thing?

"Yes," replies Opata, "they do it all the time. Black Americans and South Americans do it too, but in Europe you have pops and The Beatles and so on, but you also have classical music — and so do we. But the classical music is a ruling-class music, and the work of the individual musician has often been suppressed."

"We were thinking more that people in England only hear what the record companies decide to let them hear," volunteers Ben Mandelson, who is suffering from some sort of throat complaint and painfully delivers each sentence as if it were a deathbed message of vital importance. "If you asked somebody about African music a few years ago they might have no idea, but now they'd say, 'Oh yeah, Sunny Ade, I've got 'Sound d'Afrique' or the Rough Trade Soweto album.' But they still don't really have an idea of the breadth or the spread of the music. In England, you only hear what you're allowed to hear, and that's not a great deal. You hear what's been recorded well enough to be played in clubs, so you end up with mainly Congolese, South African and Nigerian music. You won't hear much from Ghana or any Kenyan stuff."

"It is a very incomplete picture," agrees Follo. "They only give you one side of the story. They say that they will present African music and culture, and then they give you one man, Sunny Ade, and say that he is representative of all Africa, and that is wrong. There is so much more than that."

But surely one artist can open the way for many, blaze a path the way Bob Marley did for all the reggae musicians who came after him?

"People in England tend to pay more attention to what used to be their colonies. Things can cross over a little bit easier from there, but I come from a different culture . . . I used to play ska, though! I can tell you how I started playing ska: when you start playing chords you tend not to be able to grip properly and you get that scratchy sound. I was playing ska before I *heard* ska, and there are areas in Sierra Leone where they play reggae . . . real, *cultural* reggae. And they have never heard reggae music from Jamaica! The Jamaicans came from Africa and they express themselves and they develop reggae music, but Creoles from Sierra Leone express themselves just as Jamaicans do. Sometimes it is just with drums, but if you go to Guinea you will hear reggae modes, if you go to Ghana you will hear reggae modes!" concludes Follo triumphantly.

"We all," chimes in Opata, "need each other. No-one can convince me that any particular race is any more important than another. It is good for us to know about each other, and it is good for the media to seek out different things and let people know what is happening elsewhere."

Follo: "I do not wish to get into politics, but I believe that there has been a political intervention. What it is with Jazira is that this music has not just been learned from records: we *know* it. I do not like to see a Nigerian come here and start talking about High Life: High Life was perfected in Ghana. High Life is the music that the ruling class in Africa made after colonialism. It is *not* the authentic music of Africa. The Nigerians have juju music; *that* is their kind of music, but what I am saying is that from articles we see there is a swing towards saying that High Life is dead! How can a music die? How can a music die when people are still existing, when people are still surviving?

"There has been a political intervention here, to make us quarrel with our brothers and sisters in Africa, and we don't want that kind of thing in England too. Music is music. Nothing political about it. I want the British public to know, and I want the government to know that I — a Sierra Leonian man — don't want that to happen."

"I know," says Opata, "that sometimes in the UK and US people don't feel qualified to say and explain what all this is about, but I think it is fair for them to say that it is here, to let people know so that they can check it out, make up their own minds."

Kwando Oteng, whose well-tailored elegance could cause the unwary observer to mistake him for either a diplomat or a professor (whichever is more prestigious) remarks that he feels that the media has a positive obligation to make African music more accessible to the general public, and to make allowances for its unfamiliarity. This last contention is challenged by Mandelson, who sees it as an equivalent to saying "He's only young, don't hit him" and a thunderously loud debate ensues.

ORCHESTRE MANOEUVRES

When order is restored, Follo reacts to the worry — occasionally expressed by insecure young people — that African music is something that a sneaky conspiracy of trendy fuckers in London are trying to ram down their tender throats.

"You're not trying to shove it down their throats, you just want music to expand. Rock must change It *must change!* It must have something new. Rock itself — by definition, I think — is a little bit of this and a little bit of that from all over the place, right? Bit of rhythm from so-and-so, bit of influence from something else. So for rock to expand, knowledge must expand as well, and you must just make people aware of what is there. Punk came, and people were made aware of punk, then disco . . .

"There must be some kind of open talk about what is around. I know pop music. I knew who was in the charts, I knew who The Beatles were, I saw *Help!* in my country. My brother, he plays classical music . . . and all these things mean money to Britain. People spend thousands, *millions* of pounds for Britain. Paul McCartney recorded in Nigeria and he was given a welcome no African musician had. Now when we Africans come to Britain, we do not expect to be treated as strangers. England is my home, and when I come here I expect to meet my people. And when I realise how much money we Africans have spent in England . . ."

Opata: "We were brought up to believe in a Commonwealth: what I have, you can have, but you must show me the same respect that I must show you. To do otherwise creates enmity and division."

Follo: "Orchestre Jazira is promoting trade, promoting trade from both sides. If we can successfully sell records in the international market, we can sell in Ghana, Nigeria and the whole West African market. Then who will make money? England will make money. This is what we want the public to know: that we want to open the door that has been closed in this particular market. There is a huge market there. how can it be ignored?"

Opata: "We can play many kinds of music: soul, reggae, South American music, but they all can be found in African music. It is now time for African music to come forward. The message of that music is peace and love, and that is the kind of the vibes that we want to spread around. The message of this music to the world is that music is international. We are English and Africans, and we want all Africans to realise that the time for fighting is *over*. It is time to unite. We are fighting against discrimination. We want Jazira to be a symbol of our unity."

Follo sits half-slumped in his chair, his guitar in his arms. "I come from a past colony of Britain. Britain has a habit of putting Africans to fight themselves and I want Britain to know that I am aware of that. What our music is about is peace and love. The government should not be so afraid of us. They should not be so afraid of having people be aware of other countries and other music. Music is very important in getting people to investigate other cultures. Britain and America have a very great responsibility in this area, because they are the only real cosmopolitan places in terms of people migrating there, and in terms of culture and art going out from there internationally. If we are to have peace, Britain could be the generator, providing that the country doesn't go about in terms of its own ego or with a nationalistic feeling that could be very dangerous and destructive."

That kind of nationalism is something we definitely need less of.

"Yeah!" Opata replies, "I think it's something to do with insecurity. I think nationalism's all right, it's just how it's channelled . . . "

Uproar once again ensues, with Follo eventually emerging with: "We have exactly the same feelings as everybody else."

Kwadwo: "No matter which side you're on, you can't possibly agree with everybody else . . . "

Another good-natured shouting match commences, during which Opata claims that the band never argue and Follo claims that he does.

Opata: "There is a lot of affection here. We try to be happy amongst ourselves. I am really happy because with all our differences, we come together. What I was going to say is that here in Britain we are all in a box. We are dependent on the media which connect us, and if a politician or a record company see something happening slightly to the West of the box, it is up to them whether to open the box and let people see what is there. If people would look at Africa they would see so many different things . . . "

THE 'official' media view of Africa is likely to be one of massacres and eons-old treasures of 'primitive' art'. Only the other day Thatcher remarked in Parliament that the British Empire had brought "peace, freedom and the rule of law" to places that had never known these things. The question of what she thought the native populations of these various places had been up to before Brits arriveds to trade Bibles for land and bullets for minerals must therefore be raised: it brings with it the notion — still quite prevalent in certain quarters — that our culture, values and tastes are so desirable and necessary that they must be imposed on everybody else in the world — by force, if necessary.

On the other hand, what others have to offer is of negligable interest unless it can immediately be translated into cash. Follo hears plenty of European and American music in Sierra Leone and it's no big deal, but over here you don't hear African music unless it's under some cultural or anthropological auspices where it's presented as a freak or a specimen. Even reggae music is only just fighting its way into the mainstream, cropping up more and more often as a natural occurence, but African music is still being regarded with suspicion, as a novelty, as a curiosity. After interviewing King Sunny Ade for this periodical last year, I was surprised to disover from an interview that he'd done for the *Mirror* the exact number of his wives. I'd never thought to ask him.

What Orchestre Jazira are up against is more than simply the customary problem that groups have attempting to introduce an unfamiliar sound, which is that of simple inertia in the music business. Normally, the inhabitants of A&R departments in record companies do their best to tread the fine line between seeking out new sounds and styles and staying in line with what they've already got and making sure that the acts in whom they've got a lot of money tied up don't become obsolete too quickly. The end result is that a lot of labels sign up a lot of groups who are like other groups whom other labels have had hits with, and artists who are seen to be like artists whom other labels have *not* had hits with are regarded with some suspicion.

When it comes to African music, everybody watches Island. Out of all the majors, they've made the biggest and most public commitment to interest in African music as a long-term policy and are therefore making most of the running when it comes to popularising the form and introducing the music to a mass audience. Virgin have a toe-hold in the market with Orchestra Makassy, but whether they go any further will also depend on how those first tentative releases do in the marketplace. So far, it seems as though the same 20,000 people have bought all the records so far made available, and it's not going to go much further until someone has a major success.

Their first and only — single so far, the driving, sparkling 'Love', was released by Earth Works, a label run by Jumbo Van Rennen, who used to supervise Virgin's reggae label Front Line until Richard Branson decided to get out of the reggae market, and copies of it are moving at a highly satisfactory rate at the band's gigs.

The thing is — and you don't have to take my word for it, check out 'Love' on *NME*'s current cassette compilation 'Racket Packet' — that it is not at all unlikely that the first hit single in this style will come from Orchestre Jazira. They're right here in the UK and they even sing a few songs in English, which latter factor alone must make a difference, since most of the masters purchased for UK release from Ghanain, Nigerian or Congolese labels are either in French or in native languages and dialects. Plus they're available for inspection near you, and the memorable experience they provide whenever they're in the same building as a good PA system is one which you should encounter sonnest.

The name? "Standard hippie procedure," explains Ben Mandelson. "You take eight people, use their initials for a band name, and then you sack them and keep the name. We found out later, though, that it does mean something in mediaeval Amharic.

"It means 'Island'."

Outside OJ's Jenako Arts HQ.

★ NEW SINGLE

THE UNDERTONES

'GOT TO HAVE YOU BACK'

★ THREE TRACK 12" AVAILABLE FOR THE PRICE OF A 7"

'GOT TO HAVE YOU BACK'
'TURNING BLUE'
'BYE BYE BABY BLUE'
(VERSION)

CO-PRODUCED BY MIKE HEDGES AND THE UNDERTONES

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22 NEWCASTLE City Hall
24 ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre
25 GLASGOW Tiffanys
26 LANCASTER University
27 BRISTOL Locarno
29 CARDIFF Top Rank
30 POOLE Art Centre
31 DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall

april

2 NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre
3 IPSWICH Gaumont
4 BRIGHTON Top Rank
5 MARGATE Winter Gardens
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11 BATH Pavilion
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14 LEICESTER De Montfort
15 SHEFFIELD City Hall
16 HARROGATE Centre

SINGLES

Reviewed by Gavin Martin

Nine wonders of the week

THE STYLE COUNCIL: Speak Like A Child *(Polydor)* SSSsassy, steaming, swinging — sweet soul music. A marvellously served helping of the rich soul idiom that Paul Weller — for it is he — was beginning to plough quite nicely during the last days of The Jam with covers of 'Stoned Out Of My Mind' and 'Move On Up'. 'Speak Like A Child' has a lyric that recalls 'When You're Young' — a warm, slightly romanticised pop song.

It's the overall performance of all concerned that makes it so exciting and refreshing; pinpointing the hungry spirit of adventure and the possibilities presented by this thing called The Style Council.

In the best tradition of first album Dexys, Weller and co. merge their influences on a solid base and construct something stamped with their own personality. The justifiably lauded Mick Talbot dominates with exemplary keyboards while Orange Juice's Zeke Manyika keeps a scintillating rhythm on the boil. Weller spits out the cotton wool he's been given to chew while singing and delivers a vocal as clear and melodic as that on 'The Bitterest Pill' and he's ably assisted by Tracie Young's early Motown style back-up harmonies. The only thing detracting from the record is the production. I still think Weller would be better finding someone other than Pete Wilson — the vocals struggle in the mix and the essence of the record does not come across as strongly as it should.

In spite of that there's one of the finest moments on any record released this week when — somewhere near the middle — a great lean blast of horn rides in on Talbot's swing for one of those loo-de-loop cadences that should have them roaring in appreciation.

A very promising debut and, who knows, it may even put Weller back in the charts.

SLAVE: Do You Like It Girl *(WEA)* Sensibly snapped up by a major and rescued from the expensive, cliquey world of 12 inch imports comes the taut, rich assurance of Slave and the sort of soulful dance music that will enrich the chart in a way that a thousand Belle Stars, 'Googoos or Ballets could never do. 'Do You Like It' is a polished record but the creative juices of producers Adams, Miller and Webster flow freely and there's no lack of passion and imagination beneath the surface.

Slave steer clear of the workshop FX school of thought and use proper instruments — sweet 'n' sour horns, fatback 'n' prowling bass, delicious firm, ripe drums, male and female counterpointed vocals — to real and lasting effect. Everything — the arrangement, performance, and the song — combines to bring the record to a truly dizzy height. Placed alongside Shalamar, Marvin Gaye and Memphis' finest Lanier and Co this is evidence of a real soul revival i.e. black music returning to its fundamental and most enduring strengths — strong hooklines (Slave have several), good songs and real singing.

THE UNDERTONES: Got To Have You Back *(Ardeck)* Thank you God, thank you. After the mini disaster of their 'Love Parade' single I was dreading the job of consigning another Undertones' single to the dumper. No need, their version of the old Isley Brothers' song is a full, fiery return to form. The song in itself is a tonic and the group play it hard and make it catchy and insistent. Every moment of the paen to pure need really counts. As ever Sharkey's crying, controlled vocal —Levi Stubbs on Mars Bars and Champ! — carries away the prize rosette. But the rest of the group storm and scathe to hammer it home — a neat wedding of primetime Motown and their own supersharp punkpop. Love them, love it...a hit!

MEZZOFORTE: Garden Party *(Steinar)* The Mezzomen cometh! The great Icelandic tundra where Yettis and abominable snowmen provide perfect company for lots of US servicemen (who make up 40% of the country's population, watching the eastern border) is one of the few places that could challenge Norway as the most boring place in the world. Which makes this — considering the group's arctic origin — the most unlikely hitpick of the week. But here it is — a splendid slab of wakey wakey rise and shine spunkfunk, there's a definite aural seltzer fizz about this one. It's colourful and chunky, darting and weaving with lucid jabs of sax and a mean, sturdy rhythm — as smart and as fast as anything from either Europe or America.

One of the record's many assets is its composer, the miraculously named Eythor Guwnwarsson — a young child prodigy found outside a local igloo when he was only 18 months. He quickly proved his worth as a composer, writing and performing two suites and three symphonies by the time he was two years old, playing them all on a self-made glockenspeil — constructed from ice cubes, old fish bones and unfortunate aeroplane passengers. Ok, ok so I'm improvising here, but the message is — to Icelanders and the rest of us — keep your ice on the North Pole.

SHARON REDD: Takin' A Chance On Love *(Prelude)* Given her background as a member of brassy Bette Midler's support the Harlettes, and her status as Queen of the Anglo gay disco scene, Sharon Redd could be expected to turn in one of those tedious Millie Jackson sleazy 'hot bitch on heat' raps. But she resists the temptation and keeps firing out some of the classiest records of the past few years — 'Can You Handle It', and the dynamic zest and fireworks of 'Never Give You Up' which were one of the highpoints of last year, while her recent 'In The Name Of Love' wasn't far behind.

'Takin' A Chance On Love' is a mite hackneyed but features a genuinely impassioned performance by Ms Redd and has a lovely production with tinkling ivories, and a crisp guitar figure dancing over the melody like sunlight on the morning tide. *Really?!!* Yeah, really.

BILLY GRIFFIN: Be With Me *(CBS)*
DAVID JOSEPH: You Can't Hide Your Love *(Island)* I did all you hard working folks a favour last week steering you clear of the soggy Billy Griffin LP. Seperated from the mush however the title track proves a neat enough dancefloor item, a passable follow-up to the superior 'Hold Me Tighter In The Rain'.

David Joseph, former lead singer with Hi Tension, is coming from the same area as Griffin — the bright, bouncy, tuneful side of the dancefloor and the supple confidence of 'You Can't Hide Your Love' is one of the biggest discs on the club circuit at the moment. No wonder, it's rare enough for a British act to even emulate what has been perfected by American counterparts but for a homegrown talent to enter the domain of the likes of Shalamar and come away with something as sharp and original as this is indeed reason to celebrate. The vocals are sweet, skilfully double tracked and the judicious synthesiser figure goes well with the sustained electric keyboards and the solid compulsive hoppin' 'n' a finger poppin' beat. One to keep the fires, especially the home fires, burning.

MAHOGONY: Ride On The Rhythm *(West End)* Featuring a great, unfetterd vocal lead by one Bernice Watkins Mahogony pull no punches as they slam on the force in this storming exhortation. It moves with all the grace and purpose of a pedigree racehorse over the long haul, Miss Watkins keeping a firm grip on the reins with a voice that combines a sense of ecstasy, pure guts and real determination. The song is the very essence of skilful layered dynamics and just before the singer returns for the big whooping climax there's an engaging duel betwixt frazzled synth strings and a fruity untamed sax. Very tasty.

KLYMAXX: The Man In My Life *(Solar)* This has that glow about it, the fresh sunripened *joie de vivre* and *je ne sais quoi* that characterises the best records on Solar. It has been remixed by London DJ "Froggy" and he's done it no harm at all, a tune that's bright and bold with a relaxed but reliable thump and the whole thing centres around some lovely double tracked lead and staccatto vocals.

As records like this and any number of Shalamar discs are worlds removed from the stale, cynical formulae of a lot of LA music they should qualify the label's name by adding a 'y': The Sound Of *Young* Los Angeles.

The Dismal Dozen

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE: The Mighty Hands Of Love *(CBS)* Animal Nightlife dwell in an idealistic twilight world where to quote the rather fanciful piece of sloganeering on the sleeve the qualities of "Glamour, camaraderie, culture and union" do circulate. Yessir, not only are they having a good time but they've got a conscience! They're aware: And concerned as well. These days it's not just enough to have the right clothes and the right haircut, you have to have the right attitude *and* spell it out, just in case anyone be foolish enough to thing you're just another frivolous pop band. Look, ma, radical chic got brains too.

AN are the toast of those Soho culture bunkers where people go to have in depth discussions on politics, art, life and sometimes even get pissed. When they played a recent away match The Mudd Club was a cold and lonely place as their far thinking followers made the exodus north with them. But a handful of London nightclubbers, no matter how fervent, do not a hit single make, as they found to their detriment with the release of their debut single, the non swinging, non starting nonentity 'Love Is The Great Pretender'. This time they go for a more straight-forward mid '70s soul sound — Philly horns with a jazz-funk beat. It's as shoddy and emasculated as its predecessor.

'Mighty Hands' is an attempt to write in the classic tradition — a la M. Fry and Tot Taylor — and falls flat on its face as much because of the hammy construction of the song as the lacklustre performance. *"They say that love has had its day..."* sings the vocalist pitched somewhere between Jenny Bellestar and the Neasden singing kettle. Well I'd just like to know who *they* are and what right they have to call a halt to such a popular trend without informing us here at the world's most fashion conscious rock weekly.

ROMAN HOLLIDAY: Stand by *(Jive)* There must be increasing antipathy and mistrust of each successive revival/culture raid made by plundering pop kids and, having endured the likes of Blue Rondo, The Belle Stars, The Pale Fountains, Mari Wilson etc. etc. it's an attitude I can sympathise with. Roman Holliday however — a tight beat band trading on a considerable '40s swing and be-bop influence — deserve to be seperated from such company.

Their record is tight and punchy; cheerful and snappy, and although they may be a little too one dimensional to make a lasting impact there's no denying the genuine love and enthusiasm that they feel for their music. It's hardly Louis Jordan — and they don't bring the same panache and self determination as, say, The Style Council do to their influences — but the four self penned tunes (buy quickly and you get an extra single culled from their John Peel sessions) are still hearty stylish celebrations.

ULTRAVOX: Visions In Blue *(Chrysalis)* Is there no respite from the doom and gloom of the Ultravox nightmare? How long do we wade through their new age mysticism and half baked allusions to Euro-art before the punchline? Why can I see dark corridors, swirling mists and strange ethereal shadows lurking in doorways each time I hear this?

If ELP were reincarnated as a chart act, they'd have their work cut out trying to match Midge and co. for hollow meaningless pretension. 'Visions' is more of the usual with a strong sedative added and it has a horrendously distorted 'Wagnerian' passage in the middle. I don't know what it's going to sound like on the radio but on the office hifi it sounds like 100 synthesisers fighting in vain to be heard against the QE2 foghorn. I think they've underestimated even the questionable critical faculties of their own audience this time round.

SOFT CELL: Numbers/Barriers *(Some Bizzarre)* Soft Cell have surprised me with some of their material since that pretty hopeless debut album. 'Torch' was especially good — a bold mini-epic swirling out of an hypnotic reserve of sound that held the listener spellbound. There's also a couple of well designed and full bodied electropop pieces (reliably fuelled with some Northern soul references) on 'The Art Of Falling Apart'. Nothing too startling, but more than I ever expected from them.

However, these two tracks pinpoint the duo's failings rather than strengths. More fully conceived and imbued with more clarity than their past work, 'Numbers' still revolves around the old problems — an unimaginative backbeat of considerable monotony taking the place of a melody of any note, and a vocal which has the effete *ennui* of an ageing prima donna. On 'Barriers' the singing is much better but moves like a snail at a funeral procession and makes no impression at all.

GODS GIFT: Discipline *(New Hormones)* Very early Fall in attitude, though several universes removed from the ingenuity, resource and humour of 'Live At The Witch Trials' and the singles that succeeded it. Gods Gift are definite proof that you can't just 'get up there and do it' and no matter how well an ironic contemptuous sneer is perfected there's still a need for brain and brawn in the music. 'Discipline' (no relation to the Throbbing Gristle ditty of the same name) has a guitar sound like a rattle snake in the frying pan and a scabby punk rant lyric. The musical equivalent of squeezing zits onto the bathroom mirror.

GOODIE: You And I/Do Something *(Total Experience)* While everyone else was sipping their shandies and wolfing down the hot-dogs at the recent Gap Band/Total Experience package, a few more concientious punters discovered the surging, ravenous vocal of Robert 'Goodie' Whitfield. For just over a quarter of an hour he had me rapt with a voice that could go from a no holds barred volatile attack to a ravaged but hungry sensuality. It was the sort of rare performance where you can't help but be carried along by the singer's wave of emotion. I rushed home to find what thrills and pleasures lay hidden on his 'Do Something' LPP and experienced quite an anticlimax. As yet, mastermind Total Experience producer Lonnie Wilson and Goodie have failed to capture his molten, electrifying talent on black wax, as this single demonstrates. On the one hand you have 'You And I' a shallow ineffectual ballad that lacks the scope and force he requires while 'Do Something' is representative of thheee general trend on his LP, a blustery sub Gap Band piece lacking in purpose and character.

MADNESS: Tomorrow's (Just Another Day) *(Stiff 12 inch)* A new version of the current Madness hit with a guest appearance by an old punk vaudeville act, still trying to make a chart comeback. I'm one of the few people round here left feeling unsatisfied with Madness' 'Rise And Fall' and Mr Costello hasn't produced anything of note since 'Trust' — save his sweet fingerpopping version of Smokey's 'Head To Toe'. Taken at a fraction of the original pace this time round 'Tomorrow' becomes a vehicle for his overrated skills as a crooner. He renders the song something of a manic depressive anthem, the voice of a soul in torment after a five day amphetamine binge. It has an eerie dirge like quality floating around in the background and Costello's reading is adequate but not outstanding. An interesting exercise for both parties I'm sure, but hardly adding anything to the original.

Ph.D: I Didn't Know *(WEA)* Somehow, somewhere it's always a cold rainy day in winter, with a composer seated at his piano watching the dank grey afternoon move remorselessly to nightfall. As the rain rolls down the window pane the tortured artist — helpless as life and the world goes on its cruel, unfeeling way — plods out a hollow piece of introspection like 'I Didn't Know'. Ph.D. —a sweatshop Supertramp — always seem to be locked in that room with their whingeing self pity and bleeding hearts.

THE HIGSONS: Run Me Down *(Two Tone)* Like a landrover stuck in a mud patch The Higsons are still in the same old furrow that they have been for their past three or four releases. They rev up, spin round, spray and splatter about them but to no avail — they're still at the starting line. Here they temper their bare boned clatterfunk with a few rudimentary constraints and bring themselves into line with the standard requirements of the class of '81-'82. But it's a bit late in the day as those with any style or talent have moved on past routine work-outs like 'Run Me Down'. The Higsons have sounded careless, superficial in the past, and now seem to be in a terminal stupor.

THE SWINGING LAURELS: Lonely Boy *(WEA)* Ditto above. The Laurels are catching up with trends a season or so too late, trends that were never worth catching up with anyway. This has a shaky, puny sound like Depeche Mode with a sax solo tagged on the top. A very irritating little record.

THE SCARLET PARTY: 'Eyes Of Ice' *(EMI)* Last year Scarlet Party were launched and a lot of critics had them nailed as a surrogate Beatles. They defied expectations by sounding like The Pleasers jamming with Francis Rossi. This year they sound like Leo 'if squirrels could sing' Sayer doing a John Lennon solo impression with all the nasty bits — oedipus complex, primal therapy and heroin comedown — left out. You may think there's not a lot left after that and you'd be right — just a plaintively strummed acoustic guitar and a badly tuned set of adenoids.

THE JONZUN CREW: Space Is The Place *(21st Century)* That's it! No more! I've had enough! This has really got way out of hand, this new techno heavy funk mystification. It would seem that these days all you need is Ronnie Robot vocals, a steamhammer or ten pounding out the beat, an elephant breaking wind for a bassline and a sound like a dentist's drill that sears through the cranium the way a spoon cuts through a freshly boiled egg. Feed them all into the compu-graphic-syntho-oscillator and Presto! you have every jackass in town going head over flip.

A disco coterie is building up; the equivalent to a heavy metal audience or the 6th form progressive rock bores from the last decade. Underneath the techniques and FX on this and, to pick another example, Afrika Bambaata's 'Perfect Beat' there's certainly no tune and very little resonance or true motion. The only aim seems to be to get harder, louder, freakier, crankier than the rest. This has all the ingredients — battalions of fake percussion, phased and vocoded larynx, the swishes, farts and bleeps. It's turgid, tedious rubbish — a few lame ideas regurgitated for the nth time, I'd gladly swop my copy for one of those LPs with the sound of aeroplanes taking off and probably wouldn't notice the difference.

MARK KNOPFLER

NEW SINGLE ON 7" & EXTENDED 12"

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Theme of the LOCAL HERO

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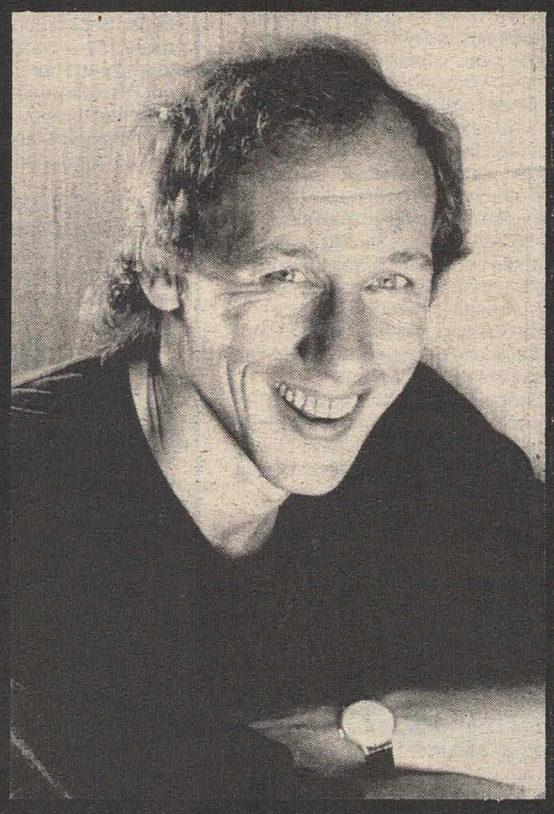


phonogram

VERTIGO

7" DSTR 4, 12" DSTR 412.
Produced by Mark Knopfler

ARCHIE SHEPP sits down in the hotel armchair and puts on his hat. He is ready to talk.

Twenty years ago, Shepp was an outspoken radical, both in his music and his politics. "We are not angry young men," he told one interviewer, "we are *enraged*."

Today, he's a college professor. He wears a sharp pinstripe suit and puffs on a meerschaum. Under that nifty hat, his hair is beginning to thin. He's just checked in to one of London's costliest hotels.

But looks can deceive. Beneath the exterior of a well-to-do middle-aged academic, perhaps there still beats the heart of an unrepentant rebel; that youthful agitator who, his ideals honed on Malcolm X and Karl Marx, dedicated his music to the fight for black freedom and worldwide revolution.

"Our vindication will be as black as the colour of suffering is black, as Fidel is black, as Ho Chi Minh is black." In the '60s, Shepp's espousal of Black Power, of the Viet Cong, of communist Cuba, incensed the white jazz establishment; never more so than when, writing in *Down Beat*, he compared the function of his saxophone to that of a Vietnamese machine-gun.

How did he feel about that now, I wondered, as I looked around his plush hotel room.

Has the function of your saxophone changed at all? I ask.

"Huh, I hope not." A half-laugh, half-grunt. The deep voice, hooded eyelids and professorial air give Shepp a weighty authoritativeness. You mess with this man at your peril.

He leans forward, his fist curled around his pipe and poised, mid-air, to emphasise his point. A cloud of aromatic tobacco smoke wafts across the room.

"The war in Vietnam was not waged with saxophones, it was waged with machine-guns and napalm and Orange chemicals. It was waged with the burning and maiming of children, with the defiance of all moral law — and at that point we're all involved at the profoundest level.

"A saxophone is a meaningless weapon 6000 miles away, especially when you disagree totally with the oppression of the people in that place and want to be involved on some level. So I offered my saxophone — you might say from a Ju-Ju perspective. Let this saxophone be a machine-gun, brother! Not that I'm shooting at anyone, but if a saxophone has a meaning, let my notes be bullets for you. Not because I believe in death, but I want to reaffirm your life and extricate you from the people who oppress you, so we can all be free."

And you still feel the same way today?

"I feel like a guerilla, if that's what you mean." Shepp gives me a quick baleful glare. "Or should I say a go-rilla?" He chuckles drily.

THE SHEPP saxophone — a tenor, its tone a warm, full-blooded cry — first functioned as a leading voice in the New Music that reshaped jazz in the early '60s.

It was a revolution led by saxophones: John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Eric Dolphy, Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp — with the sole exception of piano genius Cecil Taylor, all the mainmen blew horn.

Shepp was born in Florida in 1937, grew up in Philadelphia and first played sax there — alto, then tenor — running around in blues and R&B bands with Lee Morgan and Kenny Rogers. He majored in drama at college and moved to New York in 1959, hoping to find work in the theatre. When it failed to materialise, he turned to music — plus a succession of dead-end day jobs.

His first gig was with Cecil Taylor, and he made his recording debut on 'The World Of Cecil Taylor', soon followed by the influential 'Into The Hot'. He played with trumpeter Bill Dixon, helped form The New York Contemporary Five with Don Cherry and John Tchicai and, in 1965, played on Coltrane's turbulent 'Ascension' sessions.

Through Coltrane, he landed a record deal with Impulse and went on to make a series of LPs — 'Four For Trane', 'Fire Music', 'On This Night', 'Mama Too Tight' — which confirmed him as a major figure of the jazz avant-garde.

Yet his rasping, emotive style had an immediate charm, and he brought the black tradition into the freeform present. There was the R&B Shepp — fierce, raucous, a volcanic torrent of high-register wails — and there was the bluesy Shepp, a growling romantic whose ballads cut with a sensuousness that recalled the heyday of Ben Webster and Lester Young. "Hoarse and crying" is how Valerie Wilmer described his sound in *Jazz People;* and despite the freeform context, you could still hear a blues cry in Shepp's tenor.

A great anger burned in there, too. Black pride and black protest had always played a prominent role in jazz — think of Ellington, Mingus, 'Strange Fruit', 'Freedom Suite' — but rarely with the fervour that attended the wedding of the new black music and the new black politics of the 1960s.

Shepp became an eloquent champion of black radicalism. Malcolm X was his man; and he was proud to be a *black* musician, a group whose purpose — as he told LeRoi Jones in a much-quoted interview — "ought to be to liberate America from its inhumanity... I think the Negro people, through the force of their struggles, are the only hope of saving America."

His music celebrated black heroes from W.E.B. DuBois to Duke Ellington; and he protested at America's endemic racism in tunes like 'The Funeral' — dedicated, like Bob Dylan's 'Only A Pawn In Their Game' to murdered civil rights worker Medgar Evers — and the self-explanatory 'Rufus Swung, His Face At Last To The Wind, Then His Neck Snapped'.

He complained bitterly about the exploitation of the black musician, describing night clubs as "crude stables where black men are run until they bleed, or else are hacked up outright for Lepage's glue" — a comment which didn't win him many gigs — and, like many of his contemporaries, he was spending more and more time in Europe by the end of the decade.

Staying in Paris in 1969, after a fraternal visit to the Pan-African Festival in Algiers, Shepp recorded a batch of LPs for the BYG label which reaffirmed his status as one of the most talented and articulate of the New Musicians. Best of all, perhaps, is 'Poem For Malcolm' — recently reissued on Affinity — with the haunting 'Rain Forest', boasting one of Shepp's finest solos, and a title-track that has Shepp the poet exhorting us to *"Take this ex-cannibal's kiss and turn it into a REVOLUTION"* on a stirring, declamatory rap of which Benjamin Zephaniah would be justly proud.

(Shepp recorded several of his poems, including 'Scag', 'The Wedding' and 'Malcolm Malcolm Semper Malcolm'. Nor did he neglect his theatrical talents: he had two full-length plays staged, *The Communist* and *Junebug Graduates Tonight*, plus several one-act pieces, and he also co-wrote the music for Aishah Rahman's *Lady Day: A Musical Tragedy*.)

In the '70s, Shepp's music changed with the times. Black Power was blasted off the streets by trigger-mad racist cops, and black resistance took more elusive routes. There were still political records, like the populist 'Attica Blues' and two live duets with radical drummer Max Roach, but Shepp was turning more and more to the black tradition for his inspiration. He worked with blues singer Joe Lee Wilson, and later made two superb LPs — one of blues, one of spirituals — with pianist Horace Parlan. In the last five years, he has devoted three LPs exclusively to Charlie Parker tunes, including the marvellous 'Bird Fire' album.

But why this emphasis on the past?

"I think it's important to recreate those styles," Shepp explains. "Black musicians have not been into recreative music, and that's a failure. It's taken white musicians to recreate black American music. Like The Rolling Stones recreated Blind Willie Johnson — my black students don't even know who Blind Willie Johnson is!

"It's a total lobotomy that's been done on black people today, and much of it through a denial of their cultural past. Even black academics are afraid of it, or ignorant of it, because Negro music, Negro dance, Negro theatre — the Minstrel Show — has always been denigrated as a lowly form.

"I think we black musicians, when we understand who we are, have the potential to create a musical revolution because we have at our disposal all the elements of black world music, the African-American diaspora, all the forms from Africa, the West Indies, North and South America. We only have to recognise it."

ARCHIE SHEPP'S latest record is 'Black Christmas', a French disco single by Sierra Leone guitarist Sam Bello on which Shepp 'guest stars', his lyrical tenor adorning what is otherwise a lightweight disco groove with a trite 'right on' message

It's the first step towards his current aim of playing and producing a more popular music — an aim rooted in his belief that "Jazz is becoming kind of *passé* — relegated to another era, like ragtime and blues. It's become an art music."

What! Jazz is *passé*, an *art* music! Is this really Archie Shepp talking? Ironically, he attributes jazz's demise partly to the success of the New Music *he* helped to create.

"Originally, African-American music was a folk music, a traditional music. It grew out of the black community. Right up through the blues, through the swing era, right up to the so-called Bebop the bands were still very much inside the community — Bird was well-known to all the black areas in the US — and black people listened to *everything*, from Slim Gaillard to Charlie Parker.

"But, in the '60s, a change began to take place — after, say, the emergence of Ornette Coleman, Miles' famous group with Coltrane, the music began to drift away from the Negro community and became more of a *world* music.

"You'd find players in Japan imitating Coltrane, players in Europe — they're still doing it today. Coltrane had a kind of *proliferating* effect, and in a sense, I think Coltrane represents the total evolvement, the consummation of the black traditional musician into the black *artist*.

"Coltrane is the most consummate virtuoso we've produced in African-American music, perhaps one of the most consummate virtuosos in the world in the last several decades — I compare him in importance to people like Stravinsky and Schoenberg — because his innovations were so important, he changed the

Let My Notes Be Bullets

Graham Lock trades solos with a giant of the tenor sax. Pics Peter Anderson

whole nature of playing the saxophone. To some degree, Coltrane was a theoretician — 'Giant Steps' is an *amazing* piece of music from a theoretical viewpoint — and, at that point, the negro musicians are no longer traditional, they become like musical *scientists*.

"As the music becomes less *subjective* and more *objective*, it becomes less of a folk music and more of an art music. The community references are lost, the whole *function* of the music is lost sight of, and it's created for aesthetic purposes alone."

Shepp talks rapidly, a man bursting with facts and theories about the music he loves. There is a touch of the pedagogue — ten years as a teacher have left their mark — but his rap is alive with fascinating speculations, asides and detailed analyses as he runs down a complete history of black American music.

He makes a fundamental distinction between "entertainers", like Stevie Wonder, and "artists", like John Coltrane. The entertainers' priority is their audience, the artists' their personal integrity — and the latter, claims Shepp, "is a direct contradiction of functional music, of music in traditional societies, where the community *always* comes first."

He cites the blues as an example: "The great blues musicians are not determined by their ability to sing well, or the mere aesthetic quality of their voice, but by their ability to evoke emotion — emotion similar to that which they feel — in their audience. That's why a person like Janis Joplin never reaches the depths, or heights, of a Bessie Smith — because ultimately Bessie Smith could evoke in the audience a response that was *profound*, a community response from people who knew the music as she knew it, as part of their own complex history."

The afternoon draws to a close. Shepp has to catch a train to Scotland where he's due to record a TV spot with bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pederen. Before we finish, he reiterates his desire to work as a producer. He'll carry on playing jazz, art music or not, but just now his priority is to produce a pop band.

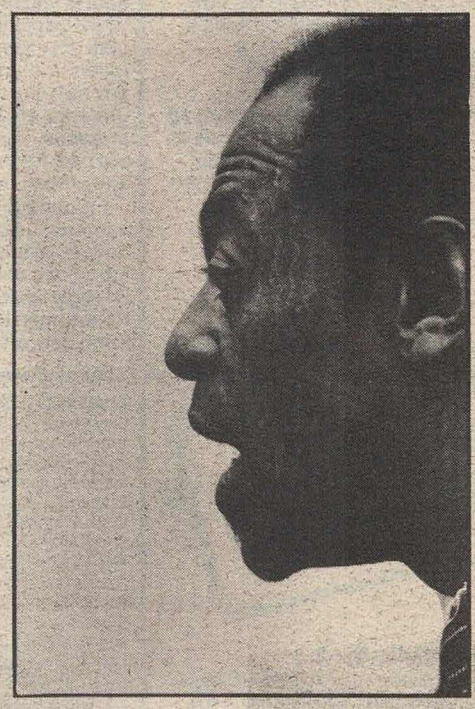
"I think I have a real role to play," he insists. "I've got some very specific ideas about production and content."

Such as?

"Well, I think it should be more political. The lyrics could really tell people something, as music should do. It can change our lives, and in a *positive* way — not merely accommodate the status quo."

We have come full-circle. The Ju-Ju perspective. Shepp exhales a cloud of sweet-smelling smoke and looks at his watch.

So, I conclude, the purpose of your music is still to bring about social change, to fight for freedom?



Shepp bristles. "Isn't that the fundamental reason for all art? Picasso addressed himself to Guernica; Beethoven was passionately for Napoleon because he thought him to be a real freedom fighter. Artists have always been sensitive to social and political phenomena.

"I think that what's at issue here is that whites are somewhat offended by black artists who are sensitive to their own social conditions and speak out about them like white artists have been doing for centuries.

"What I'm reaffirming is nothing new. What's new about it is that I happen to be black and people somehow find my statements strange and peculiar because they're not used to hearing these ideas from black lips."

Shepp insists on his blackness, on the blackness of his music, because its history and its value have so often been denied; but he has no wish to be exclusive. "Jazz is antiwar," he said in the '60s, "it is for the liberation of all people because jazz is a music itself born out of oppression, born out of the enslavement of my people."

With America's military rulers — the Nuke Nuts Klan — forcing their missiles on a reluctant Europe, perhaps we too are an enslaved people now.

Archie Shepp's Ju-Ju jazz fights back. It's there if you want it, a gift from the front-line. Each note like a bullet for peace.

He takes off his hat and lays it on the bed. The interview is over.

SILVER SCREEN

The Missionary

DIRECTOR: Richard Loncraine
STARRING: Michael Palin, Maggie Smith, Trevor Howard, Michael Hordern, Denholm Elliott, Phoebe Nicholls (Handmade)

MICHAEL PALIN'S affinity for the oak-panelled atmospheres and absurdities of Olde Englande, depicted to hilarious effect in the *Boy's Own Paper* parodies of *Ripping Yarns*, gets given even freer rein in this, his first truly solo full-length feature. Unlike *Ripping Yarns*, however, the characters are not mere comic cut-outs, but fully-formed individuals whose failings and pomposities have been magnified for the most part.

The most complete of these is the missionary himself, Charles Fortescue (Michael Palin), a wordly-wise naif fresh from Good Work in darkest Africa, returning after a decade to marry his childhood sweetheart Deborah (Phoebe Nicholls, better known as Sebastian's Plain-Jane sister Cordelia in *Brideshead*), now miraculously transformed by time and boredom into a secretary and file-clerk extraordinaire who's meticulously cross-referenced every one of their thousands of love-letters. This being 1906, Fortescue's benign innocence and lack of prejudice rub up roughly against the more bigoted mores of the aristocrats and clerics amongst whom he finds himself rudely thrust.

Denholm Elliott's Bishop of London, for instance, is no pious softie, but a bullish, bloodthirsty advocate of rough sports and physical exertions; when he assigns Fortescue the task of setting up a mission for fallen women, it's not through any real pity or need to understand, but simply a streetcleaner's instinct: "Find out why they do what they do, and stop them doing it!"

Funding the mission proves a problem, however, and it's only by submitting to the affections of Lady Ames (Maggie Smith), wife of the richest man in England, that the thing gets off the ground.

Trevor Howard, who seems to have something of a monopoly on crusty old gentility, plays Lord Ames as a virtual rerun (minus the surrealism) of Sir Henry Rawlinson; his monstrous imperial bigot provides most of the best one-liners in the film, but that's only to be expected with a foil as supple and adept as Maggie Smith. The rabid distaste of his enquiry "Isabel! Who are the people I *really* hate?" gets an even sharper point from the saintly sweetness of her answer: "The Swiss, dear?"

***The Missionary* mixes high class and low comedy in fairly equal parts, to good effect. The running gag about Fortescue's bluntly obscene phallic fertility symbols (given to him by his African friends on hearing of his impending marriage), for instance, is all the more effective for being run through the higher echelons of English society. And though the plot itself might seem a little on the anorexic side — this is, after all, Palin's first attempt to deal with real characters, and that concern obviously took precedence over other elements — there are enough good gags and fine performances (especially from Palin and Smith) to carry the film through.**

A word of praise, too, for Richard Loncraine, whose expertise with Olde English atmospheres — he directed last year's *Brimstone And Treacle* as well as *The Missionary* — is quite unparalleled these days. He manages to invest the olde-worlde pallor with a sense of contemporaneity, as if we weren't viewing yesteryear but yesterday; he makes *us* old, rather than the film.

A rare gift indeed.

Andy Gill

Michael Palin demonstrates the missionary position.

OLDE-TYME RELIGION

Frances

DIRECTOR: Graeme Clifford
STARRING: Jessica Lange, Sam Shepard, Kim Stanley, Bart Burns (EMI)

FRANCES IS a rather muddled biopic which mutates into a somewhat unique exploitation movie as it capitalises, for Hollywood's second time, on the brief screen heyday and subsequently muddied life of American actress and mental patient Frances Farmer.

The two hour and 19 minute film touches on quite a few facets of Farmer's tragedy (which took place in the late '30s and early '40s): the domineering mother/weak father matrix, an era's problems with 'placing' idiosyncratic talent, drugs, drink, activist leanings, the consequences of female ambition, the repetitive violation of 'guaranteed' civil rights and the horrors of experimental psychiatry. But all of these are whittled down for filtering through the movie's commercial structure: a study of individualism as an American imperative.

In fairness, to encompass the bizarrely epic nature of Frances' life (her notoriety began at 16 when she won an essay prize for writing about the death of God), the film's three scriptwriters have broken it down, then stylised it into two 'balancing' halves.

One is the blonde aureole of assurance/defiance Jessica Lange makes of Frances: an entirely female character animated by ambition but, behind that, by a romantic fatalism which just exists — lacking any complex exploration or any real explanation. This is a free spirit created more by feminist hindsight than by any new understanding of the behaviour which triggered Farmer's fate. Yet thanks to Lange's perseverance and grit, something of the coarseness Farmer developed and aggressively displayed is at least suggested. And the film does flesh out Frances' very palpable ambition.

The gamble comes in providing this Frances with a fictional foil — Harry York (Sam Shepard) — the journalist Farmer originally studied to become at university. The problems with York's use as observer/commentator are intensified by the low-profile persuasiveness Shepard brings

ON THE BOX

Thursday March 3

The Man In The White Suit (Directed by Alexander Mackendrick 1951) One of Ealing's best — and one of Britain's best ever — Alec Guinness stars as the modest and unassuming inventor of an indestructible white cloth. Far from the welcome he expects, his white suit causes a furore in the textile industry amongst workers afraid of losing their jobs and management fearful of unrest. Thus does Britain welcome progress! I laughed all the way. **(BBC2)**

Blade On The Feather. Continuing tonight's thorough investigation of Britishness is Dennis Potter's 1980 play about "class loyalties, national treachery, the politics of the right and left, the way that silver spoons tarnish fast in the corroding culture of elitist England". "So says purple Alexander Walker, who's seen it. I haven't, but for once I'll take his word. **(C4)**

Top Of The Pops (BBC) and the **Rising Damp** feature **(Thames)**, even accounting for Leonard Rossiter's presence, offer conclusive proof of an improverished culture's need for such rigorous reassessment.

Strictly Private John Cleese takes you behind the scenes of the new forces farce *Privates On Parade* **(Thames)**

Friday March 4

The Tube. Since the series inception they've been inundated with 1500 tapes from new bands competing for the weekly unknowns spot. This issue makes a bigger dent than usual by featuring four as-yet-unnamed groups, all of whom will be better than name guests Kajagoogoo (Australian for puking up). **(C4)**

The Professionals. The most hilariously bigoted hour on TV. Take bets on the body count. 13 is the highest in my living memory. **(Thames)**

No Problem! Not now it's getting funnier. Janet Kay stars. **(C4)**

Bolwieser (Rainer Werner Fassbinder 1976). Fassbinder's most convincing victim (of circumstance, if not life itself!) Kurt Raab stars as the petty minded station master cuckolded by his wife Elizabeth Trissenaar. Bolwieser is one of the few Fassbinders that threatens to succumb to the inertia gripping its characters. Andy Gill would call it boring, but he never studied French, so he don't know what *ennui* means. **(BBC2)** *(Actually, it's an everyday story of American beer manufacturers who can't spell — AG)*

Pete Kelly' Blues (Jack Webb 1955): *Dragnet's* Webb also stars in a mock-up of '20s sleaze, guiding you through speaks and jazz bars to a soundtrack that features Peggy Lee and Ella Fitzgerald. Sounds authentic. **(BBC1)**

Saturday March 5

The Other Side Of The Tracks. With Rick James and Joan Armatrading. **(C4)**

Three Comrades (Frank Borzage 1938). Take three German world war one veterans and a girl with a fatal disease, stir that into a Borzage movie adaptation of Erich Maria Remarque (*iAll Quiet On The Western Front*) scripted by F. Scott Fitzgerald and you've got a weepie of immense passion and sweep. **(C4)**

Saturday Superstore. Featuring both Duran Duran *and* Spandau Ballet. Talk about a pomp revival: Leave their waistlines out of this. **(BBC1)**

Sight And Sound In Concert. As retribution for their execrable 'Chinese Way' guests Level 42 ought to be locked away for life with a cracked copy of it. **(BBC2)**

The Lacemaker (Claude Goretta 1976). Monty's pick of the week: "a delicate tale of young love once requited and then lost. Loved the final shoot out." **(BBC2)**

Ministry Of Fear (Fritz Lang 1945). Ray Milland and Dan Duryea in the movie version of Graham Greene's WW2 spy thriller. Greene and Lang — what a combination! **(C4)**

Sunday March 6

The Avengers. This week's helping of camp-in-tweeds is called *Death's Door.* **(C4)**

The Effect Of Gamma Rays On Man-In-The-Moon Marigolds (Paul Newman 1972). Newman directs himself and wife Joanne Woodward in screechy kitchen sink drama. **(BBC2).**

Monday March 7

Riverside. *Black Stuff* author Alan Bleasdale on Liverpool versus the rest of the world. It's Immaterial. That's not my response but the name of the guest group. **(BBC2)**

Whatever You Didn't Get. Subtitled more of the friggin' same by disgruntled Redskin X. Moore, who nevertheless is aloud an airing alongside Anti Nowhere League, Southern Death Cult, The Passions and Aswad. **(C4)**

Child's Play (Sidney Lumet 1972). With Lumet's *The Verdict* currently on the circuit you might like to look back at this little seen film featuring James Mason as the suffocatingly strict boarding school headmaster. **(BBC1)**

Tuesday March 8

Saint Jack (Peter Bogdanovich 1979). Given Bogdanovich's abysmal record there was no reason why his former tutor Roger Corman should have allowed him a second chance with the relatively hot property of a Paul Theroux novel, set in Singapore. **(C4)**

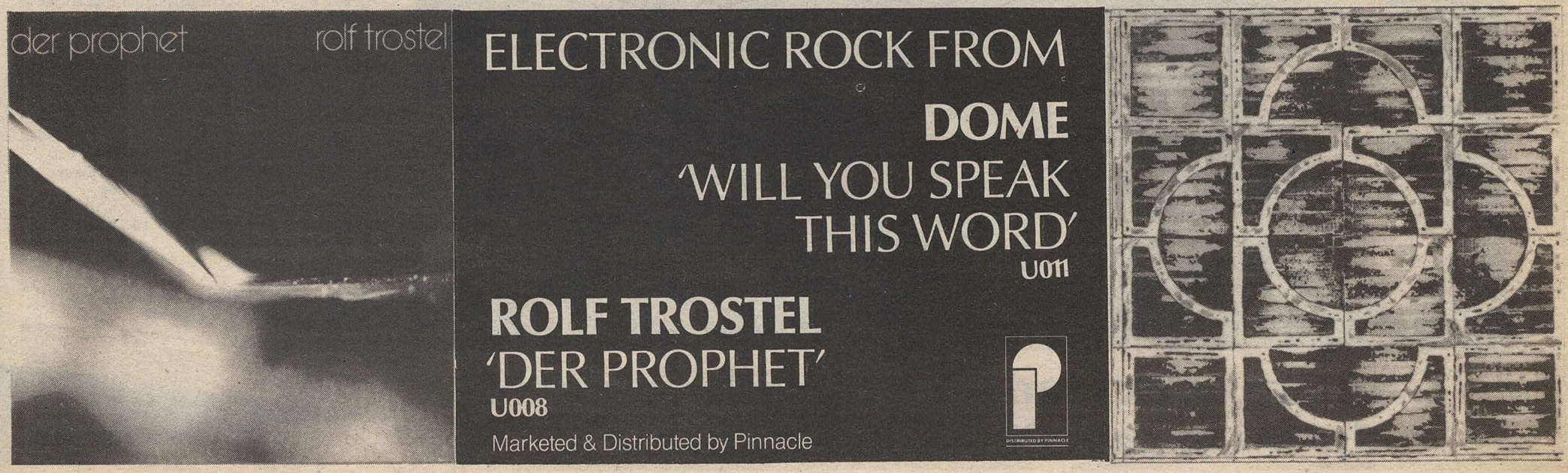
Silent Running (Douglas Trumbull 1972). Part of BBC2's SF season, *Silent Running* about a renegade Green Party man Bruce Dern canvassing for the alien vote in the upcoming West German elections. This man will kill to save trees! **(BBC2)**

Arena. Kurt Vonnegut profile. **(BBC2)**

Wednesday March 9

Germany Pale Mother (Helma Sanders-Brahms 1980). It begins with The End (Berlin, slight reprise). Helma's extraordinary film, based on her mother's gradual alienation from a loving husband, is rooted in the upheaval of World War Two. **(C4)**

Chris Bohn



The Hollywood Dream Machine, or just one long nightmare? Jessica Lange as Frances Farmer before and after her "breakdown".

HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD?

to a basically unbelievable role: the plot makes him first Frances' youthful soulmate/lover, then an unfolding duplicate of her own suspiciously modern 'independence'. Only York provides the (male) voice of common sense, of a down-to-earth survival instinct. "Harry, I don't have what they want," opines a newly-famous Farmer, to which York replies, "You gotta make use of what you can."

Later, when an embattled Frances sits content to drink and wonder if any of the people around her "really love each other", Harry again tries to bring her back to the point. "You could pick your battles better, you know. Fight the ones that count, or they'll just railroad you." Of course they do — and the film makes full use of Farmer's three sojourns in looney bins, particularly two at the infamous Steilacoom, to which she was committed by her mother (then her court-appointed guardian). This action tends to gloss over three things: the era's connections between psychiatric institution and government attempts to squash Leftism; the successive doses of experimental drugs Frances endured; and her documented gang-rapes by soldiers from nearby Fort Lewis. But it's happy to make a real meal of the transorbital lobotomy supposedly responsible for her return to 'normality' in 1950. (No records exist of this operation and it leaves no scar, so it remains factually unproven.)

During the film's portrayal of her first commitments, 'Harry York' waits in the wings — ever resourceful and dedicated solely, it seems, to Frances. Because he is clearly her equal, it's obvious York is partly there to signify the remarkable resilience which propelled Frances onwards as survivor for so long.

Except that the real Frances Farmer endured everything *on her own*. And, at best, the York concept is contradictory (we see him phoning over one of Frances' trials to his paper along with the rest of the press vultures before he thinks twice and decides to go to her rescue). At worst, he seems like the feminine wish-fulfillment of a past era: rescuing his beloved from yet another snakepit, 'understanding' everything, and then — proposing marriage.

Frances does not accept the proposal and — given the extremity of all which has gone before — the film fails here to make it explicit *enough* that the insistence on refusing what she saw as 'ordinary' constituted the real crux of Farmer's delusions. What really destroyed Frances Farmer was not the restrictive conventions which surrounded and often impeded her ambitions and character, but her inability to recognise her own 'conventional' side because she regarded it as non-artistic (and also as the legacy of her mother).

Shepard does manage to imbue York with the message that nothing *can* surmount the spirit if that spirit will just confront its isolations bravely and relentlessly, rather than just romantically. But — right through to the point where her will is literally scooped out — Lange's Frances cannot resist stirring up any situation (however dangerous to herself) which will feature her as its star...rather than face the real drama of 'ordinary' life.

This, the film's most radical subtext, is far too subtly conveyed — though its principals are both excellent and the basic facts are present if you look closely. Farmer deliberately marries a man to whom she feels superior but her disintegration begins when she lands herself in similar romantic straits; she often refuses to 'play the game' not from pure principle, but out of an assumption of personal superiority inculcated by mother Lillian; despite the amphetamine addiction and alcoholism *Frances* skates over lightly, Farmer *is* erratic and egocentric to an extreme.

Yet the film — as surely a vehicle for Ms Lange as *Toast of New York* or *Come and Get It* were vehicles chosen by Old Hollywood for Frances — contains enough of the contradictions inherent in the Farmer saga to retain much of its fascination and to display, one way and another, something of the conflicts within America's treasured ideas of 'individualism'.

Cynthia Rose

SLEAZY KIDSTUFF

Class Of 1984

DIRECTOR: Mark Lester
STARRING: Perry King, Merrie Lynn Ross, Timothy Van Patten, Roddy McDowall (Columbia)

LAST AUTUMN'S wave of interest in the extent of discipline in schools seemed to mix healthy speculation with a voracious eagerness to stick condemning 'oppressor' and 'victim' labels on opposite sides of the staffroom door. The tangle of blazing condemnations of both rioting pupils *and* power-mad teachers should have made all but the staunchest trash-daily consumer realise that blame allocation is a sweeping proposition at best.

***Class of 1984* obviously embraces one polarity — that of full-scale terrorism effected by a close-knit pupil gang — but what would, in a documentary, be a fictionally polemic blend, is here acceptable since the film works more on a level of fantasy than one of social commentary. Lester's lifted the facts from the screaming headlines and blown them into ugly, exaggerated proportions to create a nightmare hallucination that simultaneously grips and jars, with no cloying avoidance of extremes to spare queasy palates. The element of realism on this plane is just enough to draw in the audience without confining them to mundanities.**

But if, as the blurb says, *Class of 1984* also attempts to 'offer commentary on contemporary America', it's disappointing in this respect. The aforementioned unreal slant is backed up by further simplifications — the too distinct divisions between 'good' and 'bad' pupils, the lack of internal bickering in the gang, the uniform acceptance of teachers and pupils alike that confrontation and solution are impossible. And secondly, no attempts are made, not even by subtle background hints, to delve deeper into the delinquents' lives and dig out roots and reasons to transform motiveless actions into frustrated reactions.

Lester's film should be viewed from the same angle as Orwell's classic — not as a statement but a distorted reality, a nightmare suggestion based on flickers of the truth run riot. And that scares more than dour documentary ever could.

Leyla Sanai

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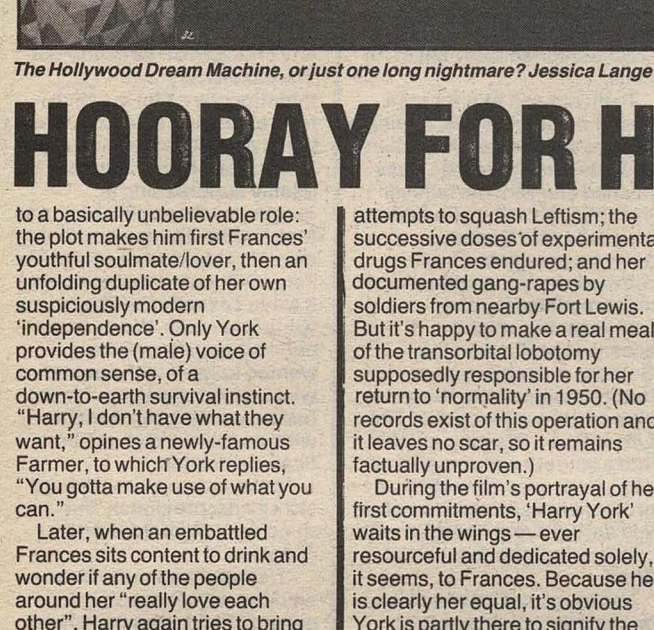

THE BIG screen's favourite jailbait Jodie Foster appears (above) as Donna — the girl who runs away to join the carnival — in Robert Kaylor's *Carny*, now showing for the first time in the UK at London's ICA, some two years after its American release. Seven years in the making, *Carny* marks the acting debut of The Band's Robbie Robertson (who also produced and co-wrote the film) as Patch, taciturn heavy and all-purpose hustler of The Great American Carnival. Bringing a decade and a half's on-the-road experience to the part, Robertson turns in a performance dripping with sinister charisma, although for sheer actorly virtuosity nothing matches Gary Busey's Bozo, a likeable scruff who makes a living insulting punters from the "safety" of a cage in an Aunt Sally sideshow. The insular world of freaks and hucksters the pair inhabit (depicted with pitiless empathy by Kaylor), and their own equally insular buddy-buddy relationship, gets rudely disrupted by the arrival of Donna, then shattered by the greed and violence of a corrupt redneck mobster; Carnies, however, have their own system of justice and retribution...

Andy Gill

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MAN WITH A MISSION

Should MICHAEL PALIN to significance? DON WATSON hears why the former Python wants to be taken seriously for a change.

AS PALIN says, the Monty Python crew were always very near in many ways to the people they parodied — a bunch of six Oxford graduates reacting with ridicule and acidic sarcasm to their mental pictures of the petty bourgeois cut-outs they could so easily have become. They were a set of innocents, sparked by a fascination with surrealism that had matured into a slapstick with a sharper taste, who always seemed vaguely bemused at their revolutionary reputation.

It still comes as a bit of a shock, though, to discover that the overarching comic institution that stands as an influence on all that's worthwhile in British comedy, from *The Young Ones* to Little Brother, has its nerve centre here in the disdainfully set back stockbroker belt of elegant office terraces overlooking Regent's Park.

This, nevertheless, is the venue for my interview with Michael Palin. I sit awaiting his arrival in a large room adjoining the main Monty Python office, amidst a clutter of assorted memorabilia, cassettes, videotapes and in the shadow of a proudly displayed newspaper sandwich board proclaiming the legend 'The Most Blasphemous Film of All Time'.

Palin himself blusters in a matter of minutes late, trailing a college scarf, extending a hand and gushing apologies. Face flushed and with the familiar (inexplicably silly) grin flaring, he swells with a natural nervous energy and beams with an infectious enthusiasm, more reminiscent of a well-meaning, slightly eccentric boffin than the Godless anarchist you could fondly imagine from the press view of the scriptwriter of *The Life of Brian*. Slipping quickly into a smooth conversational gear, he proves himself to be as prolific a talker as he is a writer, answering every question with a disarmingly honest verbal flood.

Having provided one of the bright British lights of 1981 with the glowing imagination of *Time Bandits*, scripted by Palin with producer/director Terry Gilliam, Palin is now awaiting the release of his latest cinematic venture, *The Missionary*, another striking, sensitive and visually stunning film. This time, though, it's very much Palin's own creation, written and co-produced by him and starring himself in the title role.

"I did want to get away from working with the Python group," he confesses, "not as any criticism of the group but *The Missionary* was intentionally a film in which I tried to find out what I could do given almost complete control.

"That is," he continues, hastily suppressing a tongue-in-cheek glint of power lust, "control over who would direct it. I knew what sort of film Terry Gilliam wanted to do and it wasn't exactly the film I wanted to make. We do know each other very well and I wanted to work with someone who I knew vaguely, but who I had no working relationship with, so that we'd start from basic principles."

That someone was Richard Loncraine, previously the director of *Brimstone and Treacle:*

"I learned a lot more from working with Richard, in a sense," Palin goes on, "than I would've done from working with people that I knew and whose working methods I knew. Richard, because he'd made films before, brought in

Gary Gilmore. A man condemned to kill. Before he was condemned to die.

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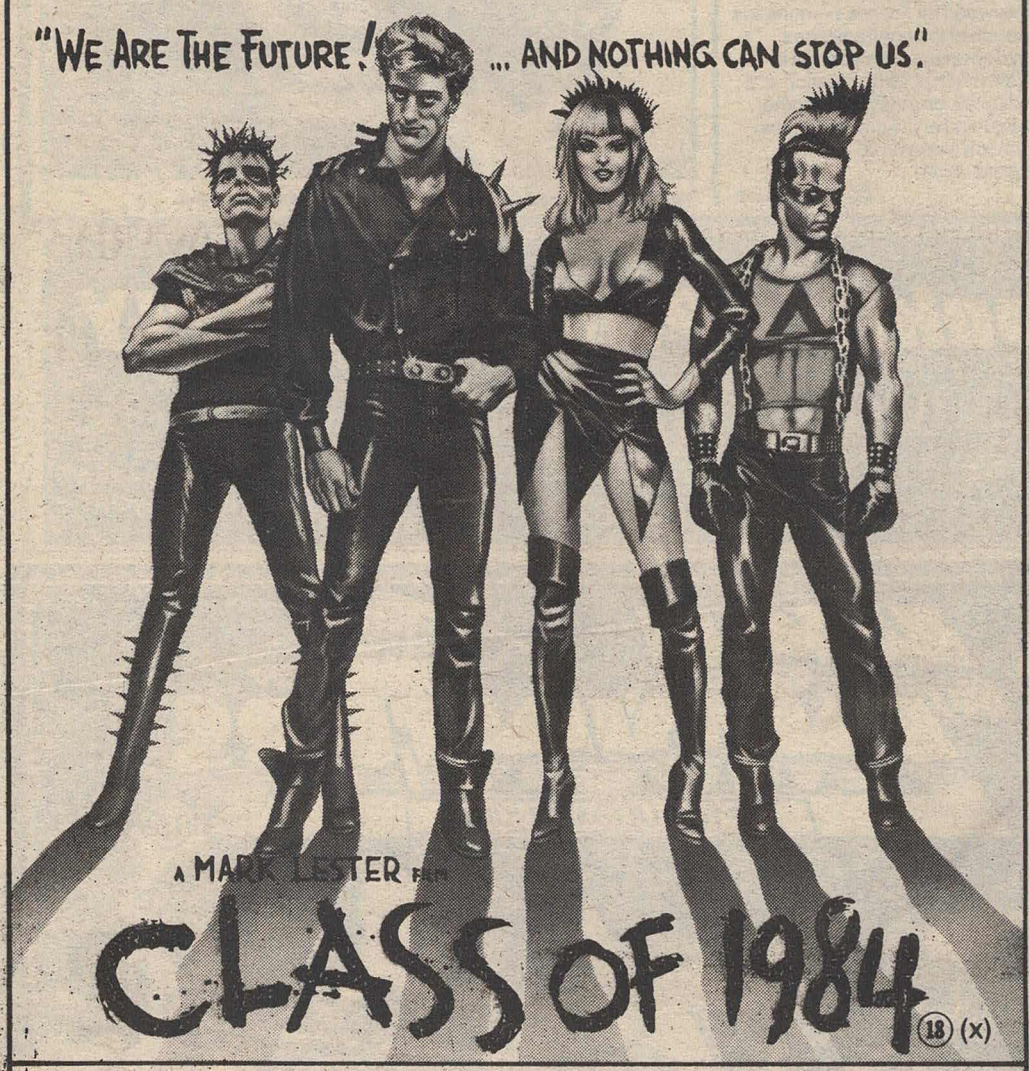
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Song "I AM THE FUTURE" performed by ALICE COOPER
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Micheal Palin maps out his future *Pic Peter Anderson*

some vital people to the team.

"I do feel very strongly that a film should be made by a team — that's very important. We don't make swimming pool films, where people are called at home by the pool and brought in by limousine when it's time for them to do their piece. In the end we'll tend to wait for the cameraman or the designer as much as anything else, because we know that the whole look of it is important and that has to be got from it being a team thing. Films are *not* made just by the actors, or even just by the writer."

PALIN DOESN'T stand on dignity. In fact, according to *"The Missionary's* publicist, he's been known to stand on plastic bags in the middle of dockland mud in order to get a certain shot:

"Oh God! That was nothing," he retorts when I recount how impressed the lady concerned was with his adaptability. "*The Missionary* was, on the whole, a fairly comfortable film to make; *Jabberwocky* and *Time Bandits* were filthy films to make, full of mud and dirt and shit. Sometimes it's a very hard piece of mental concentration to believe that it's all going to be worth it in the end.

"If you care about the presentation of films, though, you can do it. That's the magic of going to the cinema. You aren't going to see human life exactly as it is, you know it's going to be presented to you in a certain way. So, when you've got that audience in there, you should really give them the works, whatever you can.

"You can't go to Scotland, for example, and just film an ordinary moorland, if 400 yards away you can get the most beautiful shot with six mountains going into the distance.

"Now moving that 400 yards may involve going through miserable bogs, it may require building bridges and all that — but it's worth it. Some people might say 'This is Scotland — let's shoot it here! but our feeling is that it's worth that extra effort to get that landscape looking good."

The visual aspect has been one constant thread through the films that Palin has been involved with; whatever the subject matter, it is always presented in a breathtaking manner.

"It depends on what you want to make, and what you think is important in a movie — in varying degrees the Pythons are all keen on making good-looking movies. I for one see no reason why, because it's a comedy, it shouldn't look as good as the smartest and most elegant drama. It makes the whole task of making the movie much more pleasant, if the world you're creating looks as good as it possibly can.

"Once you've got that will to make good-looking movies, you've just got to go out and find good people — and there are heaps of them around. Very often they're the sort of people who are really committed, and they don't make a lot of very big motion pictures. They haven't been in the business for years and remember what it was like when John Barrymore was around, or anything like that. They're usually about the same age as the Pythons and they seem to have the same philosophy of the film business."

In conversation Palin frequently seems to slip from talking exclusively about himself to talking about the Pythons as a group. Does he never find Monty Python a millstone?

"No, I don't really mind — on the whole it's really quite nice. It's partly because Python has survived, and that pleases me — that the attitudes of what Python stands for, of ridiculing your world and showing up its absurdities, is still considered worthy of being remembered.

"It does bug me sometimes, though. I wrote a children's book called *Small Harry And The Toothache Pill*; and there was a review in one paper which started off with 'Have you ever wondered what a Python kids' book would look like..." and of course it's nothing to do with Python, but the only way to get over that is to do things outside of Python, which is what I'm doing with *The Missionary*."

Python does tend to bring out the kid in its audience...

"Funnily enough, I think that's why we haven't got on very well with intellectual critics in your so-called posh papers. They're not really sure what to make of Python.

"It's awful, really, because one doesn't want to become a moaner — there's nothing worse than people who moan all the time that they're not being taken enough notice of — but the nearest I would get to it is in saying that Python films are not given the credit they deserve for their looks.

"I mean, people always tend to talk of Bresson and Herzog in terms of beautiful films, but I think you'd find that *Jabberwocky* and *Holy Grail* are just as well made — but because they're Python, and because they're comedy, they tend to be a little bit wary of them.

"Python films always get an intense reaction, though, which I like very much."

One thing a lot of people have against Python, though, is the moron faction of fans, who wander around quoting chunks of sketches verbatim.

"Yes, sorry about that! Terribly irritating — people who can't speak usually, who can't put two sentences together unless they're sentences that you've taught them. Sometimes you wonder what you've unleashed.

"Python has become a sort of secret code for some people. Sometimes people that I run into will start taking back to me in sketches — and I won't have an idea what they're gibbering on about. It's something which I'll have put out of my mind altogether."

THE MISSIONARY, like a lot of Palin's previous work, paints an entrancing and smartly accurate picture of a historical period. Like *Holy Grail* or *Jabberwocky*, it's very much the creation of a

CONTINUES PAGE 52

starring
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DAUGHTERS OF AMAZULU THE NATION

So what's an (almost) all girl reggae combo from London with a fake African name doing singing about Egypt? Lloyd Bradley finds out. Pix: Nick Knight

AMAZULU'S FIRST YEAR has been a good one, and tonight is something of a celebration.

They are appearing at the London branch of Dingwalls, playing an extra gig that has been grafted on to the end of their first tour as headliners. The band kicked off the tour here with a sellout show, and have now been asked back as evidence of their success on the road. Tonight also marks the eve of release for their debut single, an up tempo updated version of Joyella Blade's 'Cairo'.

"Can't get no Giro/smoking inna bar in Cairo . . ." is how Amazulu see the city of the Sphinx.

The band look on this record as a natural highlight of the last twelve months which have been of rather mixed fortunes. They played a million support act slots, and had an appearance on the John Peel Session fixed up for them by Lenny Henry, an early fan.

That show was an experience they enjoyed much more than the spot on David Essex Showcase, a cabaret style TV talent show. "We play back the tape of that when we've eaten something bad and want to make ourselves sick!" is how they describe that episode. They have also undergone two personnel changes, and a vast improvement in their playing.

The single is a particularly fitting birthday present. It's careful arrangements and production does the relaxed, easy skanking reggae justice, and the 'B' side, 'Greenham Time' shows the band to have some thoughtful bite to their bark.

So rightly enough, as Amazulu finish their sound check, collect bottles of Pils from the bar and sit down to talk they are in high spirits — or as Liverpudlian saxophonist Lesley Beach much more aptly put it "dead chuffed".

After I've taken a good natured slagging for the series of missed or cancelled appointments we've had in the past, their line up changes become a natural starting point.

Amazulu are best known as an all-girl band — indeed they were when I last saw them some six months ago — and I must've looked a little confused when drummer Nardo Bailey sat down with them.

It is explained that the previous drummer, along with the vocalist, proved incompatable after eight months, and had to be replaced. After chiding them for blatant tokenism, it is agreed that this inclusion has made it a lot easier to remove the unsolicited stigma of being "militant feminists, out to prove a point".

"Like you" tells bassie Claire Kenny, "people are a bit baffled at first, but then I think they find it much simpler to look at us as musicians, rather than merely another girl group."

Bailey just grins, clearly happy to be playing music in such good company.

Lesley continues: "Putting Nardo in was just the same as putting in Anne-Marie (Ruddock, singer). He was the best person for the job, he improved our music and we all get on well with him. As we never really worried about being all women, we can't really worry about it now we're not!

"We're all reggae fanatics and all friends, so we just wanted to form a band to play it."

That was just how Amazulu got together; a case of "I can do that" after years of listening to Bob Marley, Lee Perry and Eek-a-Mouse. They became a group, officially, two weeks before their first gig, and discovered the difference between listening to and playing music as they went along.

"In the beginning", admits Lesley, "only two of us had ever had any musical training. The only sax lessons I've had were from a guy I got from an advert and I couldn't afford to keep them up!

"Of course we rehearse, but the best possible practice we could've had was to play all the gigs we've done as an opening band. That's why we waited so long to record, because we didn't want to get ready for it by locking ourselves away for six months."

Lesley Beach and friends

HERE IT becomes apparent that Amazulu are not naive about the pulling potential of their first line-up. After all, how many groups with no record and very limited ability can get enough engagements to use them as a paid practice session?

"The novelty value of us being women definitely worked in our favour. Promoters, especially in colleges and on the pub circuit, are crying out for girl groups to book. And true, a lot of guys would come to watch us just to leer, and as we got better they would end up liking the music and come to see us again to hear us play.

"So many people like that would've never dreamed of coming to a reggae gig, because they think they don't like reggae. They never would've come if we weren't women. Now they know what we're about. Most of our tour was at places where we'd played as support."

Despite this, the field they chose to enter — reggae music — is notoriously chauvinistic. Remember they began in pre Culture Club/Musical Youth days, when the scope for reggae was narrower. Didn't they fear an adverse reaction to their multi-ethnic composition and their being women?

"Before we started performing, we never really thought about that", begins Lesley. "We played it because it was the music we liked most, not because we wanted to be part of any particular *scene.*

"Our only conscious decision was not to play chauvinistic songs — no Lovers' Rock! It wouldn't be *us* anyway, so I'm sure we wouldn't do it well."

Percussionist Sharon Bailey, no relation to Nardo, continues: "When we did actually start playing we got a bit worried about that sort of reaction, but after a while when it never came, we stopped.

"We'd never get booked into any heavy reggae places, so the crowds we'd draw were very mixed — Rasta guys who'd want to hear good reggae, to college students who had never heard it before. That's what we wanted, so we could know if we were doing well by everybody getting into it."

Lesley: "Isuppose that when we started, we were trying to get away from something, or prove a point if you like. We used to go to a lot of reggae gigs where the only girls you'd see on stage would be dressed up in sweet dresses singing. Apart from occasionally playing keyboards they'd never be playing an instrument.

"That used to piss us off a bit, because they never looked like they were having any fun, and it made us determined that when we played it would just be us. We were determined to break away from a mould."

AMAZULU HAVE freed themselves of musical cliches too. In both sound and presentation, their style is unique; a hard reggae rhythm with a multitude of other influences sprinkled on top, and a stage show where dress, chat and dancing evolves around their easy going good humour.

"Of all the reggae bands I used to go and see — not the big stars, but the bands in places like here (Dingwalls) — there was nobody doing anything different. There were all sorts of things happening in other music that these guys were just ignoring. We wanted to be a bit modern and bring those influences in, not hold reggae back."

"Also," Claire goes on, "they tended to want to be pure musos, and not worry about putting on a show — with the exception of Dennis Bovell — and just play. That was the last thing we wanted to do, we figured that as long as we kept up a good strong beat it would give us room to do anything we liked."

Lesley: "One of our aims is to try and remove the mystique reggae has surrounded itself with. Get it out of specialist shops, where a lot of people feel intimidated and don't know what to ask for, and in to WH Smith's.

"It's happening slowly, because you see Greensleeves albums all over the place now. We just want to help it along the way."

Apart from just the recording industry/public attitude to reggae music, perhaps Amazulu can change as many minds about girls as pop stars.

A mental thumb through of the last ten years' UK charts will reveal an image of the female singer as being little more than the stereotypes 'ad-man's dream' in a variety of different guises. It's reaching a stage where public and media will accept/expect only this, although it is a complete inversion of many of 1983's espoused popular philosophies of equality.

Amazulu can demonstrate, by commanding respect and attention with their playing and singing, that it is possible to be female without acting coy and brainless.

Indeed, they completely disarmed my induced misconceptions. I went along, first time, prepared to see either a Lovers' Rock combo in pretty frocks and sugary smiles, or a posse of social workers exercising their street-cred. *Anything* other than a serious band.

After hearing them play I realised I was wrong, and after meeting them I felt thoroughly ashamed.

They may not have the same impact on everybody, and it would be a sad fact if they needed to. When the next leg of their tour starts in a couple of weeks, go and see them with the kind of free thinking they both deserve and demonstrate.

Nardo Bailey and Anne-Marie Ruddock with a hair-raising experience.

•REFORMATION•

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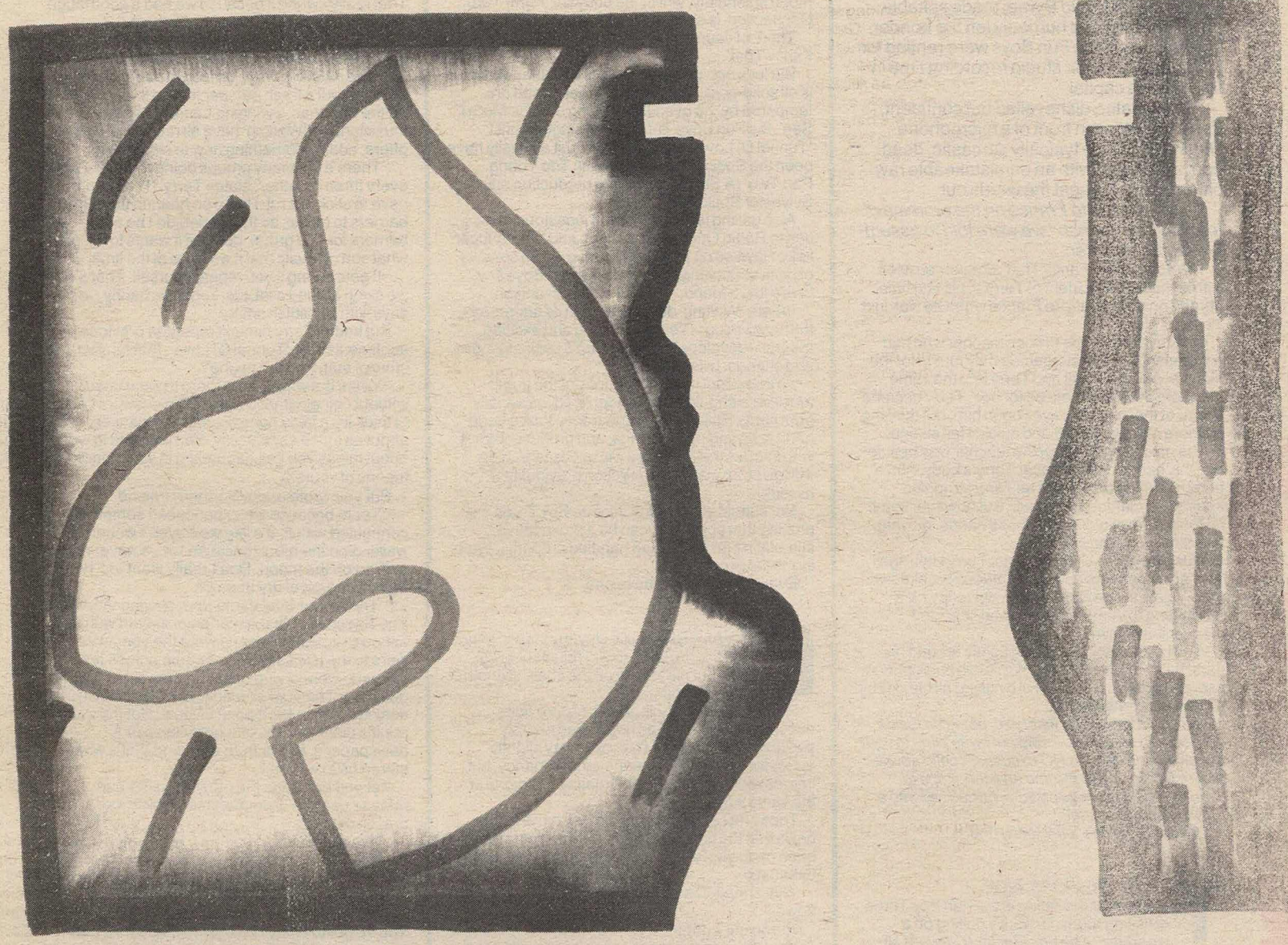

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Fun Boy Three

EARLY ONE MORNING, around seven, as London's grubby streets were slowly pulling themselves into life, Terry Hall woke from a restless night's sleep and in that instant realised he was finally able to record the vocals for a song that had taken him 12 years to write.

Dressing quickly he woke his two slumbering partners, Neville Staples and Lynval Golding, and told them he was going to the studio. "I think I can sing that song now," he said.

Then he phoned engineer Jeremy Green and producer David Byrne, made suitable arrangements and hurriedly left the London flat that he and the Fun Boys were renting for the duration of their studio recording time in the nation's capital.

An hour later, dishevelled but confident, Terry Hall stood in front of a microphone singing, his voice typically sarcastic, deadpan, and tinged with an unmistakeable raw bitterness as he spat the words out.

"You took me to France on the promise of teaching me French,' we were told to assemble round about ten..."

The song, 'Well Fancy That', concerned itself with a childhood incident of Terry's, his first time abroad on a schooltrip to France when he was just 11 years old.

On arrival there, the French teacher who had accompanied them suggested they turn in for the night, booking himself and Terry into the same bedroom. As he undressed for bed, Terry became aware of the teacher's eyes upon him, but thinking no more of it, climbed in and quickly fell asleep.

The next thing he knew the teacher was beside him, his hands crawling over Terry's body, hot breath burning on his skin as Terry struggled against his clammy presence. But however much he fought, he couldn't stop those hands, moving, touching, pinching and then...

When he got back to England, Terry Hall, age 11, had a complete and utter nervous breakdown. He still gets them occasionally, but today he's attempting to deal with the mental scars the teacher left on him.

With headphones clamped tightly around his ears, he's standing in front of a studio microphone, exorcising this particular evil by using all his skill as a vocalist. The words go...

"If I could have read what was going on inside your head, I would have said but I was blind to your devious mind, there's NO excuse for child abuse, where DO you draw the line on schooltrips to France? YOU had a good time, turned sex into a crime...well fancy that."

Child abuse. Yes. Well fancy that.

TOP OF THE POPS. Again.

Terry Hall is sitting in the Fun Boy Three dressing room nervously pulling on a cigarette. "I've been looking forward all day long to this interview," he says in his usual, dry manner, the words dripping with sarcasm, the tone almost identical to John Lydon.

Then he smiles and so he should. Along with his Fun Boy Three companions Lynval and Neville, he has just helped produce the first decent LP to come from a comparatively young British group in the last six months; some feat considering the plague of mediocrity currently surrounding pop.

'Waiting' is the Fun Boys' second LP, but really it's their first, the one where they truly start establishing themselves. Previously their output had been more than erratic, veering from the skilful atmospherics of 'Lunatics' and 'Alibi' to wasteful slop like 'Summertime', the nadir of their career.

As a result, you could never take them seriously. One minute they would be bouncing away happily with Bananarama on *Top Of The Pops* to 'It Ain't What You Do', the next they were releasing a scathing indictment of the problems in Northern Ireland with 'The More I See', all of which pointed to a disturbing lack of direction.

That was last year, a year when the Fun Boys splashed out in colourful directions, looking for a distinctive identity to bury their previous connections with their ex-group, The Specials.

It was the year when they made their mistakes in public and the year when Lynval Golding got viciously knifed in a Coventry nightclub. Some year. Towards the end of it the Fun Boys suddenly decided to get serious.

Over a period of eight months they wrote their new LP and looked for new and different ways of presenting themselves and their music, eventually plumping for an almost exclusive all-girl backing with David Byrne, yes *that* David Talking Head Byrne, brought in to produce.

The result is a collection of songs that look at England in 1983 in a mostly stunning style. Musically varied, lyrically clever, it's an album that switches moods perfectly, ranging from the touching pathos of Lynval's 'Going Home' to the boisterous party mood of 'We're Having All The Fun'.

In between there's the forlorn 'Things We Do', a superb chronicling of the stereotype behaviour we indulge in (the cello of Caroline Lavell catching the mood splendidly, whilst the buoyant 'Farm Yard Connection' is simply a brilliant pop song.

Then, of course, there's the harrowing 'Well Fancy That'...

But let's not run away with the idea that 'Waiting' is all solid-gold. The highlights mentioned are tempered by the overkill of ranting on 'The More I See', the Fun Boys' ill-fated last single, whilst 'Tunnel Of Love', lyrically, could just as easily have been the Special's old 'Too Much Too Young... Part Two' (A Steven Spielberg production starring Sylvester Stallone...).

Also galling is the somewhat incestous dedication to Radio One DJ Kid Jensen and his producer Mike Hawkes on the album sleeve which smacks of back scratching, whatever the Fun Boys say. "He's just a friend," they all protest in unison.

Where 'Waiting' does score is in its eagerness that everything is kept interesting and exciting, naturally developed by the group's desire to move and change, twist and shout.

To that effect the contributions of the guest musicians should not be underrated, especially from Nicky Holland, who apparently took a large hand in arranging the songs, and producer Byrne, who imbues the Fun Boys with a positive clarity that gives an edge and direction previously missing.

Nor should the fact that the Fun Boy Three are proving that pop music can be a provocative, stimulating art form when handled properly. 'Waiting' is the proof of that.

Every group should have one.

LYNVAL AND Neville cleverly stayed away from the dressing room, reluctant to talk. Terry put his feet up on the chair, lit another cigarette and waited.

Not one to suffer fools gladly, my previous encounters with him had not proved entirely successful. Both times I'd come away slightly annoyed by his sullen manner and flippancy, but impressed by his attitude of treating *everyone* in the same way.

Today he seemed more relaxed, belying the news that the first Fun Boy Three tour had just been cancelled due to his suffering from nervous exhaustion.

"I just needed a week off," he explains, "getting down."

Do you get it often?

"No," he replies smiling, "I've been quite good on this LP. I had one night when we were recording and I said 'that's it! No more album, no more album' and they just told me to grow up, so it was okay.

"I was trying to be a rock star and they wouldn't let me. It's just because we'd been writing this LP for months and months, been in the studio and God knows what else, and all of a sudden we had to start rehearsing for the tour.

"We started rehearsing and it was harking back to the first album and seeing if there was anything worth doing live from that and we had to rethink everything. Just needed a week off."

It was Terry who penned most of the new LP and Terry who came up with the idea of using David Byrne. "It wasn't necessarily *him*," he emphasises, "but someone like him, anybody with his attitude. I liked a lot of the stuff that he did with Talking Heads, but then I heard that thing he did with Eno ('My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts') and I thought that was very similar to what we were doing. It sounded nothing like us, but the ideas were very similar. He went about his way of doing it totally different to us.

"*We* went and did it without really thinking about it, and he took like a year to plan it out, but it was still the same kind of album in the end. It came from that. Plus we wanted a producer and we wanted a musician interested in production rather than a producer who's a frustrated musician. That's why we chose him."

By all accounts relations between the two were strong, Byrne actually playing guitar on a number of songs, whilst all three Fun Boys enthuse about the man. As for the decision to use mainly women musicians, it was a mutual one.

"Especially Neville," says Terry joking. "No, I prefer them to men. They smile. Lots of smiles. And they work harder. It was the same at school; the girls used to work hard and the boys used to mess about and it happens all the way through.

"I just get on a lot easier with girls in my work, not necessarily at home, but in my work I much prefer to work with ladies than gentlemen. Coming from a group like The Specials where everybody was *manly*, it just gets on your nerves a bit. A lot of it started with the thing we did with Bananarama. That really swung it because we had a good laugh and we were messing about with them."

In their attempts to get away from the boring tradition of rock groups, the Fun Boys have, right from the outset, always utilised the service of others to put a fresh perspective on their songs. So far the Bananas, Swinging Laurels and the various musicians on 'Waiting' have all reciprocated their offers, adding something new to each song.

"There's too many groups doing the same song every three months," states Terry. "You don't have to stick in a rut. I keep on hearing there's no barriers to music, so there shouldn't be any barriers for one group, do what it wants to do, play what sort of music that it wants to at the time.

"It gets boring if you repeat yourself. That's why we swop around a lot, just keeps us happy," he says with a childish smile.

But hadn't Terry himself repeated previous sentiments with 'Tunnel Of Love', that familiar story of marrying too young?

"Yeah, but what else is there to write about without being pathetic with it?" he answers back. "I think it's a fairly honest song." He pauses. "It's about as much as I can say. You just tend to write about things you see happening in your family, to friends of yours."

But you wrote about Northern Ireland.

"Yeah, because we experienced something connected with it. It's like we haven't written about walking on the moon because we've never really walked on the moon. Don't really want to," he adds with typical dry humour.

"'The More I See' came from playing there with The Specials. "That experience stayed with us although it didn't make us write the song. We went to the Isle Of Man and came across Irish kids who were crying because they didn't want to go home. That's what made us write about it; just seeing it from a kid's point of view. Not from an adult's point of view, or a politician's or a newspaper's. It was from a kid and that's what stirred us to write it."

Yet you can go to the other extreme and release pap like 'Summertime', which was a drastic change.

"Nah it wasn't," says Terry, wide smirk across his face. "No, songs like 'Summertime' help in writing songs like 'Tunnel Of Love' and that's the only reason we do them.

"I don't think anyone just learns to write songs. You've got to study other people and how they went about it. It's a very similar song to 'Tunnel Of Love' in a lot of ways and that's through soaking up writers like Gershwin... If you do their songs, work out all the parts, then those little ideas stick in your head and it helps you to write your own stuff."

It's not exactly the best record ever made, though.

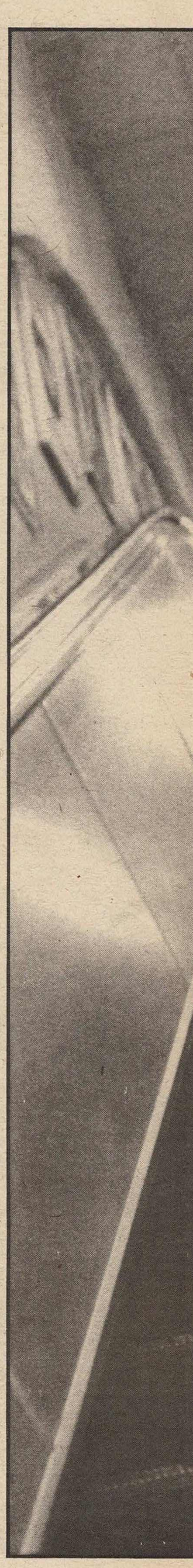
"I don't know, I thought it was quite funny. We took it into Chrysalis and they went 'Definitely number one'. It got to something like 23. Quite funny."

"But we didn't even think about it, we just went in, made a record, put it out." (A typical nonchalant Hall quote). "It gave us time to write an LP because we've been writing this for eight months. We started after we released 'Telephone Always Rings', quite a long time ago."

The seriousness with which the group approached this album stemmed simply from the fact that suddenly, after a long absence, they wanted to play live again. "But realised we couldn't," says Terry, "so we thought we'd get a group and some songs."

In many ways this is an abrupt turnabout. Right from their conception, they've always stressed their hatred of touring, citing the physical and mental damage it can inflict. Now they have a nationwide tour lined up.

"Yeah, but that's only because we toured with a bunch of shits," says Terry with thinly disguised



fun boy three

PAULO HEWITT GETS DOWN TO SOME SERIOUS REASONING WITH THE FUNBOY THREE AND CONCLUDES THE FUN'S NO FAKE AND THE CONCERN'S NO CON.

FB3-STOP FOTOS: PETER ANDERSON

venom. "If we had toured with nice people it would have been great, but it wasn't really much fun."

What about the physical strain of touring? Surely that must affect you? "Not really. On the first album we were coming down from Coventry every day for three months and that didn't kill us. It was quite nice. I quite like touring if you're with nice people. It only kills you if you stay up till four in the morning smashing hotel bars. If you go to bed at 11 and get up at nine it's quite a good night's sleep."

Another reason for this more defined Fun Boy Three, as evidenced by 'Waiting', was the slight confusion surrounding the group's public image. "One week," says Terry, "we're really hip, the next week we're a bunch of twats. All depends on what record we've got out. Sometimes you get respect from U2 fans and you think 'Um, we're in here, quick set the dates up'. Then you get six year olds running up and asking if you're in The Specials."

As they've never played live as the Fun Boy Three — barring their appearance on *The Tube* the other week — they've no idea of their audience and who they might be. Not that they are particularly anxious to court favour. For instance Terry's not that bothered when a single of theirs fails miserably chartwise.

"Not at all," he states, "because we know we can have a hit single tomorrow if we want one. It's easy. No big problem having a hit single. It's like Bananarama, I mean the whole idea with that... it's dead childish, the idea of using a song like 'It Ain't...', girls and boys, black and white, UMMM, right to the top. If you've got everything in there, if you've got everybody in that set up then it's obvious."

So there's a definite formula for success in your books?

"Yeah, if you want to have it. We knew that the last single wouldn't be a hit. If we'd have wanted a hit, we wouldn't have released it. But we didn't really want a hit."

Then why bother releasing it?

"Because we'd recorded it. No, that song was like three months of writing, and by the end we were really pleased, so we thought 'release it'. We thought...well *we* thought it was a good song anyway."

If Terry's attitude is genuine then it suggests he could just as easily go back to life on the dole as he could carry on playing the pop star.

"It's hard to know when you're going to stop," he opines, "don't really want to stop it this week, want to do the tour, but I don't know what I'm going to do next. I'll see what happens after the tour. We've just recorded a good LP and we want to play it live. We haven't thought about doing anything else.

EVENTUALLY LYNVAL and Neville get over their reticence to talk. Both are keyed up, excited by the prospect of a tour, given a taste for it by their performance on *The Tube*.

"Everyone says we were miming," shouts Neville from across the dressing room. "That's how *good* it was."

"I don't smoke right," chips in Lynval, "and I nearly smoked, that's how *bad* it was. The weirdest thing was, I looked round and I expected to see Jerry, Brad and that lot. And there were all these women!"

"I looked round," says Neville, "and expected to see all these lovely women. And I did," he says, grinning broadly.

The last time they played live together was in New York 18 months ago as part of The Specials. Since then it's been strictly recording, a policy that might well have affected the creative input of Neville, a fact pointed to by Mr. Thrills in his 'Waiting' review. Neville, naturally, refutes such a statement.

"I chucked something in," he states defensively, "but what Adrian was on about I don't know. I think he just wants me leaping about like Judge Roughneck (Neville's alter ego in The Specials) all over again. But that was *then*. You've got to change, you've got to bring forth new ideas."

His defence is countered somewhat by Rick Rogers, the Funboys' manager, admitting that he thought Adrian was right. "But see,Neville is a live man," he explains, "and he hasn't played for 18 months. when he does he'll be a lot more creative."

It was actually Lynval and Neville's trip to Jamaica last year that inspired two of 'Waiting's'

CONTINUES OVER PAGE

fundamentals

FROM OVER PAGE

best songs, 'Going Home' and 'Farm Yard Connection'.

'Home' dealt with the confusion Lynval felt when asked by fellow Jamaicans where exactly he was from. "Well I was born here but I live in England," came his reply as he realised that not only did certain sick elements in England deny him his rights but his motherland also subtly refused him.

The result: a displaced person without true roots or 'home' to go to.

'Farm Yard Connection' is lighter in its musical tone. "It's about people who have to plant weeds," explains Lynval. "That bit where it says *'because they can't draw dole'* is put back to my relations in Jamaica who actually do plant weed. That's their way of making a living because there's no social security there, so a lot of the young kids plant drugs to survive."

Suffice to say certain authorities have a hand in these operations, setting up various deals. "Have you seen *Harder They Come*?" Neville asks me. "Did you see where that plane lands and the bloke rushes out with a bag, and the plane is still going, and he chucks it on the plane? Well a bloke lost his arm because a propellor cut it off when we were there last August."

Out of the three of them, it's only Neville now who indulges in smoking. Lynval avoids it. "To me it's a form of discipline," he states in his curious mixture of Coventry and Jamaican accent. "I used to smoke before but I decided I had to discipline myself and what better self discipline? I'd hate anyone to come and discipline me, so I thought well I'll teach myself not to do things like that because I knew, deep down inside, that it wasn't doing me any good anyway."

"It doesn't slow me down," justifies Neville, "it relaxes me." Then he turns to me. "Does it slow you down?"

When I tried it it was just really boring.

"It slows you down? That's because you don't do anything else. All you do is just sit there and smoke it."

Not true, I tell him. "Well I bet I can beat you 100 yards straight with a fag in my gob," he challenges. "I bet you."

Lynval tuts at him. "You couldn't do it."

"I could," he exclaims. Okay, I tell him. 100 yards. Whenever you're ready. Neville looks at his watch, turns a bit sheepish. "Eh, Terry," he says, "What time we going on?"

AFTER CUTTING through the rubbish that is *Top Of The Pops* that week with 'Tunnel Of Love', we head down to Dingwalls to catch a reggae singer called Luie Lepke. In true Jamaican style he fails to show up, so Lynval and I stand chatting about various subjects.

Like Jerry Dammers. "I have nothing but respect for him, he's a genius and if he phoned up tomorrow and asked me to play on a session I'd do it, no hesitation." The new LP; "when you play in a band and you can go back home and listen to what you're doing and not get pissed off with it, then there's got to be something good about it." And the horrific attack on him which has left him scarred for life.

"Mostly I forget about them," says Lynval of his wounds, "but everytime I look in the mirror I remember that they're there for life." After the incident, he goes on to say, a lot of his friends rallied round, wanting to know the names of his attackers so revenge could be exacted.

Lynval wouldn't tell them, preferring to let the matter pass, let his attackers have it on their conscience forever and keep *them* awake at night. Two weeks ago, the knife crazies who set about Lynval with such ferocity attended a party in Coventry. A pair of brothers, they ended up arguing amongst themselves until one set of brothers pulled out a knife and plunged into the stomach of their 'friend'. The man died.

"See," said Lynval, "you know that saying: 'If you live by the gun, you die by the gun.'" He prefers to talk of an incident that happened in Bristol when he was still with The Specials.

"I sat down," says this bright, lively guitarist, "with these three skinheads who were National Front and reasoned and argued with them about black people for an hour. Do you know what they said at the end of the discussion? They said, 'Christ, are they all like you?' That was so positive." He says it with unhidden pride.

TERRY HALL sits down and remembers that traumatic incident from his childhood days. "It was easy to write, it was hard to sing. It wasn't hard because everything was true. If I was making it up it would have been hard but it wasn't, it was just things that I've had in my head since I was 11. All I did was sit down one day and write about it and that's how it came out. Getting it all to rhyme," he says flashing a broad grin, "that was the hardest part of all."

The waiting is over. Funboys forward, make the connection.

The Self-Pity Kid. Marianne Faithfull pic Pennie Smith

SO LONG, MARIANNE

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

A Child's Adventure *(Island)*

THE NEOPSYCHE portrayed in the skirmishes related here is quite that which an unprejudiced layman — having perhaps some passing memory of tears gone by — might anticipate of Marianne Faithfull. A damaged frailty is seen the recurring testament, nor is the general view of her as "Jagger's slag" repudiated by her air of offhand, disreputable ill care.

Here on this polished Gothic production, where Ms Faithfull's voice quavers echoingly between the speakers as fulsome strings cascade, horns blare, drums tumble dramatically and an acoustic guitar provides continuous tranquilising relief, is to be found paranoia and pain, pistols, poison, prison, alcohol, suicide, sordid strangers and blue millionaires.

And this self pity is expressed in such easy environments as 'Times Square' — *"in a tired part of the city"* — or 'Ireland', with its lyric swathed in blood and guilt and pain introducing a singalong chorus almost inevitably declaiming *"when will you be free?"* (though it sounds more like a paean to the singer's ill-starred record company).

Cliches abound too in 'Blue Millionaire' — Mick Jagger! pipes a prurient voice — who engages in eccentricities like *"drinking gin from pale blue bottles drowning in shadow"* — and which all takes place *"in the undirected light of street dreams"*. Where else?

"I don't laugh anymore," intones Marianne, *"or smile. I am lost in the body the passion of time."*

Matters are slightly redeemed at the close of side one with 'Morning Come', a prayer sung in ballad style and despite its overlush orchestration one of the set's few rays of hope.

The second side dispenses further *"happiness that feels like pain"* and *"poison taken in extreme despair"* on 'Ashes In My Hand'. The dreariness of the lyric and Faithfull's abrasive vocal detracts from a song of otherwise attractive descending melody line.

Fear is the subject of the album's sole outstanding title, 'Running For Our Lives', a song stirred to disquieting pitch by the agitated vocal and epigrammatical chorus: *"running for our lives, at least we're pretending we are, running for our lives, we never get very far."* Here once again is a slight reprise of something other than slothful misery concealed in the furtive pace and fevered, paranoid pulse.

Of the alcohol drenched final track 'She's Got A Problem', it's a curious subject for husband Ben Brierley to write for her to sing is my only comment

How long can we keep escaping into another prison? So long Marianne, it's time that we began to laugh and . . .

Penny Reel

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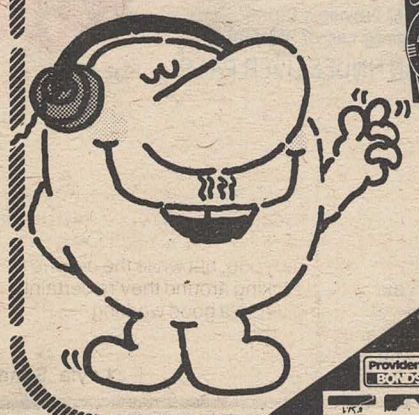

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SILLY BILLYS

THE METEORS

Wreckin' Crew *(I-D Records)*

THE MORELLS

Shake And Push *(Borrowed Records import)*

LIKE THE bourbon and Benzedrine which fuelled it, rockabilly never really fades from popularity despite its repressive formula, but it often seems to suffer the fate of Mutate or Be Mutilated.

About the most 'progressive' thing to happen in the 'billy universe since 1957, for instance, was The Cramps' replacement of the form's required musical capabilities with the sincere fuckedupness it had lacked for so long. Since that, there's been only Whirlwind's brief spot in the post-Sun light, The Blasters' more sophisticated compositional skills, and The Stray Cat Sales Phenomenon.

Now from Springfield, Missouri — never really part of 'Dixie' — come the athletic Morells, already dubbed the 'Party Band of '83' in listings for the Manhattan club circuit they've been playing. If you're a real 'billy boy, you might have run across 'em before as The Skeletons, The Original Symptoms, or just The Symptoms. That's partly because everyone in the band is over 40 (yep, you read that right; the female keyboardist is 55 and still rinky-dinks away with the best on 'Bumble Boogie').

What's their *thang*? Real juve grooves, oddly enough; the pure cure according to Dr Bop. With lyrics like *"Here comes Betty/She's lookin' so sweaty/I wish that girl and I were goin' steady"* (from 'Gettin' In Shape', which goes out on a homage to the Village People's 'YMCA'), lively cult junk, from the bouncy Holiday Inn loungeries of 'Go Ahead' to the Uncle Tom nonsense of 'That Mellow Saxophone' or the clever-clever sub-Elvis saga 'Eager Boy'.

I have a soft spot for one all-out novelty hymn to Red's Diner, which appears on the LP sleeve, and its lyric *"I gotta date-a with a lettuce and tomat-a"*. But this specialist stuff has little to do with rockabilly; it's more reminiscent of Nervus Norvus despite ever-recognisable riffs and quiff-style thumps.

The Meteors are a different matter — they've been aiming at the concept of 'psychobilly' with piteous doggedness right through the passage of time and personnel. This LP stretches thin the compositions of their guitarist/vocalist P.Paul French, augmenting them with the likes of their recent spaghetti-Western stab at 'Johnny Remember Me' — plus covers like 'Wild Thing' and 'Get Off My Cloud'. They're all bad, some of course worse than others. Most obviously aspire to something Cramps-like but display *complete* lack of instinct about how this might be accomplished.

A Meteor plunges to earth. Pic Peter Anderson

With this silly-or-surly stuff the only rockabilly around just now, it's impossible to describe the original float-like-a-butterfly-sting-like-a-bee birth of the music, without somehow invoking its awful petrification since. But — if you can, if you must — just one listen to something like 'You're the Only Star (In My Blue Heaven)' from Charly's staggering boxed set 'Jerry Lee Lewis: The Sun Years' will do the trick. Jerry Lee in his primally pure state, spinning out lines like *"Today I passed you in the street/And my heart fell at your feet"* with an eerily effortless narcissism (over truly maudlin, tinkling piano) is in another UNIVERSE from The Morells — however loveable — and the babysitter-beating Meteors — however loathsome. It costs £37.50 plus £7.50 postage (no, I couldn't afford it either, but I *heard* it) from 156-166 Ilderton Rd, London SE15 and comes with all the glossy goodies Ray Lowry exulted over last week. Maybe you can form a club with your friends and get one? It SURE beats paying for Meteors gigs.

Cynthia Rose

WHERE TRUE RINGS FALSE

SPANDAU BALLET

True *(Chrysalis)*

I CAN'T see Spandau Ballet when I play this LP. I can't see their forced smiles, their indelible pretty boy we-are-and-can-be-a-part-of-the-pop-parade smiles, their *Top Of The Oxford Road Tube smiles.*

Consequently that slow retching feeling, the creeping yellow sickness that such a spectacle brings on, is not immediately forthcoming. But gradually the slimy ingratiating music of Spineless Ballet proves to be an adequate aural replacement — the nearest many of us are going to get to someone semi-famous pouring a thick, rancid-smelling cocktail down the lughole. Nine out of ten housewives say so!

Seriously though (I *am* being serious) the opportunist, vaguely plagiaristic whims and indulgences of the 'Spands' (you do call them 'Spands', don't you?) have never been the sort of thing to convince, let alone impress, your reviewer. The occasions that they've broken out of the safe cocoon they've inhabitated on respective LPs have been so rare ('Chant' and 'Glow' are the only ones I can think of) as to seem pure accidents.

I wouldn't mind all the image playing, the tomfoolery with the media, I might even be able to frown a little less severely at the propaganda/instant myth-making verse on the cover of their first album, if it could all be backed up in the music...but this is the third LP and they're further away than ever from proving what all the fuss was about.

The new freshfaced, milksop funk pap heralded by singles like 'Lifeline' and 'Communication' and their association with Imagination producers Jolley and Swain is cemented (congealed is probably a better word) here; the overall feel of the album is that of mutton dressed as lamb. Having your thunder stolen by the likes of Duran Duran can't be much fun and the bland feckless goo of 'True', accompanied by those big Cheshire grins everytime they get near a camera, suggest that Ballet are desperately trying to make up for lost time, to be a part of the action. Accordingly they sound blank and anonymous.

After the dry asceticism of Richard Burgess' production on the white European dance of 'Journeys To Glory', Spandau tried hard; they tried nearly everything but always seemed to end up with their knickerbockers in a twist. They've tried to be spunky funkers, they tried a risible retrograde progressive rock experimentation and just when it looked like they'd run out of steam... the doleful emasculation of 'True' seems such a safe and obvious step.

It's very difficult to be stirred or be descriptive about the music on this LP. What's happenned is that they've taken their sweet soulboy loves to the launderette. They've had all the guts and colour removed; the LP is totally lacking in resonance, compulsion or conviction. Everything from the neo-musak to Hadley's overwrought vocals and Kemp's cooed back-up vocals (sounding like two wood pigeons mating) belies any sort of passion or commitment.

Mind you, Gary Kemp's compositions don't exactly allow much room to impress lust or belief on the listener featuring as they do some of the most precious and self-serious pop words I've ever heard. Ostensibly fey little fantasies, they hanker after something else, attempting to present characters that are strong and noble with dignity and high moral purpose. Take a song like 'Pleasure', which you'd expect to be a fun lovin' deprecating ditty: *"Pleasure is a word/When love is left unheard, it's burning/It is on the screen/Adventures at nineteen, I am searching in my heart"*. Even their leisure time becomes a virtual religious experience.

Sometimes, like on 'Gold' *("These are my salad days,/Slowly being eaten away")*, the words are just laughable, but delivered in a way that makes you think everyone but Tony Hadley has been let in on the joke. 'Lifeline' stretches the credulity further: trying to sublimate the image of two young indestructible lovers — more Bonnie and Clyde than Romeo and Juliet — walking into the sunset.

Despite all the talk of inner strength and celebrations of the highlife elsewhere, the music is stale and rigid with a backline that fairly grinds along where it should be bright and alert.

As a pop band Spandau are too pedestrian, too tied up in their own self important world to provide a sharp/indignant/imaginative insight to the times; and as a 'soul' band, well, they're fooling no-one.

No, Spandau are just another group struggling to be noticed in the pop world, struggling to be noticed in a great shallow sea of yellow. I guess the nicest thing that can be said about 'True' is that it's tame and insignificant enough to give them as much chance of success as any of the competition.

Gavin Martin

Mein Kemp. Pic Pennie Smith

POSITIVELY BAD

SEX GANG CHILDREN

Song And Legend *(Illuminated Records)*

SOMEONE RECENTLY remarked that when independent record companies were needed the most — round about '76 — to provide an outlet for some true talent, they simply didn't exist.

Now, however, at a time when they're needed *least*, given the uninspiring sound and stance of most groups these days, there's millions of them up and down the country, the majority shoving out their shoddy, useless records day in and day out.

Thus the Sex Gang Children's debut LP sees the light of day. Picking up where Adam Ant left off once the little girls got hold of him, the Sex Gang Children have been spawned from the Bat Cave scene, a scene now tagged as 'positive punk'.

For those of us who experienced it first time round, watching these 'new' developments is something of a laff. Far from it being the fresh, stimulating movement its supporters would like us to believe, it's really nothing more than a depressing rehash of punk, glam-rock and hippies.

They claim to look 'different' but wear Rotten's second-hand clothes, smearing their faces with eyeliner. They champion the mysticism of the I-Ching and tarot cards, dabble in the work of Aleister Crowley, and then say they have nothing to do with hippies. Their bands talk about a 'new sensuality' but — judging by their pictures — are probably the most sexless groups around, all of them either '79 Adam Ant clones or, worse still, long haired, filthy and dazed.

No sense of true style. No sense of direction. No future. I really don't need this light on me and 'Song And Legend' confirms this. Catch the cover, a blurred picture (even the photgrapher is out to lunch) of some mystical Indian statues that The Grateful Dead would have been proud to have used back in 1967.

Catch the words, meaningless, pretentious and pompous. Far from taking us down into the "sub-world of the Crowleyan abyss" (*NME*, 19.2.83), they actually provide a whole load of bellylaughs. *"Destined for a terrible trial with your messiahonic face,"* goes my particular favourite, *"stand before the blessed and the damned of the Great Yellow Race."*

As for the music, a more dismal collection of third rate rock (a compliment) you'd be hard pressed to find. Produced by Tony James of Gen. X. 'fame', the whole album sounds as if it was recorded from the 112th row of some massive stadium. If that isn't bad enough, the band don't actually possess any tunes.

The nearest they get to one is on 'Draconian Dream' with Dave Roberts' simplistic bass line actually providing some semblance of a melody. Otherwise the band crash around in a murky pool of sound, forged from a numbing collection of heavy metal riffs and boring rock rhythms, topped off by the singing of Andi, an hysterical shreik which aims for the dramatic, but resembles nothing more than the demented screams of a castrated alsation.

Songs such as 'The Crack-Up', 'Shout And Scream', 'State Of Mind' plus the obligatory decadent film number, 'Sebastiane', all betray the Sex Gang Children's debt to Bowie — inspiration for Bauhaus, UK Decay and all that ilk — as well as exposing their truly awesome lack of skill, sense of humour and inability to push punk into some kind of meaningful, relevant arena.

Instead they pick up on its worst elements, tart it up with make-up, base it on spurious ideas about magic and mysticism and sell it to people vainly looking round for the next Pistols.

If you truly want 'revolution' try Robert Wyatt, and for sensuality try Al Green or Marvin Gaye.

As for this, it's purely a mess. A screaming bloody mess.

Paolo Hewitt

STILL ON THE SAME OLD KICK

THOMPSON TWINS

Quick Step & Side Kick *(Arista)*

ADMITTING YOU like the Thompson Twins is likely to elicit a reaction of equal parts surprise and disgust. Some people still connect them with pamphlet waving student activists, but they've long since realised that rock music is an inadequate medium for airing political grievances. To others, they're just another example of canned pop bounce, an understandable if extreme view — they're certainly not exceptional in any way.

But with the music scene continuing to regress with time, there comes a point when it's downright negative to judge everything on face value. Things have got to be considered according to context, and the T. Twins' current home in the charts sets the yardstick here.

The National Charts have never looked so neutral. There was a time when it was nervy and exciting to witness the sheer extremes they housed — being bowled over by one of The Jams's furious early singles after being sedated to giggles by Dr Hook, or — even as recently as a year ago — watching The Associates effortlessly ease passion out of the mothballs ABC had been scouring for months.

Nowadays, though, the charts are clogged up with the most limp and faceless pop this side of the Eurovision Song Contest. Compared to the wet laments of China Crisis, the weak synthodrone of A Flock Of Seagulls, the inane chants of The Belle Stars and the offensive mugs of Kajagoogoo, the Thompson Twins' brand of rhythmic jerky pop sounds not only multifaceted and musically mature, but upliftingly alive as well.

On this, their third LP, the sound's been sifted by producer Alex Sadkin to remove some of the clutter notable in their live shows. While this is effective in making the overall sound less overbearing than on the previous 'Set', it ultimately detracts from the edge and richness their percussion gives them live.

Transcription to vinyl has always given an unfair representation of the T. Twins' ability, eroding layers and dimensions down to a heavy curtain of sound surrounding Tom Bailey's vocals. Here, in the flatter moments, the noise drags and slurs, the last single 'Lies' and the closing 'All Fall Out' are full, heavy numbers with tediously insistent chorus repeats, proof of the T. Twins' common failure to recognize the limits of a good thing.

The temptation to go for a tried and tested lyrical idea can also prove fatal as in 'Judy Do', a reworking of the manipulated puppet theme where Judy is substituted for XTC's Nigel.

But despite these irritations, there's something that pulls the T. Twins out of the crowd. Their characteristic casual approach and humour save them from sounding strained or looking foolish and encourage them to take chances — from swiping a Grace Jones marching lyric and using it as a backing vocal in 'Watching', to using accordians to create a quaint street-corner charm in 'We Are Detective'.

They're still reluctant to explore softer tones and sparse arrangements but when they do, as on 'If You Were Here', they embrace a rare romantic mood that allows the melody to shine through. But it's obvious they're more at home with the infectious, disposable beat-pop of the current single, 'Love On Your Side', and similar semi-improvised numbers, frantic but accessible party pop with no aspirations beyond the dancefloor.

The Thompson Twins may lack the distinctive bite and fresh ideas of pioneers of a much overdue new pop, but while the old one's sticking around they're certainly giving it a good working.

Leyla Sanai

Thompson Twins. Illustration Ian Wright

SEX GANG CHILDREN

the first L.P.

SOHO & LEGEND

ILLUMINATED

17 march ACE Brixton

OMD

MUTINY UNBOUNTIFUL

ORCHESTRAL MANOUEVRES IN THE DARK

Dazzle Ships (Virgin)

THIS IS Radio Bohn calling, bringing you news of a bloodless mutiny aboard the good ship Dazzle, which has put the helm in the hands of the radio room. Just where do they intend taking it? Nowhere it hasn't been before. Once Orchestral Manouevres In The Dark get any place you can guarantee Kraftwerk were there at least five years previously.

'Dazzle Ships' set off from 'Radioactivitat' eight years ago, charted a course through the short waves of Holger Czukay's 'Movies' and the software circuits of Laurie Anderson's *United States*, only to arrive back where it started from with its crew none the wiser. Why the telegraph operators, stenographers and muzak programmers of OMD want to play at navigator, when they're better suited to relaying simple messages, is the one question bothering your foreign correspondent.

Far be it from him to complain about plundering, as the originals he cherishes are very much based on the organisation of lost, found and stolen material. His disappointment is the timid ambition betrayed in OMD's barely adequate respray jobs. Before he might have been keen to interpret their leeching of not so distant extremes as a useful popularisation of ideas, redeploying them as a lever to open the door for those same sources. It was a silly mistake. It should have been anticipated that the door would only stay open to more mediocre opportunists, who would then slam it shut on anyone likely to show them up for what they're not.

As the acerbic modern composer Hanns Eisler once quipped, electronics offer enormous possibilities for stupidity. Or alternatively they allow primitive talents to drape themselves with scholarship. The more scholarly OMD present themselves, the less of their precious primitive talent we see. They've dimmed their original intuition with the weight of their reading. They're not so much enlightened by their increased knowledge as daunted by it.

This week's topic is genetic engineering which, in the OMD mythology, is a matter of tailoring humans to fit in a world succumbing to the creeping disease of automation. 'Dazzle Ships' amasses evidence to support a case better presented elsewhere and, having done so, cowers before the conclusions it draws. So much so that OMD's attempts to collage their damnably attractive and terribly insidious tunes with the sounds of the software they see as the symptoms of the oppressive disease amount to nothing if not submissive complicity.

The prissiness with which the single 'Genetic Engineering' opens its see-saw melody with an electric typewriter is unbearably twee, while the brutality described in the news cut-up of 'International' is lost in overwhelming moody sentiment. The folding in of six different talking clocks of 'Time Zones' is a pointlessly mundane exercise and the deployment of Radio Prague's frequency signature at the beginning of the record backfires because it remains its most evocative moment.

As it stands, these found sounds are infinitely preferable to the moral overtone of the OMD voice, which, combined with the school ma'am primers of the songs, is so imbued with listlessness and defeat one wonders how it summoned up the enthusiasm to enter the studio in the first place. No gold stars are awarded for enduring it long enough to pick up on the storylines, which commit the cardinal sin of mistaking banality for simplicity. Where Kraftwerk reduce their astounding knowledge to straightforward codes that unlock the elaborate labyrinths they've chosen to explore, OMD need that navigator to guide their hands. Without him, 'Dazzle Ships' represents a small triumph for the pedestrian craftsman. That he can successfully negotiate his dull routine doesn't make it any less routine.

Chris Bohn

ORCHESTRA' SUPER MAZEMBE

Kaivaska *(Virgin)*

OUR MUSICAL palettes having been wetted by Cook's tours to East Africa, the first outernational offering from Kenya's number one swingers Orchestra Super Mazembe — who impressed Dr. Cook with the "sheer endurance" of their 12 hour sets—should now be gracing the racks of your local record shack or megastore.

The Branson empire's second vinyl incursion into the African market place is a clear runner-up to Tanzania's Orchestra Makassy. As with the sweet, hip-winding, shoe-shuffling jive of Pablo Porthos, Pamelo Mounka and others, the guitars swirl and chatter, but the swift rhythmic sensuality of Makassy's bass lines and delicate hi-hat motifs are too often forsaken for Mazembe's Boys' Brigade drummer. Propelled along by an insistent snare drum the result is a sinewy, taut steppers beat which wouldn't be out of place at Carnival.

Mazembe display a remarkable range of vocalists, as rich intricate harmonies fuse with a massed chorus or rise in enthusiastic chants. They readily switch tempo, as on the jubilant 'Kasango', and cool down the pace for the dancers on 'Ji Ji' and 'Bamama', but the lyrics remain shrouded in mystery, and as each song tells a story a translation would have been welcome.

'Mazembe' means earth mover but 'Kaivaska' moves no mountains. There's no match for Makassy's 'Mambo Bado', or anything as soul-wrenching as Bebe Manga's 'Amie'. With Earthworks Distribution rapidly establishing itself as king of the jungle by supplying the nation with an impressive array of African pop, you'd be wise to flash the wares for yourself and shop round.

Paul Bradshaw

LIGHTNING STRIKES

GLADSTONE ANDERSON
Songs For Today And Tomorrow *(Tree Roots)*

GLADSTONE 'GLADDIE' Anderson has — as they say — been around for awhile as a ranking session player working with the likes of Black Uhuru, Bunny Wailer, Mikey Dread, Gregory Isaacs and Roots Radics, the band he started with bassist Flabba Holt. This is his first vocal album, and he displays a sweet, cool voice and some nifty arrangements, but the songs are only just this side of being thoroughly average. Anderson has far too good a voice to hide behind his keyboards permanently, but he should create or acquire better material for his next vocal outing.

Charles Shaar Murray

KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND
All In A Night's Work *(Epic)*

DANCE MUSIC without frills, cumbersome brains or excessive originality. These days KC's group make functional locked groove tracks that occasionally muster a mean edge — but so do a lot of people. Nothing has the glorious staccato lurch of 'Sound Your Funky Horn', a personal favourite among their early catalogue of footsore body talk, although I guess it would all sound better as a fistful of singles. An LP was never what KC was about.

Richard Cook

UFO
Making Contact *(Chrysalis)*

UFO SING of statutory rape and wrap their album in a photo of a naked six-armed telephonist but still end up on 'Making Contact' about as raunchy as a twinset and pearls.

One foot's wedged in the door of FM radio acceptability, the other's on a heavy metal banana skin and the bulk, even when cranked up to screechingly loud volume, can only be endured for a very limited period before its numbing effect takes a grip.

Regine Moylett

BURO
Buro *(CSA)*

IT TAKES an extremely finely tuned ear to tell some of the current Div II deejays apart: Buro delivers his own praises at a ponderous clip and a monotonous level without ever running out of steam but remains firmly under the towering shadow of Yellowman. His claim to be 'Better Than The Rest' should be regarded with some suspicion, and the Junjo Lawes production is no less predictable than the chat.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE CHESTERFIELD KINGS
Here Are The Chesterfield Kings *(Mirror)*

THE CHESTERFIELD Kings' thing is mid-60s psychedelia, and they are really *into it*. Visually, their look and even the sleeve graphics mimic the era perfectly. So does the sound, which captures the feel of all those 'Nuggets'-era one-shot bands, and with more individual style than you might expect. The care put into the copying is an achievement. But it's not enough. In the end it's still an exercise in nostalgia, amusing but wearing fast.

Richard Grabel

RAYMOND NAPTALI
Trouble Posse *(CSA)*

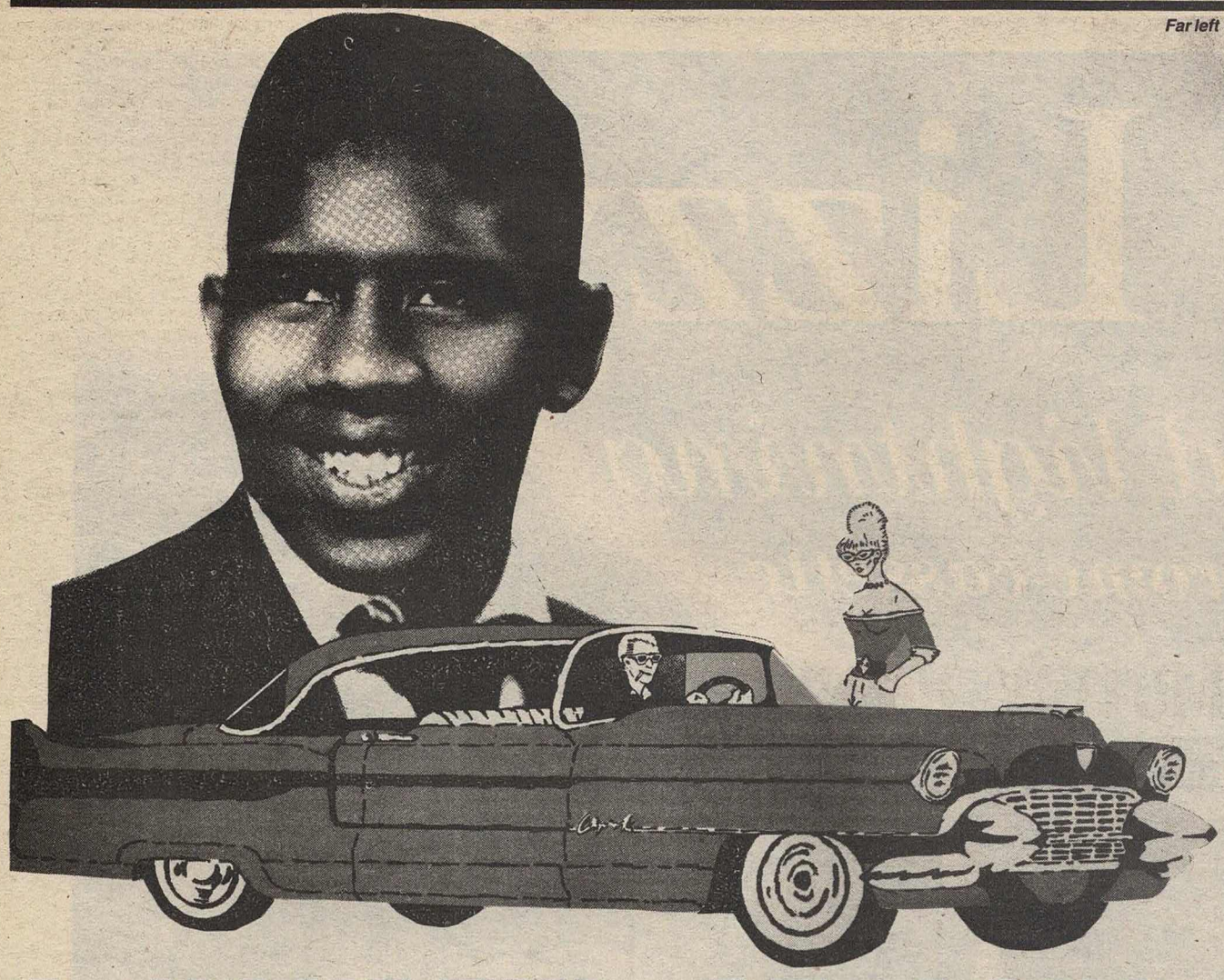
SNAPPIER THAN the rest! Raymond Naptali's claims of 'Me No Copy' should be taken with a resounding 'Ribit!', but his light, deft combination of cliches and coinings goes well with the Fatman production: 'Gimme Gimme Sensemilla' and 'Born And Grow Ina Dis' are gems, but the album is remarkably low on dull bits (shouts of 'Mmmmurdah!', 'Ribit!', 'Right!', 'Oink!' and 'Boom!' from stage left).

Charles Shaar Murray

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Born On The Bayou *(Charly)*

SPORADICALLY FASCINATING collection of '60s white soul from the Texas/Louisiana area, originally released by Stan Lewis (whose blacker side is covered in Charly's estimable 'Stan's Soul Shop' collection) on his Jewel, Paula and Ronn labels. Joe Stampley And The Uniques and John Fred And The Playboys predominate — though the latter's one hit 'Judy In Disguise (With Glasses)' is justly missing — on a series of covers of soul hits like 'Knock On Wood', 'I've Been Lovin' You Too Long', 'Harlem Shuffle' and the like, along with a few rocky nods elsewhere (Stampley's '96 Tears' and The Bad Habits' 'Born On The Bayou' are respectable, if unindividual, covers of the originals). Not one of Charly's more vital releases, but a useful addition to the archives nonetheless.

Andy Gill



Far left Richard Berry gets out of thecar.

Below — "the Mona Lisa of '50s album art".

A HANDFUL OF ACES

JOHNNY OLENN
Just Rollin' *(Ace)*
YOUNG JESSIE
Hit, Git And Split *(Ace)*
RICHARD BERRY
Get Out Of The Car *(Ace)*
SHIRLEY AND LEE
The Best Of Shirley And Lee *(Ace)*
VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Ace Story Vol 3 *(Ace)*

FIRST, BUT by no means least, let us turn our attention to the cover of the Johnny Olenn collection forwarded for our attention. Colour photo seems a hopelessly inadequate description for the incredible artwork reproduced here, though there's no doubt that these people actually existed, and were captured in this astonishing pose by the humble camera lens.

What are we to make of such antics, two decades and some later? Do we blame it on the post-war economic boom? Mr. Olenn stands before an immaculately frozen Niagara of stage curtaining, unselfconsciously inhabiting the far-flung frontiers of an awesome red suit, the jacket of which sports a crotch-deep roll collar fashioned from what looks like pressed and varnished pink bubble-gum. Mr Olenn's concern seems not to be the possibly damaging effect of his mode of dress on viewers of a nervous disposition, but how to construct a wacky rock'n'roll pose using the aforementioned suit, a head like a cold, boiled potato and the natural élan of a halfbrick. He fails to slice the custard and his musical accompanists flank him in various stages of chronic embarrassment and pellucid blue sportscoats.

Enough; this album cover is, simply, the Mona Lisa of '50s album art, easily beating out Elvis Presley's hilariously retouched 10" 'Best Of Elvis' colour shot. The sum total of musical and vocal excitement contained within is, unfortunately, love minus zero, which fact has probably contributed to Johnny Olenns' total obscurity until the latest round of repacking and refurbishings from the Ace catalogue.

Sartorial considerations aside, there is much to appreciate and enjoy in the work of many of Mr. Olenns' old label mates and their records are, happily, presented to us in their original, and superior, monophonic pressings. The standouts of this bunch are, to me, the Young Jessie and Richard Berry albums. Anyone with a nodding acquantance with black rock'n'roll will find something of interest on these two. Both men seem to have tried a number of styles on the trail of the jukebox jackpot and there are echoes of more well-known names everywhere, from Little Richard's urban-jungle wildman approach through to C. Berry's knowing, guitar-shape needlings at the other extreme.

The opening cuts of the Young Jessie record — the title track and the unashamedly male chauvinist 'Don't Happen No More' — are particularly successful. Obediah Jessie rocks out in a bluesier 'blacker' style than either of the aforementioned famous (forgotten?) (forgotten, shit!) names. Bluesman hard but rocking out fast and loose if you catch my drift. Very nice and more gems on side two, too!

Young Jessie recorded with The Coasters, and the companion Richard Berry collection brings hazy visions of the Coaters' cartoon rockers effervescing to full colour life on the mind's TV screen. Again we're listening to a man who was always a lucky break or the right songwriters or some intangible or other away from consistent '50s chart success. His voice is a shade up from Jessie's on the commercial scale and he definitely touched all the bases in his dash for the big pot of moolah at the end of the rainbow (See Marx K. *Kapital* vols 1-17). 'Yama Yama Pretty Mama' is his Little Richard shot, the following track 'Next Time' and the jail song 'The Big Break' are pure Coasters froth and 'One Little Prayer' is an astonishing precursor of Bob Dylan's religious period and I lied about the last one for a laugh. Richard Berry, like so many, was nearly, but not quite, *there*.

'The Ace Story Vol 3' is another sampler-style introduction to the delights of the label assembled by Ted Carroll of this metropolis. Various artiste collections are not really my cup of cheer but this one has many individual gems to recommend it, including two instrumentals — 'Everybody's Whalin' by Huey Smith and his Rhythm Aces, and 'Snake Eyes' by Alvin Red Tyler — that could be smash hits tomorrow if a suitably vacuous bunch of gormbags could be assembled to loiter around to the tune of either of them on the *Top Of The Pops* stage. Other Ace luminaries featured on this one are Jerry McCain (a truly fabby version of 'She's Tough' — I'm getting to REALLY like this album), Mercy Baby, Sonny Boy Williamson and Bobby Marchan.

Last, and to me, leastest is 'The Best Of Shirley And Lee'. I used to know someone else called Shirley with nasal tones and this one dredges up best forgotten days. Take it off!

Obviously, any of these discs is worth a million Japan or Duran disc lest I should seem to be slicing the critical bacon a little lean; and all concerned with this excellent venture should earn our undying gratitude. More of this stuff, Mr. Editor, please!!!...

Ray Lowry

THE COMMIE & WESTERN PUNK EXPRESS

RANK & FILE
Sundown ***(Slash Records — US import)***

Pinko punkies Rank & File. Pic Joe Stevens

RANK & FILE are a rather unusual four-piece: a Commie punk country band who've accrued a national reputation in America with record speed. Mind you, reputation surrounded their very founding, since it was the work of Tony and Chip Kinman.

Brothers born to a former US Marine in America's mid-South, the Kinmans were once the force behind the Dils — the West Coast's most overtly punk outfit. The Dils recorded a few classics of the genre (Chip and Tony still collect periodic residuals from sales of 'I Hate The Rich' and they'd like to locate the collectors who pay 50 bucks for 'Class War'. "we'd sing it in person for that!").

But by the time of the 'Made In Canada' 45, those angry energies were shifting towards new frames of reference. And far from telescoping their concepts into the tunnel sound-and-vision of the nascent hardcore movement, the Kinmans found themselves more at home with a country heritage they'd half forgotten.

They moved to Austin, Texas, recruiting the rhythm guitar of noted Frisco New Waver Alejandro Escovedo (ex-Nuns). Escovedo was actually from San Antonio, and the drummer who completed the Rank & File lineup is another Texan — Jim Evans from Beaumont.

In Austin's honky-tonks, where everything but evaluations of the players' skills is relaxed, Rank & File worked out the repertoire from which 'Sundown' is culled. It began semi-acoustic, but within 15 months had progressed to that rich'n'redhot dancefloor drive I witnessed *in situ* last autumn.

Like X (who also refused hardcore star status in favour of lighting a fuse under their own originality) Rank & File have arrived at a very American poetry-of-economy through early country traditions. Experienced enough to *use* C&W's musical locomotions, rambles, codas and harmony patterns (despite the lack of pedal steel! or fiddles) as stepping-stones to a far less sentimental vision, a few spins of this debut disc also exposes its players as diehard purists.

Which is to say you *won't* hear any traces of 'redneck rock', 'progressive country' or the Flying Burrito Brothers. Instead, it's easy to locate a lineage which runs from Reeves and Williams down through Johnny Cash, Ernest Tubbs and Lefty Frizzell.

'Sundown' contains nine tracks; all originals and most credited to Kinman & Kinman. As Roy Trakin observed, this hunk of country punks lacks the 'maudlin formalism' of an Elvis Costello's approach to C&W. But, however Everly-smooth the Kinmans have been blended (and David Kahne plays Tony's neo-Orbison tones and Chip's falsetto off against simple, spare, unpretentious production) there's plenty of stubborn, self-righteous defiance in these ex-Dils. And it's not unrelated to the shitkicking rebelliousness which launched Jerry Lee Lewis.

Take 'I Went Walking', one of the album's catchiest cuts. It comes on like you've flipped the TV on early Saturday evening, just in time for one of the nationally-networked C&W shows. Then you realise that jaunty little chorus constitutes a wall-of-bricks condemnation of hipster conformity: *"Now everybody's tryin' to be profound/They're thinking that it's new and they're really underground/Well you sorry junkie beatniks got nothin' on me/You ain't noticed anything since 1963."*

Ditto the subversively flippant, slightly affected delivry of the spiky and fetching 'I Don't Go Out Much Anymore'. Even a perfectly rebuilt Evrly-era crush epic ('Lucky Day') drifts into something slightly more sinister; you beginto see what R&F mean when they say they're going to make ballads as outrageous as their early punk once was.

And those, like the more pop-oriented 'Amanda Ruth' and '(Glad I'm Not) In Love', aren't even the strongest cuts. The Conductor Wore Black' — which maximises Tony's Johnny Cash vocal tendencies — is a brilliant synthesis of that old-as-the-hills Night Train image, evoking a little of all the greats, from 'Mystery Train' to Woodrow Wilson Guthrie's 'This Train Is Bound For Glory'.

'Rank & File' kicks off with a defiant patch of 'Dixie', then preaches like some cross between a United Auto Workers assembly and a Sunday meeting before wrapping up its weird little package in a sweetly mournful pair of country couplets — which imply that America's very dreams break American hearts.. Unfortunately, some of Rank & File's best stuff remains unrecorded: 'Klansman', 'Hot Wind', 'The Long Goodbye' and a cover of 'Long Black Veil'. Plus this LP represents only a filed-down version of their piledriving live intensity. But that doesn't stop it from being absolutely one of the best American release this year — as well as a *reel* good time.

Cynthia Rose

MEKANIC KOMMANDO
Snake Is Queen ***(EMI Holland)***

"FROM SMOOTH America there has for years been hardly anything exciting to be expected," runs the press release accompanying this release. "And England," it continues, ". . . yes England. Name ten new English bands and nine of them are repeated or fucked up concepts."

Yes, indeed, my dear Dutch friend — and that's if you're lucky. Pray continue.

"An artistic crisis prevails. The market is open. Yet still an original, new talent, anywhere in the world, gets every chance. Because the media are so fast. Holland Hup?"

Holland Hup? indeed is the question on many minds at the moment. Another is "What happened to Mekanic Kommando band after their sensitively titled 'It Would Be Quiet In The Woods If Only A Few Birds Sing' debut?"

Seriously, in a Britain persecuted by unimaginative electronics, Mekanik's powerful art of repetition is almost impressive, until the muted lyrics start to penetrate: *"Snake is queen and her language is the king/Snake is queen and her words are the truth/She lives for a living".* No ethnic genius here I fear.

Who am I, mind you, to judge such artists? I humbly concede the last words to them: *"In a number of ways, we use a certain image . . . the image of lemmings and night moths who go to meet their own downfall. That seems to me to be a really heavy experience for the animals."*

Don Watson

Thin Lizzy

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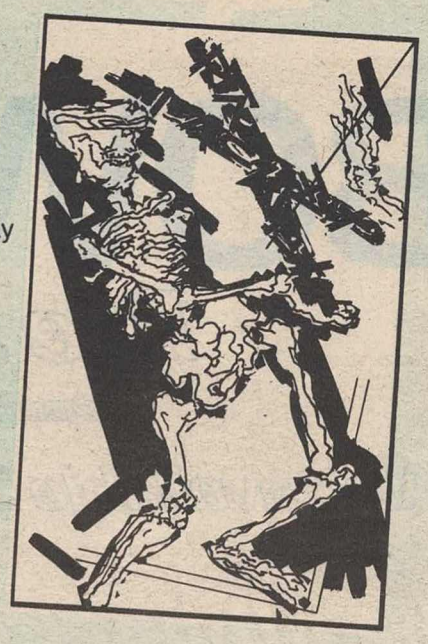

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GREGORY ISAACS: Cool Down The pace
LENE LOVICH: Never Never Land
PRINCE CHARLES & THE CITY BEAT BAND: Cash (Cash Money)
THE REPUBLIC: My Spies
THE BLUEBELLS: Aim In Life
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL: English Rose
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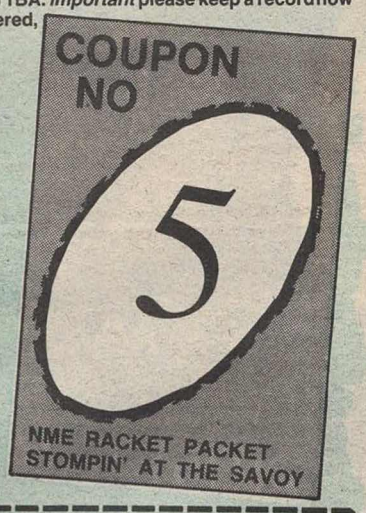

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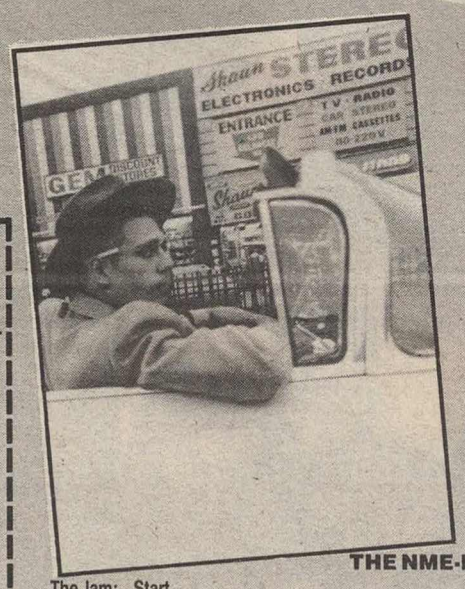

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The Nutty Boys on the Underground, from 'Take It Or Leave It'.
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Manhattan street life with the Clash City Rockers.
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The Comic Strip Crazy veers out of control.
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RCA

Manilow's field day?

REPORTS reaching *NME* this week indicate that Barry Manilow will be arriving in Britain during the first week of August, and will be headlining a massive open-air concert. It's understood that the event will be on a grand scale,and is being geared to accommodate between 120,000 and 150,000 people. It's not yet known where the show will be staged, though it's understood that a site in the Midlands is at present under consideration. We'll let you know as soon as there are any developments — because, even if you personally are disinterested, you may want to tell your Mum.

Splits, changes and upheavals

FLAG OF CONVENIENCE, the band formed last year by ex-Buzzcocks Steve Diggle and John Maher, have undergone a personnel change and — in the process — slimmed down to a three-piece. Out goes keyboards man DP and bassist Dave Farrow, and in comes new Mancunian bassist Gary Hamer. They've also parted company with Sire Records after just one single 'Life On The Telephone', and are currently negotiating a new record deal. The Derek Block Agency is setting up a string of dates for the new line-up, the first being at Keele University (tomorrow, Friday) and Nottingham University (Saturday).

● **THE BELLE STARS** are not losing tenor sax player Clare Hirst after all. She had previously announced her intention of taking the vows, but has now decided to abandon this notion and concentrate on her career with the group.

● **FIVE OR SIX** — the four-piece band who've had several releases on Cherry Red, and who feature on the label's No. 1 indie album 'Pillows And Prayers' — have broken up. Dave Harper, Danny Whittock, Ashley Whales and David Knight are now involving themselves in other projects, details to follow.

● **DESIGN FOR LIVING** have been joined by ex-Magazine and Visage man Dave Formula on keyboards, while drummer Dick Beard has left due to musical differences. They've also formed their own Music For Living label, with distribution by Stage One, and will be releasing an album in late March. They'll be playing a string of dates to coincide.

● **BLACKFOOT,** the Florida hard rock band, have recruited to their ranks British keyboards man Ken Hensley — who was co-founder of Uriah Heep in 1970, and remained with them for ten years. It's Blackfoot's first personnel change since they were formed a decade ago, though it's an addition and not a replacement.

FARMER'S BOYS GO HAY MAKING

THE FARMER'S BOYS are going on tour to promote their new single 'Muck It Out', issued by EMI on March 14 — it was originally released last summer as a limited edition flexi-disc and soon became a collectors item, but it's now been re-recorded with producer Peter Collins, and a remixed extended 12-inch version follows on March 21. Tour dates are Aberystwyth University (March 11), Manchester Polytechnic (12), Bradford University (14), London Strand Lyceum with Aztec Camera (15), Southampton University (16), Canterbury Kent University (17), Birmingham Polytechnic (18), Edinburgh Nite Club (22), Newcastle Tiffany's (23) and Nottingham Asylum (25).

JERRY LEE CONCERTS NEXT MONTH

JERRY LEE LEWIS returns to the UK next month to play half-a-dozen major concerts, with The Polecats supporting — at Plymouth Theatre Royal (April 15), London Hammersmith Odeon (16), Cardiff St. David's Hall (17), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (18), Bristol Colston Hall (19) and Farnworth Blighty's (21). Hammersmith tickets are on sale now priced £9.50, £8.50 and £7.50, but readers should contact the respective box-offices for ticket details elsewhere. Lewis will also be appearing on TV during his visit, including a guest spot on Terry Wogan's BBC-1 show on April 2. He's just had a new single titled 'My Fingers Do The Talking' released by MCA, and there's a 12-album boxed set of his early material available from Charly Records.

Voidoids, Pigbag, Nelson, Undertones

MORE DATES ADDED

RICHARD HELL & The Voidoids, who shot off to the Continent after their UK dates last month, return here next week — on their way home to the States — and play three more shows. The highlight is on Thursday, March 10, when they headline at London Brixton Ace Cinema supported by the Sisters Of Mercy and The High Five Group (all tickets £3). Their other two gigs are at Liverpool Dingwalls (11) and Sheffield Dingwalls (12).

PIGBAG have added another, and fairly short notice, date to their current British tour. It's at Leeds Warehouse next Wednesday (9).

BILL NELSON has, as previously reported, been taking his 'Invisibility Exhibition' around the country — and now he's bringing it into London. Together with Mick Karn and the Yorkshire Actors Company, he plays the Dominion Theatre on Wednesday, March 16 — all tickets £4.

THE UNDERTONES have added Nottingham Rock City (March 29) and Hull Dingwalls (April 7) to their UK tour schedule, announced two weeks ago. But their projected opening dates in the Irish Republic this week, and their Belfast show this Sunday (6), are being re-arranged for the end of the tour. Support act throughout will be Liverpool band Cook Da Books.

THE RAINCOATS have slotted in a short-notice London date, following the success of their recent appearance in the capital. It's at Victoria The Venue next Wednesday (9), when they'll be supported by Miss Pibbs Hot Sty (Sean, Flash and Mark from Rip Rig & Panic) and a special surprise guest.

MARILLION, who are about to embark on a major UK tour, have added a second show at London Hammersmith Odeon to the tail end of their schedule. Their first gig at that venue on April 17 is now completely sold out, so they now also play there on Monday, April 18. And it's now confirmed that their previously reported debut album 'Script For A Jester's Tear' will be issued by EMI on March 14 in a gatefold sleeve.

MARI WILSON & the Wilsations have added another date to their previously reported UK tour schedule, which opens next weekend and climaxes at the London Palladium on March 27 — the extra show is at the Southport Theatre on March 22. Mari also has a new single set for release on March 11 through London Records — it's her version of the standard 'Cry Me A River', which has become one of her most requested songs on stage.

Dream is looking possible now

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS begin their first headlining tour this weekend, supported on the majority of dates by Japanese vocal trio The Frank Chickens. Dates so far confirmed are Bournemouth Midnite Express (tomorrow, Friday), Bath Moles (Saturday), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (Sunday), London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (March 7), Uxbridge Brunel University (9), Burnham-On-Sea Brean Leisure Centre (10), Bristol University (11), Cardiff Casablanca (12), Exeter University (14), London Kentish Town North Polytechnic (15), Letchworth North Herts College (17), London Kensington Imperial College (18), Portsmouth Polytechnic (19), Brighton New Regent (23), London Middlesex Polytechnic (24), Salisbury Technical College (25) and London Brixton The Fridge (April 2). More are being finalised.

Bowie world trek opens UK in May

NEWS OF David Bowie's eagerly-awaited tour dates is now imminent but, in advance of any official announcement, *NME* can reveal that his world travels are likely to start in Britain in mid-spring.

It's understood that he will open here during the first two weeks of May, probably playing large provincial venues — then undertake a series of concerts in France, Holland, Belgium and Germany, before returning here later in June for a final bonanza (presumably in London).

These are the provisional plans as they stand at the moment, and some venues have already been pencilled in. But there is to be a special Press Conference in mid-March, at which Bowie himself will announce the precise dates and venues — similar to last year's conference, when Mick Jagger announced the Stones' dates. And it seems possible that the Bowie tour will, to some extent, follow the path laid by the Stones in 1982.

Bo Diddley back again

BO DIDDLEY, one of the most famous and influential names in R&B history, returns to the UK later this month for another gig series. Initially he's playing on the Dingwalls circuit, opening at London Camden on March 23 — then travelling to Bristol (24), Liverpool (25) and Sheffield (26). It's expected that dates for Newcastle and Hull Dingwalls will be confirmed next week, as well as subsequent club gigs.

JO BURT (left) and STEVIE B

B.B. headliners

B.B., the group formed by Stevie B (ex-Tom Robinson) and Jo Burt, have already met with a measure of success in supporting Kim Wilde and David Essex around the UK — and now they're going out on their first headlining tour, aiding promotion of their current single 'The Duke'. Confimed dates are London City Polytechnic (March 10), London Royal Veterinary College (11), London Chelsea College (12), Redhill Lakers Hotel (13), Bath Moles (14), Newcastle Dingwalls (16), Hull Dingwalls (17), London Victoria The Venue (18), Colne Francs (19), Bradford Fatal Shocks (21), Leeds Brannigans (22), Bristol Dingwalls (23), Liverpool Dingwalls (24), Sheffield Dingwalls (25), Nottingham Asylum (April 1) and Dudley J.B.'s (2). A few more dates have still to be set.

BIG NORTHAMPTON VENUE IS OPENING

NORTHAMPTON has a new £19 million entertainments complex opening next month — it's the Derngate Centre, with seating for 1700 people. Most of the initial attractions are in the folk, jazz or MOTR range — including Jack Jones (April 4), The Spinners (13), Dave Brubeck Quartet (16), Jasper Carrott (19-20), John Martyn (24), Ben Vereen (26), Max Boyce (May 21) and Showaddywaddy (June 25). But a spokesman said that a six-week period in the autumn will be devoted to rock — "with groups like Ultravox and 10cc."

Ayers in London shows

ROY AYERS — the influential jazz-funk musician who's recorded no less than 38 albums during the course of his career, the eight most recent being released here by Polydor along with six singles — flies into London later this month to play two concerts at the Hammersmith Odeon on March 25 and 26. Support act is Morrissey Mullen, and tickets are on sale now priced £6, £5 and £4. Promoters are Peter Brightman and Henry Sellers.

BILLY GRIFFIN is also coming in this month for the same promoters. The first four dates confirmed are at Braintree The Barn (March 18), London Victoria The Venue (19), Southend Talk Of The South (22) and Luton Pink Elephant (27), with more being finalised.

Prince due in at last

PRINCE, who blew out his projected London concert in January because he was working on a new stage show, has now re-scheduled it — he plays the Dominion Theatre Tottenham-Court Road, on April 18, and tickets are on sale now from the box-office and usual agents priced £5, £4.50 and £4. He'll also be making a number of TV appearances during his visit. The release date of his new Warners album '1999' has now been put back to March 11 — this LP was previously available as a double-album import, but for British release has been reduced to single-LP form.

UB40 RETURN FOR ONE-OFF

UB40 ARE to play a one-off UK concert on returning from their current tour of the Far East — which is taking them to Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Thailand and Hong Kong. It's at Birmingham Odeon on Friday, March 11, and tickets are on sale now. There'll be no time for any further British dates this month, as they then set off for Holland, but we can expect a full tour later in the year.

REA LET LOOSE ON GIG CIRCUIT

CHRIS REA — one of Britain's most under-rated singer-composers, but nevertheless an artist with a substantial following, has formed a new band and is undertaking a series of dates, mainly on the Dingwalls circuit but highlighted by a London showcase. These tie in with the release this week of his new Magnet Records single 'Let It Loose', from the soundtrack of the new film *Cross Country*, which Rea was specially commissioned to write — it's also featured on his upcoming album, which he'll be previewing in his live act. He visits Sheffield Dingwalls (this Saturday), Redcar Coatham Bowl (Sunday), Liverpool Dingwalls (March 10), Hull Dingwalls (11), Newcastle Dingwalls (12), London Victoria The Venue (16) and Bristol Dingwalls (17).

STOP PRESS. Tears For Fears have added another London date to their first headlining tour — at Hammersmith Palais on April 18. Tickets are on sale now.

THE PALE FOUNTAINS take a breather from a period of hectic studio activity to play four dates — at Manchester Hacienda Club (March 9), Sheffield Leadmill (10), London University Union with Ben Watt (11) and Glasgow Night Moves (16). They then resume work on their debut album, planned for late April release by Virgin, with a single preceding it by two or three weeks.

THE CHEATERS emerge from a two-month stint in the studios, where they've been recording their second album 'Hit Me I'm Happy', and play two dates before setting out on a European jaunt — at Stockport Brookfield Hotel (March 10) and Huddersfield Polytechnic (11). They'll be touring Britain extensively in April, dates to follow shortly.

ONE THE JUGGLER return from a week-long engagement in Tel-Aviv, and continue promoting their current single 'Passion Killer' at Dartford Flicks (tonight, Thursday), Redhill Lakers Hotel (Friday), Brighton Top Rank with Eurythmics (Sunday), Leicester Horsefair (March 7), Swindon Brunel Rooms (8), Hull Dingwalls (10), Liverpool Polytechnic (11), London Strand Lyceum with Eurythmics (13), Manchester Hacienda Club (16), Leeds Warehouse (17) and Retford Porterhouse (19).

TOKYO OLYMPICS have added a last-minute, but major, date to their previously reported UK tour. The top Irish rock band play London Kilburn National Club tonight (Thursday) in the venue's regular Funk-A-Dunk night — admission £3, over-18s only.

JOHN OTWAY is back in live action this month, with dates at Durham St. Cuthbert's College (tomorrow, Friday), Aylesbury Friars (Saturday), London Roehampton Froebel Institute (March 12), Bath Moles (17), Coventry General Wolfe (25), Stoke Wagon & Horses (26), Oxford Pennyfarthing (27), Newcastle The Cooperage (30) and Bury St. Edmunds Theatre Royal (31).

52nd STREET are playing a number of gigs to promote their second 12-inch single 'Cool As Ice'/'Twice As Nice', just released through Factory Benelux. They're at Liverpool Dingwalls (tonight, Thursday), London Camden Dingwalls (March 16), Bath Moles (18), Bournemouth Midnite Express (19), Bradford Manhattan Club (28), Leeds Brannigans (29) and Glasgow Henry Afrikas (April 5 and 6), with more to follow.

ARTHUR 2-STROKE & The Chart Commandos, one of the North-East's most popular groups, have just released a live album — and they follow it up with gigs at Newcastle Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Coatsworth Club (Friday), Sunderland Polytechnic (Saturday), Newcastle Dingwalls (March 7), Newcastle University (12) and South Shields Banwells Night Club (17). The latter venue is where the live LP was recorded.

ROMAN HOLLIDAY have confirmed a further series of dates, tied in with the release of their debut single on Jive Records 'Stand By', which is also available as a limited edition double-pack with five tracks. In London they play New Cross Goldsmiths College (tomorrow, Friday), Covent Garden Rock Garden (Saturday), Wardour Street. Whiskey A Go Go (March 10) and Strand Lyceum as guests of Missing Persons (14). Elsewhere they visit Canterbury Kent University (March 11), Coventry General Wolfe (12) and Croydon Green Dragon (15). More are being finalised.

More tour news on page 38

JAPAN have their 'All Tomorrow's Parties' reissued by Arista this weekend, both 7" and 12" versions having been specially remixed by Steve Nye. Coupling of the 7" is 'In Vogue', and the 12" features 'Deviation' and 'Obscure Alternatives' — all three of these songs are live versions, and are previously unreleased.

DAVE STEWART & BARBARA GASKIN, best known for their chart-topping 'It's My Party', revive a number from the Walt Disney film *Lady Is A Tramp* for their new single — it's 'Siamese Cat Song', released this weekend on their own Broken Records label, through IDS. It's taken from the duo's upcoming album 'Disappear'.

BANANARAMA have their debut album releasd by London Records on March 11, titled 'Deep Sea Skiving'. In addition to new material, it contains all the girls' previous hit singles — plus the in-demand 'Dr Love', which was written and produced for the group by Paul Weller.

THE KINKS return to the disc scene next week with their new Arista single 'Don't Forget To Dance' — it's taken from their new album, due later this month but still untitled. Also coming from Arista in late March are the PATTI SMITH single 'Because The Night' and the KROKUS album 'Headhunters', while the DAVE EDMUNDS album 'Information' follows in April.

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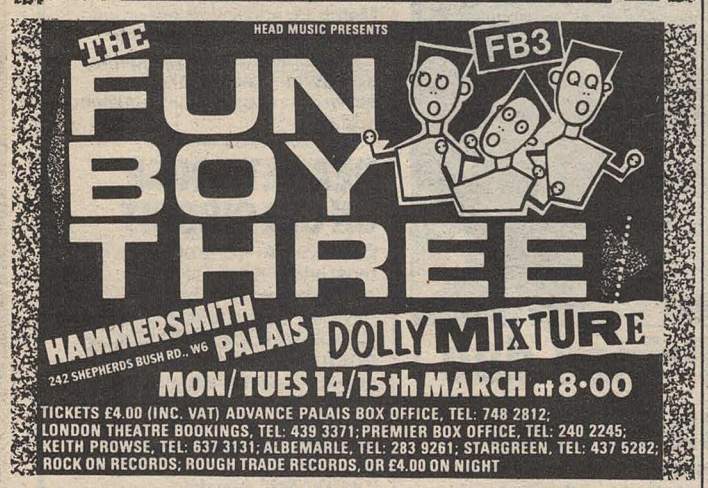
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CRAYOLA'S ALBUM IS RECOMMENDED!

RECOMMENDED Records have a batch of new albums out this month — including 'Black Snakes' by Red Crayola with Art & Language, also featuring Mayo Thompson and Allan Ravenstine of Pere Ubu. Then there's a new LP by A.M.M. called 'Generative Themes' — and 'Voice Of America' by Fred Frith with Phil Minton. Also out is 'Live In Japan' by The Work, featuring Chris Cutler of The Art Bears. Other releases are by Swiss outfit Debile Mentol, Czech group Prague Percussion Ensemble and a three-album set from East Germany by Hanns Eisler.

● Chrysalis are reissuing the **Icehouse** 'Primitive Man' album in a new sleeve and re-titled 'Love In Motion'. The new LP is exactly the same as the original, though it carries a messge pointing out that it was first released as 'Primitive Man'. Anyone who bought the original LP can, if they wish, exchange the sleeve for the new one at their local record shop.

● **Steve Arrington,** former vocalist and musician with funk band Slave, launches his new eight piece band on March 11 with a debut album on Atlantic titled 'Steve Arrington's Hall of Fame 1'. It reportedly encompasses jazz, rock, salsa, funk and pop.

● Lancashire band **One Way System**, who've already had indie chart hits with their singles 'Give Us A Future' and 'Jerusalem', this week release their debut album 'All Systems Go' on Anagram reocrds. Tour dates are being finalised to promote the LP.

● **Ritual** release a three-track 12-incher called 'Kangaroo Court' next Monday (7), featuring 'Brides', 'Conscript' and 'Questioning The Shadow'. It's on Red Flame Records, through Rough Trade and The Cartel.

● Out this week on Liverpool's Zulu Records, with distribution by Rough Trade, Is the album 'A Project in Low Technology' by **Pink Industry.** The duo comprises Jayne (ex-lead singer of Big in Japan and subsequently founder of Pink Military) and Ambrose (ex-Frankie Goes To Hollywood).

● **God's Gift** release their third single this week, though it's their second on Manchester's New Hormones label. it is 'Discipline' coupled with 'Then Calm Again'.

● Disco band **Sharazade** have signed to South London label Code Records, with distribution through PRT. First release is the single 'Reflections'/'Move Your Feet', out this weekend in both 7" and 12" formats.

● Operation Twilight reissue the debut single by three-piece group **Antena** from Paris. It's a re-working of the Astrid Gilberto classic 'The Boy From Ipanema', produced by John Foxx.

● CNT have released the **Carlton B. Morgan** album 'The Devil's Music', selling at just £2.99 through Rough Trade. Their single 'Pink Headed Bug' by **The Three Johns** is also out now.

● 'One Day' is a nine-track electronic orientated cassette by **Negative Response**, who are described as "a Croydon-based one-piece"! It costs £1.20 (including p&p) from Negative Products, 73 Malden Avenue, South Norward, London S.E.25 — or £1 at upcoming gigs.

● 'Sadist Dream' is the debut single by Cardiff band **No Choice,** who claim it's the first punk song that's entirely spoken. It's on Bristol label Riot City Records.

● **In Embrace,** now joined by ex-Sinatras drummer Joby Palmer, have their new single 'Sun Brings Smiles' issued by Glass Records. It's taken from their album 'Passionfruit Pastels', though the B-side 'Play In Light' is previously unreleased. They're about to play a series of gigs, prior to starting work on their second LP.

● The debut single by **The Entire Population Of China** is the double A-sider 'Me And My Friend The Moon'/'Buried Alive' on their own EPOC label. Available at £1.20 (including p&p) from Peter C. Curtis, 5 Vicarage Road, Watford, Herts WD1 8DE — or £1 in local shops.

● Pinnacle have released **Dave Phillips'** version of 'Tainted Love' as a single on the Rockhouse Records label. It was previously only available on a Rockhouse compilation, and dealers reported a considerable demand for it to be issued in its own right.

● The oddly-named **V-Sor X** have released the single 'Author's 2' through Dox Music, 29 The Leasowe, Lichfield, Staffs — but they haven't told us how much it costs. You could find out by ringing 05432 53380.

THE URBAN DOGS — Charlie Harper's occasional band, also featuring Alvin Gibbs, Knox and Turkey — this week release their self-named debut album on Fall-Out Records (through Jungle). It contains eight originals, two Vibrators standards and two cover versions. Their single 'Limo Life'/'Warhead' is issued simultaneously. The band will be back on the UK road in the spring.

TALK TALK release their new single 'My Foolish Friend'/'Call In The Night Boys' on EMI next Monday (7), available in both 7" and 12" formats. The band are currently finishing work on their second album, titled 'My Chameleon Hour' for release in May.

PHIL COLLINS follows his recent chart-topper with another single culled from his hit album 'Hello, I Must Be Going' — it is 'Don't Let Him Steal Your Heart Away', released by Virgin this weekend. The seven-inch has 'Thunder & Lightning', from his first solo album 'Face Value' on the B-side. On the 12-inch format, Collins and the Flying Jacuzzi's perform 'And So To F', which they featured in their Christmas concerts.

DR FEELGOOD release their new single 'Crazy About Girls', written by Johnny Guitar and produced by Vic Maille, on the Chiswick label this weekend. And before heading out to Europe, they showcase it by way of a couple of gigs at Bristol University (March 11) and Sunderland Polytechnic (12).

NILE RODGERS, one half of the Chic production team, releases his debut solo album on Mirage Records (through Atlantic) on March 11. It's called 'Adventures In the Land Of The Good Groove', and it features eight songs written and produced by Rodgers, who also sings and plays guitars and synthesisers. A single from the LP 'Land fo The Good Groove' is released in 12-inch form on March 18, with the seven-inch following a week later.

ALICE COOPER has a single issued by Warner Brothers on March 11 titled 'I Am The Future', a remix of a track on his recent album 'Zipper Catches Skin', and which is featured on the soundtrack of the upcoming movie *Class of 84*. RUFUS release 'Take It To The Top' on the same day, and it's their debut single for Warners.

UFO have their new single 'When It's Time To Rock', taken from their album 'Making Contact' issued by Chrysalis this weekend. The B-side is the previously unreleased 'Everybody Knows', and there's a bonus track on the 12-inch format called 'Push, It's Love'. The single comes with a free sew-on patch.

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES have their very last release next week on the Mercury label, and it comes in three different formats. The basic seven-inch is 'You Disappear From View' coupled with 'Suffocate'. Those two titles are also featured in a seven-inch double pack (gatefold sleeve) together with 'Soft Enough For You', 'Ouch Monkeys' and 'The In-Psychopedia' — and additionally, those five tracks may also be obtained in 12-inch format, the only difference being that 'Suffocate' is an alternative version.

THE HIGSONS release their single 'Run Me Down' on 2-Tone (through Chrysalis) this week. It's coupled with 'Put The Punk Back Into Funk, Parts I and II', and there's also a 12-incher on which the bonus track is an instrumental version of the A-side.

EDDY GRANT has two of his classic tracks — 'Living On The Frontline' and 'Do You Feel My Love?' — coupled on a new single issued by Mercury this week. The 12-inch format contains full-length vrsions of both songs, plus the instrumental version of the former called 'Frontline Symphony'.

THE BEAT revive Andy Williams' 20-year-old hit 'Can't Get Used To Losing You' for their new single, due out in mid-March on their own Go-Feet label and — ironically from the title viewpoint — their last through Arista. They'll also have a 'Best Of' compilation issued via the same outlet in April. The band are now negotiating a new distribution deal with another company.

NICK HEYWARD, who left Haircut One Hundred in January, emerges as an artist in his own right on March 11 when Arista release his debut solo single — 'Whistle Down The Wind' coupled with 'Atlantic Monday', both titles self-penned. He has several TV appearances coming up, including Channel 4's *The Tube* (March 11) and ITV's *The Saturday Show* (12). Meanwhile, Haircut — now with Mark Fox on lead vocals — are currently in the studio with producer Bob Sargeant.

THE MOBILES have a new single released by Rialto this weekend, to tie in with their string of gigs, announced last week — it's a re-working of the Foundations classic 'Build Me Up Buttercup', coupled with 'Don't Pay The Axeman'. Bassist David Blundell and guitarist Chris Downtown have now left the group, and the remaining four are playing live dates with stand-in musicians until replacements can be found.

EXPULSION LOOMS FOR MAINSQUEEZE

MAINSQUEEZE, the eight-piece blues band formed by ex-Thin Lizzy guitarist Eric Bell, have an album released on March 11 — it's called 'Live', and was recorded recently at London Ronnie Scott's Club. It's the first product from Expulsion Records, a label launched by Alan Campion — who was co-founder of Rondelet Records, and has now left that company after four years. Several major singnings are in the pipeline, and distribution will be through Stage One. Expulsion are at 57 Portobello Road, London W.11 (01-221 6960).

● **Kashif** is the writer and producer of the recent hit singles by Evelyn King and Melba Moore. Now comes his own debut single for Arista 'I Just Gotta Have You', featuring him on lead vocals, keyboards and synthesisers, plus a guest appearance by Evelyn King. His self-named solo album follows in April.

● London rock band **Terraplane** have their debut single 'I Survive' out this weekend on City Records, a label licensed through Cherry Red and distributed by Pinnacle.

● **Angela Bofill** releases her fourth album for Arista this week, titled 'Too Tough'. The first side was produced by Narada Michael Walden, while Angela herself wrote and produced Side Two. The title track is already on release as a single.

● Four-piece Midlands band Rabid follow their recent 'Bloody Road To Glory' EP with an eight-track 12-inch — titled 'Bring Out Your Dead', it should retail at a maximum £2.50. It's on Fall-Out Records, distributed by Jungle and The Cartel.

● Kamera Records this week release a four-track EP by **The Satellites** — it's called 'Nightmare' and was produced by Rat Scabies. From the same label comes the vinyl debut of **Blood And Roses** with the four-track 12-incher 'Love Under Will'. Distribution is through Stage One.

● Mancunian singer and writer **Paul Rafferty** releases his new single 'Too Late Now' on EMI next Monday (7). And he'll promote it by taking his new four-piece band on the road, as support on the Bucks Fizz tour starting this weekend.

● **Black Flag,** who play the only London date of their current tour at Brixton Ace Cinema tomorrow (Friday), have their 12-inch single 'Jealous Again' released by SST/UK this week — followed on March 11 by their 24-track album 'Everything Went Black'. **Minutemen,** who are supporting them on tour, have their single 'Paranoid Time' and album 'What Makes A Man Start Fires?' out this week via the same label (distributed by Pinnacle).

● The second solo album from **John Watts** (ex-Fischer Z) is 'The Iceberg Model', issued by EMI on March 14 and containing ten new self-penned songs. He'll be showcasing it when, together with his five-piece band Paramusic, he plays London Victoria The Venue on March 10.

● **Richard Jon Smith**, the South African now based in London, releases his third UK single this weekend on Jive Records — 'Baby's Got Another'/'This Is The Moment'. There's also a 12-inch format with an additional dub version of the A-side. His debut album is planned for early summer release.

● First release on the new disco-dance label Tivoli Records (distributed by IDS) is 'Paradise Drive' by Bury St. Edmunds band **Midnite,** with vocal by Shakatak singer Jill Saward. It's available this week.

● Release of the new **Swinging Laurels** single 'Lonely boy' on WEA Records has been delayed until tomorrow (Friday), with the 12-inch version following on March 11. As reported, the group are to support Culture Club on their UK tour later this month.

● **Cynthia Manley,** former singer with Boystown Gang, revives the Supremes hit 'Back In My Arms Again'. It's released this weekend by Atlantic Records.

● Manchester band **Emergency** debut this week with the single 'Points Of View' on Bristol label Riot City Records. From the same source comes a six-track set by **Disorder** called 'The Mental Disorder EP'.

● One of East Africa's most popular groups, **Orchestra Super Mazembe** from Kenya, have their first UK album 'Kaivaska' out this weekend on Virgin. It's the second release under the label's deal with Kenyan-based AIT Records, the first being by Orchestra Makassy.

AND A BIT MORE TOUR NEWS

LAKESIDE, the nine-piece American funk band formed in Ohio a decade ago, pay a rare visit to the UK next week to headline a one-off show at London Victoria The Venue on Monday (March 7) — all tickets £4.50. This will be followed by the March 11 release on Solar Records (through WEA) of their new single 'Raid' and album 'Untouchables'.

THE ELECTRIC GUITARS are playing two London dates to mark their return from the States, where they've been supporting Peter Gabriel on tour — they're at London University Union (tomorow, Friday) and Chelsea College (March 12). The band have now parted company with Stiff Records, but hope to have a new single issued on Naive Records in the near future.

WEAPON OF PEACE are playing a few dates this month, tied in with the mid-March release of their new Safari album 'Rainbow Rhythm' and their appearance in *Sight & Sound In Concert*. So far set are London Camberwell School of Art (tomorrow, Friday), Birmingham Carlton Ballroom (March 12), London Fulham Greyhound (17) and London Brixton Ace Cinema (26).

AMAZULU have lined up a new series of dates to promote their debut single 'Cairo' on Towerbell Records. They play Bristol University (March 11), London School of Economics (12), Lincoln Disco Bar (14), Sheffield Limit (15), Leicester University (16), Bournemouth Midnite Express (17), London Tooting St. George's Hospital (18), Birmingham Carlton Ballroom (19), Manchester Ashton Metro Cinema (22), Coventry General Wolfe (24), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (25) and Dublin TV Club (26).

LELU-LU'S — now down to trio size with Denny Gibson (lead vocals and bass), Brian Frith (keyboards) and P.H. (drums and drum computer) — play Carlisle Oasis (March 9), Lancaster Foxes (11), Morecambe Bonkers (12), Preston 99 Club (14), Southport Fringle Club (17), Manchester Barracudas (19), Chester Sophie's (21) and Liverpool The Attic (22). Their seven-track cassette is available at £1.50 (plus postage) from Cha Cha Records, % P. Walker, 6 Westmoreland Avenue, Blackpool, Lancs.

TWISTED SISTER, the five-piece New York outfit who are currently recording in this country, interrupt sessions to play London Marquee this Saturday and Sunday (5-6) — tickets £3. They've just signed to Atlantic, and have their single 'I Am (I'm Me)' released on March 18 in both 7" and 12" formats. And they'll be undertaking a full tour in April to coincide with the release of their new album.

nationwide GIG GUIDE

SPEAR OF DESTINY

KIRK BRANDON (left) is back in live action this week with his SPEAR OF DESTINY group, conveniently coinciding with the release of their new single 'The Flying Scotsman'. It's a relatively short outing — initially taking in Leeds (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday) and Edinburgh (Saturday) — but it's in the nature of a warm-up for a full-scale tour starting next month . . . And after Marc Almond's recent flirtation with The Mambas, SOFT CELL also re-appear on stage, playing two shows at London Hammersmith Palais on Monday and Tuesday, with the promise of provincial dates to follow in the near future.

VAN MORRISON may now qualify for the veteran stakes, but he retains his ability to sell out theatres wherever he goes, and such is the case with his latest UK schedule which opens in Oxford (Saturday), Ipswich (Sunday) and Southend (Monday), prior to launching into a four-night Belfast stint on Wednesday . . . It's also gratifying to welcome back THE UNDERTONES after a two-year absence from the circuit. They've lined up an extensive itinerary starting in Liverpool on Wednesday, and tied in with the release of their new album 'The Sin Of Pride', as well as the single 'Got To Have You Back'.

You may not be into BUCKS FIZZ, but ther's no disputing their enormous popularity, and you'll hardly be able to miss them over the next few weeks — because their new tour is of massive proportions, beginning in Edinburgh on Thursday and running into the second half of April . . . Other new attractions on the road this week include AZTEC CAMERA, THE NIGHTINGALES, THE MOBILES and the evergreen GARY GLITTER, to mention just four . . . DAVE EDMUNDS has a couple of gigs in Leeds (Friday) and Chippenham (Sunday) before setting off overseas, and FLOCK OF SEAGULLS play a one-off in Hitchin on Wednesday.

thursday 3rd

Aberdeen Fusion Arts Ball: **Runrig/Candy Cubes**
Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **George Penman Band**
Birmingha Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham New Factory: **The Vibrators**
Birmingham Night Out: **Deniece Williams (until Saturday)**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Conflict/Omega Tribe/Icons of Filth**
Bradford University: **Lindisfarne**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Erazerhead**
Brighton New Regent: **Discharge**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Blue Side Of Midnight**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Red Beans & Rice**
Chatham Central Hall: **The Dubliners**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Hot Snacks**
Dartford Flicks: **One The Juggler**
Derby The Olde Avesbury: **Archie Fisher**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Pigbag**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Morrissey Mullen**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Feltham Airman Club: **I. Q.**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Syndicate**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Runestaff**
Guildford The Wooden Bridge: **Reaper**
Harlow Benny's Nightclub: **The Nightingales/Cult of Evil**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Solstice**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **John Etheridge Trio**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Inn: **Limit**
Hull Dingwalls: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/The Newtown Neurotics**
Hull University: **Bill Nelson & The Yorkshire Actors Company**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Goff Jackson & The Huns**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spear Of Destiny**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **52nd Street**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **U2**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Bushfinder General**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Frankie Flame & The Flames/Step By Step**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Sensible Footwear**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **The Challengers/The Zionites/Sister Lavine**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Death In June/Iron In Flesh**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Neil Innes/Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Action Holiday**
London Catford The Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Sunwind**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Eric Burden (until Saturday)**
London Finsbury Park The Other Club: **Brigandage**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **A Bigger Splash**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Outboys/Fall Out**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Emotional Play**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Stingrays**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **The The**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jazz Sluts**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Jazz Afrika/Tony Morewood/Don Carroll/Covent Garden Community Show**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Motion-Lotion with Jo-Ann Kelly**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Madness**
London University College: **Creature Beat**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Alarm**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Mau Mau's/Mania**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Dave Kelly Band/5 Card Trick**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Stranger Comforts**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Karl Wallinger**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 Bloomsbury Theatre: **23 Skidoo**
London W.C.1 Institute of Education: **Eye Witness**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **National Gold**
London W.C.2 School of Economics: **John Renbourn & Jacqui McShee**
Manchester (Ashton) Metro Cinema: **Incantation**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Al Cohn**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Eurythmics**
Manchester Newall Green Hotel: **Private Sector**
Manchester The Gallery: **Frankie Goes To Hollywood/Starting Red**
Manchester University Union: **Alex Webb Jazz Express**
Newcastle City Hall: **10 c.c.**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Raven**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Newcastle (Wallsend) The Anson: **The Word**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **The Angelic Upstarts/The Toy Dolls**
Norwich Pennies: **Fat Larry's Band**
Nottingham Bramcote Leisure Centre: **Sans Amore**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Def Leppard**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Drivers**
Portsmouth Southsea Rock Garden: **Caricature**
Reading Top Rank: **Geisha Girls**
Scarborough Taboo: **Pallas**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **The Vibrators**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **The Sleepers**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Kissing The Pink**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Penguin: **Saracen**
Southport Arts Centre: **Sacha Distel & Barney Kessel**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Valhalla**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 4th

Ashford Top Rank: **English Rogues**
Bangor University College: **Sad Lovers & Giants**
Bath Viaduct Hotel: **Sub-Humans/Antisect/Amebix/Ad Nauseum/Disorder**
Birmingham Aston University: **Blue Zoo**
Birmingham Carlton Ballroom: **The Polecats**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Circle/Danse De Feu**
Birmingham The Junction Inn: **Crucial Music**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Soldier**
Bournemouth Midnite Express: **The Impossible Dreamers**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Enid**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Steve Young**
Bristol Union Ansone Rooms: **Pigbag**
Cambridge Girton College: **Howard Jones**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Room**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Mike Harries Band**
Cardiff University of Wales: **Yah-Boo!**
Chapel-le-Frith Shoulder of Mutton: **Ex-Directory**
Colchester Technical College: **Tony McPhee Band**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Solstice**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Derby RAOB Club: **R. Cajun**
Dundee University: **Gary Glitter**
Durham St. Cuthbert's College: **John Otway**
Ewell Technical College: **The Mobiles/Cruella De Ville**
Feltham Football Club: **The Angelic Upstarts/The Toy Dolls**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Sensible Pencils/Visa**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Spear Of Destiny**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Greenford Railway Hotel: **Arrival/Jade**
Guildford Technical College: **Dave Kelly Band**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Saigon**
Hanley The Vine: **V-Sor, X**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **U2**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Rhythm Tendency**
Hereford The Bull: **The Mr. Rons**
Keele University: **Big Country/Flag Of Convenience**
Leeds University Bodington Hall: **Dave Edmunds Band**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **The Vibrators**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **Bill Nelson/Yorkshire Actors Company**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Au Pairs**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **The London Cowboys/The Legendary Luton Kippers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Co. with Root Jackson**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Black Flag/Minutemen/Nig Heist**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Umo Vogue/Drama**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ricky Cool Band**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **A Bigger Splash**
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: **The Sid Presley Experience**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice/Fortune**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Walking Wounded/The Parktown Jets/The Fleas**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Apocalypse/Charon**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Def Leppard/Rock Goddess**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **K.K. Khan**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Sun**
London Marquee Club: **The Dancing Did/Zerra I**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Direct Drive/The Kinetics/Jay Lazer & The Phantom Orchestra/The Motivators**
London N.W.8 Lord Chancellor: **The Drabstyles/Unusual Shoes**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Valdez**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford Tom Allen Centre: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/Crime Of Passion**
London S.W.17 St. George's Hospital Medical School: **The Nightingales**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **The Dubliners**
London Tower Bridge Rd. The Copper: **The Blue Seddans**
London University Union: **The Electric Guitars/The High Five Groups/Dagamba**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Gymslips/The Satellites**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Guy Jackson/Led Balloon/Oriel/No Comment**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Exposure**
London W.1 (Conway St) Adam Arms: **Disco Volante/By Wednesday/The Other Man/Eugene Cheese**
London W.1 (Rathbone Place) Black Horse: **The Faraway Stars**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Bonsai Forest**
London W.C.2 School of Economics: **Modern English/Gene Loves Jezebel**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Tribal**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Karamojos/Hardship Fund**
Manchester University Union: **Brag**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Kissing The Pink**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/The Newtown Neurotics**
Norwich Whites Club: **Airbridge**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Eurythmics**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chinatown**
Sheffield City Hall: **10 c.c.**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Pallas**
Southampton Kingsland Hall: **Dancette**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Zanti Misfitz**
Street Strode Theatre: **Black Roots**
Tamworth Three Tuns: **Fault**
Wavedon The Stables: **Al Cohn**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Lurkers**
York University: **Incantation**

saturday 5th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Aylesbury Friars: **John Otway/The Blood Oranges/Howard Jones**
Bath Moles Club: **The Impossible Dreamers**
Bath Walcot Hall: **K.I.A./The Screaming Dead/Broken Dream/Voids/Rebel Dance/The End and eight other bands**
Birmingham (Edgbaston) Students Union HighHall: **A Bigger Splash**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Xpertz/The Man Upstairs**
Birmingham Kiss Club: **The Danse Society**
Birmingham The Grapes: **Ruby Turner Band**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Soldier**
Bordon The Royal Oak: **The Equalisers**
Bournemouth Maison Royale: **Twelfth Night**
Bradford The Metropole: **The Word/Conquering Lion**
Braintree Essex Barn: **Fat Larry's Band**
Brighton The Centre: **Madness**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Umo Vogue**
Canterbury Christchurch College: **Emotional Play**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **The Socialites**
Cardiff Dowlais Inn: **Blue Side of Midnight**
Cardiff Ex-Servicemen's Club: **The Living Legends**
Castleford Trades Club: **Saracen**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colchester Essex University: **Aztec Camera**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Sad Lovers & Giants**
Dundee AUEW Hall: **Significant Zeros**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Spear Of Destiny**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Incantation**
Glasgow University: **Gary Glitter**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Recruits**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Ukraine**
Hereford The Bull: **The Motion**
Hull Dingwalls: **Kevin Coyne**
Leatherhead Leisure Centre: **The Dubliners**
Leeds Stoggy's: **Goff Jackson & The Huns**
Liverpool Dingwalls: **Kissing The Pink**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **Paul Metsers**
Liverpool Warehoue: **Eddie Shit**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **T.34**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Poison Girls/Tymon Dogg/The Cravats**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Savage Progress/Hush Club**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Steve Young**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College: **The Vibrators/The Playn Jayn**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **King Biscuit**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Roman Holliday**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **True Life Confessions/The Tenfoots**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The London Cowboys/Ghost**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Sun**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London Leicester-Squre Centre Charles Peguy: **Tunukwa**
London Manor Park Thre Rabbits: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Keith Nicholls**
London Putney Half Moon: **Moondance**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Tony Rose**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Pigbag**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Kevin Coyne/Alev/Pat Condell/Sister Sharon & D. Ranks**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Persian Flowers/I Am Alone**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dave Kelly Band**
Loughborough University: **Eurythmics**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Snake Davis & His Alligator Shoes**
Manchester Polytechnic Students Union: **The Passage**
Manchester The Gallery: **Gammer & His Familiars**
Milton Keynes Peartree Centre: **Pendragon**
New Brighton Golden Guinea Club: **Platform 1**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Pallas**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **10 c.c.**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **The Angelic Upstarts/The Toy Dolls**
Nottingham University: **Flag of Convenience**
Orpington Civic Centre: **The Scene**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Van Morrison**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Retford Porterhouse: **Big Country**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Chris Rea**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southampton University: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**
St. Albans City Hall: **The Enid/Solstice**
Stoke The Cave: **Erazerhead**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

sunday 6th

Arbroath Smokies: **Gary Glitter**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Sunwind Music**
Blackburn New Bay Horse Inn: **Tony McPhee Band**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **The Dubliners**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Dave Edmunds Band**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Chas & Dave**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Orchiid Waltz/Mark Steel/Jenny Lecoat**
Derby Playhouse Threatre: **The Enid**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Fat Larry's Band**
Glasgow Star Club: **The Wee Cherubs**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Fugitive**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Van Morrison**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Incantation**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime) **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lancaster Sugar House Club: **Kissing The Pink**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **10 c.c.**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rhetoric**
London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Ruthie Smith & Friends**

CONTINUES OVER

SOFT CELL

GIG GUIDE: continued

London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Nantuck Five Show**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Little John's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **Radio Radio/Crime Of Passion/Tax Dodge**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Impossible Dreamers/Twelve Inch**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Gerry Gibbs Quintet**
London W.11 Tabernacle Community Centre: **Ebony Steel Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **K.K. Khan**
Manchester Drifters: **Erazerhead**
Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre: **Sacha Distel & Barney Kessel**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Silver Horse: **The Beat Preachers**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Madness**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Energy**
Poole Arts Centre: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **U2**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **The Cabinet**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon Centre: **The Angelic Upstarts/TheToy Dolls**
Windsor Blazers: **Deniece Williams**
Wokingham Angie's: **Twelfth Night**

monday 7th

Bath The Bell: **Blue Side Of Midnight**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **Pigbag**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **The Box/Ik**
Brighton Sherrys: **Animal Nightlife/Standard Issue**
Bristol Colston Hall: **U2**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Warehouse**
Dunstable The Wheatsheaf: **Pendragon**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Gary Glitter**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **The Enid**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Eurythmics**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre: **Bucks Fizz**
London Adlib at The Kensigton: **The Faraway Stars/Main Frame**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Tapper Zukie/The Alarm**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Straight Music/Something Foreign**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Roots Tradition**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hush Hush**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Treatment/Swamp '82**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Impossible Dreamers and Blue Midnight (upstairs)/Sacrilege and Reaper (The Broadway)**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Soft Cell**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **El Trains/Yip Yip Coyote**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Biff Elliot Trio/Fabulous Salami Brothers/Jenny Lecoat**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **The Fixx/Big Ancestor**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Sunwind Music**
London Putney Half Moon: **Geoff Dunn & Ronnie Johnson Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Birthday Party/Einsturzende Neubauten/Malaria!**
London Victoria The Venue: **Lakeside**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Lemming Class Co./Broadcast**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Tender Trap**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Empire**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Porch Family**
Manchester The Gallery: **Late With The Posters**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Streetwalk**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Van Morrison**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **The Pinkees (until Wednesday)**

tuesday 8th

Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Lennie Best Quartet/Tommy Whittle**
Canterbury Kent University: **Blue Zoo**
Coventry Warwick University: **Significant Zeros**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Gordon Giltrap**
Croydon Green Dragon: **Kissing The Pink**
Croydon Greyhound Hotel: **The Mississippi Sheiks**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Glass Ties**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Strata**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Deniece Williams**
Exeter University: **U2**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Madness**
Ipswich Dukes: **Airbridge**
Leeds Branningans: **The Box/Ik**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Sacha Distel & Barney Kessel**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **10C.C.**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**

THE UNDERTONES are back on the road after two years, and FERGAL SHARKEY looks somewhat pensive at the thought of it

London Adlib at The Kensington: **The Coup/Hoi Poloi**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Spy vs. Spy**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Alligators**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Crown Of Thorns**
London Camden the Palace: **Killer Wales**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **Heartbeats**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Seychelles/Fontana Mix**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **The Hipscats**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Wicked Kitchen Staff/Hack Hack**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Soft Cell**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Yip Yip Coyote/El Trams**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Leicester-Squre The Subway: **Blood & Roses**
London Marquee Club: **Solstice**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **Tokyo Olympics**
London London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Erazerhead**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Victoria TheVenue: **Wailing Souls/Jah Thomas/Arema/Victor Romero Evans**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **1000 Mexicans/The Legendary Tenfoots**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Monolith/Quadrant**
London W.1 (Down St) Gulliver's: **Zerra I/John Hegley/Atazoa/The Event Group**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richad Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Illusionz**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Danse Society**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Bucks Fizz**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Eurythmics**
Portsmouth Southsea Gaiety Bar: **Pigbag**
Reading University: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Shop**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Greywolfe**
Sheffield Dingwall: **A Mirror Crack'd**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**
York University: **Gary Glitter**

wednesday 9th

Belfast Opera House: **Van Morrison**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bradford Fagins: **Colenso Parade/The Word**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Kissing The Pink**
Canterbury College of Art: **The Milkshakes**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Harfoot Brothers**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Deniece Williams**
Carlisle Oasis Club: **Le Lulus**
Cleethorpes Sub Club: **Tony McPhee Band**
Derby Blue Note: **Shriekback**
Eastbourne Kings Club: **The Mobiles**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Madness**
Hereford The Bull: **Fear Among Friends**
Hitchin The Regal: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Sad Lovers & Giants**
Hull Dingwalls: **Black Roots**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **10 c.c.**
Keele University: **Aztec Camera**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leamington Spa Hinton's: **Mummy Calls**
Leeds Brannigans: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/The Newtown Neurotics**
Leeds Warehouse: **Pigbag**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Undertones**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Eyes/Monroe**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Popsicle**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **G.B.H./One Way System/The Destructors**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Orchestre Jazira**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **Duffo**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The High Fives Group**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Honor Hefferman**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Guest Stars/Proper Little Madams**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Heartbeat**
London Fulham Greyhound: **D'Rango Slang/Fascination**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Thin Lizzy/Mamas Boys**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bonsai Forest**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Terraplane**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/Dancette**
Loughborough University: **Kevin Turvey & The Bastard Squad**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Kevin Coyne**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Cherry Boys**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Enid**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Ghost**
Nottingham Vino's Wine Bar: **Sunwind Music**
Oxford University: **Significant Zeros**
Poole Arts Centre: **U2**
Southampton University: **Eurythmics**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swindon The Solitaire: **Sex Gang Children**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Impossible Dreamers**
Yalding Village Hall: **Sacha Distel & Barney Kessel**
York Cross Keys: **Hearts in Rhythm**

HEAVEN
VILLIERS STREET WC2
Derek Block presents
shriekback
plus support
MONDAY 21st MARCH
9-30pm
ALL TICKETS £3·00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, ROUGH TRADE, STAR GREEN AND USUAL AGENTS

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE
Mile End Road, London E1
Friday 4th March
DIRECT DRIVE
THE KINETICS
J. LAZER & THE PHANTOM ORCHESTRA
THE MOTIVATORS
Tickets £3.00 Adv £3.50 Door
Monday 7th March
THE FIXX
+ BIG ANCESTOR
All Tickets £2.00
Friday 11th March
NO DICE
+ STILL LIFE
Tickets £1.50 N.U.S. or UB40

Live Ads. in NME are read by more people than those in any other music weekly
SOURCE NRS JAN./JUNE 1982

Thursday 3rd March
BRIGANDAGE
Slaughter
THE CAGE
at THE OTHER CLUB
NEXT TO MANOR HOUSE PUB AND TUBE
316 Green Lanes
Finsbury Park, N.4
ENTRANCE IN SEVEN SISTERS ROAD
Doors open 9.00pm till late
POSITIVE PUNK EVERY THURSDAY
Thursday 10th March
RITUAL

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6
Thursday 3rd March £1.00
BARNEY'S 50'S DISCO
Friday 4th March £1.50
APOCALYPSE
+ Charon
Saturday 5th March £1.50
LONDON COWBOYS
Featuring Glenn Matlock
+ Ghost
Sunday 6th March £1.00
THE NANTUCK FIVE SHOW
Monday 7th March £1.00
SACRILEGE
+ Reaper
Tuesday 8th March 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Real Ale served 7.30-11.00pm

WILF A. WALKER FOR BLACK PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS
GIL SCOTT-HERON
WITH AMNESIA EXPRESS
GUESTS: ZULU DAWN & DBC
FRI/SAT 15/16 APRIL
7.30-MIDNIGHT
AT THE COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
HIGH ST KEN
CURRENT ALBUM 'MOVING TARGET' BUT NOW ON ARISTA RECORDS
TICKETS £5.00 FROM
ADVANCE BOX OFFICE (229 7481/602 3063/603 4535 Ex 278)
ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, KENSINGTON PARK ROAD
PREMIER BOX OFFICE (240 2745)
RYTHMN RECORDS, CAMDEN HIGH STREET
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS (439 3371)
KEITH PROWSE (836 2184)

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1. Phone 468287
Thursday 3rd March
SPEAR OF DESTINY
Thursday 10th March
DANSE SOCIETY
Wednesday 9th March
PIGBAG
Wednesday 16th March
MUSIC FOR PLEASURE
LATE BAR 9-2a.m Sunday Gigs doors open 7.30p.m-10.30p.m.

KINGS HEAD
4 FULHAM HIGH ST: 736 1413
Wednesday 2nd March £1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND
Thursday 3rd March £1.50
Country Rock
LITTLE SISTER
Friday 4th March £1.50
RED BEANS AND RICE
Saturday 5th March
Closed
Sunday 6th March £1.00
SNATCHER
Monday 7th March £1.50
G.T. MOORE
Tuesday 8th March £1.00
SOUTHERN COMFORT

Carlos 'n' Johnny's
Open every night 6.30-midnight for
Mexican Food & Cocktails
★★★★★★★
A NEW VENUE FOR LIVE ACTS FEATURING ONLY THE MOST BIZZARE & ORIGINAL PLUS OUTSTANDING NEW BANDS
Monday 7th March
BARN DANCE BYFLEET BREWERS
Dress: BUFFALO & BARN STYLE
Admission £2.50 includes Sausage, Bacon & Mash Supper
Tuesday 8th March
THE TIME DANCE
Wednesday 9th March
DUFFO
★★★★★★★
£2 entry includes a fantastic FREE SUPPER of Mexican Delights at 11pm
Acts come on at 9.30pm
268 Fulham Road
LONDON SW10
Tel: 01-352 0379

Jazzcentre
100 CLUB
100 OXFORD STREET W1
Friday March 4th 8.30-1am
ELEVEN PIECE Big Band Salsa Special
VALDEZ
plus support
£2.50 JCS/100 £3.50 others

THE NEW MOONLIGHT
100 West End Lane (West Hampstead Tube)
Thursday 3rd March £1.50
THE MAU MAUS
+ Mania
Friday 4th March £1.75
THE GYMSLIPS
+ The Satellites + Prime Cut
Saturday 5th March £1.50
PERSIAN FLOWERS
+ I Am Alone
Sunday 6th March 1.50
THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS
+ Twelve Inch
Monday 7th March £1.50
THE LEMMING GLASS COMPANY
+ Broadcast
Tuesday 8th March £1.50
THINK OUT LOUD
+ The Legendary Ten Foots
Wednesday 9th March £1.50
RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY
+ Danceset
Thursday 10th March £1.50
THE CREAMIES
+ Killer Koala
Drinks At Pub Prices. Late License.

MCP presents
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
Plus Special Guests
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
TUESDAY 26th APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets All £3.50, Available from B/O Tel : 01-748 4081

This 6 x 2 advertisement on the **LIVE PAGE** costs only **£72** and will be seen by over **One Million people.** Ring **01-261 6153** for details

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00pm to 11.00pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 3rd March (Adm £2.50)
AN EVENING OF ROCK & ROLL WITH
THE THE
(Show includes Special guests & starts at 8pm)
Plus guest D.J.

Friday 4th March (Adm £2.00)
THE DANCING DID
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 5th & Sunday 6th March (Adm £3.50)
SPECIAL LIVE RECORDING!
TWISTED SISTER
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Monday 7th March (Adm £2.00)
AFRAID OF MICE
Featuring Phil Jones
Plus Kinetics & Nick Henbrey
Free Admission Before 8.00 pm

Tuesday 8th March (Adm £2.00)
SOLSTICE
Plus Omega & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 9th March (Adm £2.00)
TERRAPLANE
Plus Special guests
The Larry Miller Band
& D.J. Jerry Floyd

Thursday 10th March (Adm £2.50)
AN EVENING OF ROCK & ROLL WITH
THE THE
(Show includes special guests & starts at 8pm) Plus guest D.J.

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

The Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 3rd March £2.50
SISTERS OF MERCY
+ Babaluma + Ritual

Friday 4th March £3.00
R.S.V.P.

Saturday 5th March £3.00
MEZZOFORTE
+ C.I.D.

Monday 7th March £4.50
LAKESIDE

Tuesday 8th March £7.00
BLACK ECHOES AWARDS
Featuring Wailing Souls + Jah Thomas

Wednesday 9th March £3.00
THE RAINCOATS
+ Miss Pibbs Hop Sty
Featuring Sean Oliver, Flash & Mark Springer + Special Guests

Thursday 10th March £3.00
JOHN WATTS

COMING SOON

Friday 11th March £3.00
SPEAR OF DESTINY

Saturday 12th March £3.50
KOKOMO + The Marines

Tuesday 15th March £2.50
AFRAID OF MICE
+ A Bigger Splash + 1

Wednesday 16th March £3.00
CHRIS REA

Thursday 17th March £4.00
Return by Acclaim
JOHN CALE (a solo performance)

Friday 18th March £3.00
B.B.

Saturday 19th March £4.50
BILLY GRIFFITH

THURSDAY
Ladies Night
Free admission for girls

WEDS. Don't blink! or you'll miss 25p a drink! all night! £5 Boys £4 Girls

TUES. "NOTHING BUT A PARTY" Sounds of the swinging 60s £3

MON RARE SOUL with Dick Coombes £3

17 Greek St., London. W1. Tel: 437-5782 night

FRIDAY Friday night at Le Beat Route with Steve. Ollie. Steve Lewis. Carlo.

EVERY SAT. is NEW YEAR'S EVE! Drinks 50p with Free Bubbly at midnight! Plus live cabaret! Entrance £5.00 Open 9.00 p.m. to 3.30 a.m. Licensed until 3.00 a.m.

·LeBEAT·ROUTE·

Right of admission reserved

ACE DELUXE

Tel 274 4663
100 yds — Brixton Tube
(Next to Town Hall)
Brixton Hill SW2

THE ACE PRESENTS

Thursday 3rd March	GOSPEL NIGHT 4 BRITISH GOSPEL BANDS	£3.00
Friday 4th March	L.A. PUNK NIGHT + THE MINUTE MEN BLACK FLAG + NIG NEIST	£2.50
Saturday 5th March	POISON GIRLS + TYMON DOGG	£2.00
Monday 7th March	Reggae Night TAPPER ZUKIE — THE ALARM	£3.00
Wednesday 9th March	GBH + THE DESTRUCTORS + ONE WAY SYSTEM	£2.50
Thursday 10th March	RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS SISTERS OF MERCY + THE HIGH FIVE GROUP	£3.00
Monday 14th March	Reggae Night RAS MICHAEL + THE SONS OF NEGUS	£3.00
Thursday 17th March	SEX GANG CHILDREN + BRIGANDAGE	£2.50
Friday 18th March	HERE & NOW GROUP	£2.50
	COMING SOON	
23rd March	PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES	£2.50
24th March	THE DAMNED + GUESTS	£3.00
25th March	THE BOX	£2.50
26th March	WEAPONS OF PEACE	£2.50
28th March	WAILING SOULS	£4.50
31st March	Specimin "BAT CAVE NIGHT"	£2.50

Tickets on Sale Now — at The Ace + Premier Box Office + London Theatre Bookings + Rough Trade + The Cage in the gear Market — Kings Road. — ALL SHOWS DOORS 8.00PM

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MARCH
4 Def Leppard
5 Pigbag
7 Birthday Party
7, 8 Soft Cell
13 The Eurythmics
14 U2
14 Philip Jap
14, 15 Funboy 3
15 Aztec Camera
16, 17 10CC
17 Peter, Paul & Mary
17 John Cale
19 Pat Metheny Group
20 The Undertones
20 Loudon Wainwright III
21 Shriekback
22, 23, 24 Elkie Brooks
24 The Damned
25, 26 Jack Jones
27 Mari Wilson
27 Gary Glitter
28, 29 Dolly Parton
29 U2

APRIL
4, 5 Bucks Fizz
6, 7 Joan Armatrading
7, 8, 9, 10 Leo Sayer
10 Tears For Fears
12 Planxty
13, 14 Manfred Mann
14 U.F.O.
14 Spandau Ballet
15 Don Williams
15, 16 Gil Scott Heron
16 Jerry Lee Lewis
17, 18 Marillion
19,20 OMD
22, 23 MJQ
23, 24 Joni Mitchell
26 Flock of Seagulls
27, 28 Miles Davies

MAY
2, 3, 4 Santana
9 OMD
11, 12, 13, 14, 15 Johnny Mathis
13, 14 Dionne Warwick
16 - 29 Liza Minelli
17, 18 and 20 Rush
21, 22 London Blues Festival
26, 27 Iron Maiden
30 Kajagoogoo

JULY
4, 5, 6, 7 Jasper Carrot

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME
SEND S.A.E. FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftsbury Avenue W.1 Phone 439 3371

MORE MUSICAL EXCESS

CBS PRESENTS THE
Fender
HOT SQUAD

FEATURING
PETER VETTESSE OF JETHRO TULL & ALAN MURPHY OF KATE BUSH BAND

Mon. 7 March LEICESTER
Tue. 8 March MANSFIELD
Wed. 9 March CARDIFF

Call for tickets:
Leics. 0533 24183 Mans. 0623 651633 Cardiff 0222 34018

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
THU.3.MAR. Kinks backcatalogue and soul-latterday pop all gleefully done.

BIGGER SPLASH
FRI.4. Well-conceived melodies & guitar licks underpinned by a gutsy set of soul & dub rhythms. 2 sets: 10p.m. & 11.45

ROMAN HOLIDAY
SAT.5. "Boppy brand of sax & trumpet fuelled jive music," said N.M.E. "Everyone had fun." Come get in the mood. 2 sets 10 & 11.45
SUN. ELECTRIC TEEK-MORES
MON. STRAIGHT MUSIC + SOMETHING FOREIGN
TUE. SEYCHELLES + FONTANA MIX

THE HIGH FIVES GROUP
WED.9.MAR. Vital 4-piece (sic) from Liverpool who offer strong lyrical songs with a hard rhythmic beat.

STANLEY AND THE UNDESIRABLES
THU.10.MAR. L.A. based band who, like the Cramps, believe in discomforting the senses. Fun on a good night.

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 5.30 p.m. till 6 a.m. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING'S ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 7425
PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

THE SID PRESLEY EXPERIENCE
CAPO DI TUTTI CAPI
OF ROCK 'N' ROCK

ROCKING AT
LONDON COLLEGE OF PRINTING, ELEPHANT & CASTLE
FRIDAY 4TH MARCH
THE FRIDGE, BRIXTON
SATURDAY 19TH MARCH
BROADWAY, CLARENDON HOTEL, HAMMERSMITH
FRIDAY 25TH MARCH

Derek Block presents
TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON

EURYTHMICS

PLUS Oingo Boingo
PLUS THE CHOIR

Sunday 6th March 8.00pm

All tickets £3.00 available in advance from Top Rank Suite, Virgin, Subway, Polysound Records (Brighton) and Clooks Records (Crawley).
Over 18's only.

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD. W.6

Thursday 3rd March	OUTBOYS + Fall Out	£1.25
Friday 4th March	NO DICE + Fortune	£2.00
Saturday 5th March	TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS + The Tenfoots	£1.50
Sunday 6th March	OUTBOYS + Fall Out	
Monday 7th March	THE TREATMENT + Swamp '82	£1.25
Tuesday 8th March	Shout Records Nite With: THE WICKED KITCHEN STAFF/HACK HACK	£1.25
Wednesday 9th March	D'RANGO SLANG + Fascination	£1.25

marquee

AFRAID OF MICE

FEATURING PHIL JONES
Guests THE KINETICS

MONDAY MARCH 7TH
ARRIVE BEFORE 8pm FOR FREE ADMISSION

The NIGHT-OUT THEATRE RESTAURANT

Horsefair, Birmingham 1
Tel: 021-622 2233

Baileys

127 The Parade, Watford
Tel: 0923 39848/43034

PROUDLY PRESENT

NIGHT OUT MONDAY 28th MARCH For 3 Nights Only
BAILEYS MONDAY 21st MARCH For 6 Nights

ROSE ROYCE

ALSO

NIGHT OUT TUES 12th & WED 13th APRIL For 2 Nights Only
BAILEYS MONDAY 18th APRIL For 6 Nights

SUZI QUATRO

For details of advance dining reservations or advance admission only tickets, ring the applicable number above.

ADMISSION AVAILABLE ON THE DOOR FOR BOTH OF THESE ACTS AT BOTH VENUES.

Flicks

Present
MONDAY
The 14th MARCH
CHEVALIER BROTHERS
THE FOUR BLAZERS
& RENT A PARTY
Plus Reggae from **GRAFFITI**

TICKETS ON SALE FROM
ROCK-A-CHA (Kensington Market)
FLICKS FOYER
Admission by ticket £5 in advance.
6.00 p.m. - 2.00a.m.
Kent Road Dartford Kent tel.25520

This 4 x 2 advertisement on the **LIVE PAGE** costs only **£48** and will be seen by over **One Million people.** Ring **01-261 6153** for details.

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

Derek Block presents
The LYCEUM The Strand London WC2
EURYTHMICS
PLUS **One the Juggler**
PLUS **THE CHOIR**
Sunday 13th March 7.30pm
Tickets £3.25 in advance £3.50 on door
FROM LYCEUM 01-836 3715 PREMIER BOX OFFICE LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
KEITH PROWSE STAR GREEN AND USUAL AGENTS

Peter Brightman and Henry Sellers present
ROY AYERS
PLUS SUPPORT **MORRISSEY MULLEN**
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
25/26 MARCH AT 8.00PM
Tickets £6 £5 £4
Available from Theatre box office tel. 01-748 4081

MCP presents
DEF LEPPARD
plus Guests
ROCK GODDESS
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
FRI 4th MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £4.00, £3.50 Available from b/o Tel. 01 748 4081 And usual agents

ROCK CITY
Talbot Street, Nottingham
Tel 0602 412544
Open 8pm-2am

Wednesday 16th March £3.00 adv
GARY GLITTER

Wednesday 23rd March £3.00 adv
UFO

Tuesday 29th March £3.00 adv
THE UNDERTONES

Wednesday 30th March £3.00 adv
MARILLION
+ Peter Hamill

Must be over 18 years of age. Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-Cords Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark, — Records Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

THE CAVE
NEW MERLINS CAVE
MAGERY STREET., LONDON WC1
(Five minutes Kings Cross Stn)

Thursday 3rd March £1.00
NATIONAL GOLD
Friday 4th March £1.00
BONSAI FOREST
+ The Flips
Saturday 5th March £2.00
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Laurie **Pics: Chris Clunn**

THE NOLAN SISTERS

Birmingham Night Out

TOO COOL to fool! Birmingham has been pushed into the new ice age by slow freezing in the Leyland death-trap. Any entertainers who are second-rate are received with this city's famous Ice-Palace treatment. Any band that can survive the frosty dourness is special, and entertainers who can generate some warmth are loved with a fierce loyalty.

The Nolan Sisters are such a loved and favoured group. They are Witches of the Razzle — Second-Hand Roses of the Supernatural. Part of their magic is found in the wonderfully show-biz way that they over-dress. And another spark comes from the way in which they plunder all sorts of diverse musical sources, and yet use them to concoct aphrodisiacs just as powerful as the originals. Into the cauldron goes the boppy, overly sincere tunes by the reptilian Barry Manilow, inspiration from the sensuous, wise and gentle Stevie Wonder, and wit from the wickedly worldy Barbara Streisand. Add to these vamped-up cover versions the Nolans own spell-binding songs about the excitement of romantic suspense and the transfixing pleasures of sexuality, and the spook is set for a racy and sophisticated evening.

But there is a powerful piece of knowledge embedded within a Nolans show. They celebrate pleasure with no illusions attached. Take, for example, the song 'Dragonfly'. It's a complex, bitter and searingly tinny song about the bad bits of 'settling down.' It's about the fling style hanging about in a relationship when it's no longer appropriate, about being a 'good looker' when locked into a loveless deal *('You took my body, but left my soul/You won't return the heart you stole')*. It's a song about having one's love spurned, and yet being unable to reject the rejector. And it's a powerful piece of knowledge. The Nolans are wise enough not to kill it with kindnes. They performed the song with utter show-biz razzle; they did a sequence dance in a line with movements to suggest the escape of the insects of the harsh analogy. They were dressed in identical, glimmering, bottle-green petal shaped dresses and purple tights. The basic idea — that the best sorts of sexual experiences grow out of a more complex network of sharing and sympathies rather than the simple attraction to the way a person looks — was left to fend for itself.

The Nolans' razzle and panache means that they don't overstate anything, they just appear as totally sensuous — even when they do formation dancing. They adopt the ancient witchcraft solution — see the body and mind as indivisible — and extend the boundaries of the erotic rather than limit them. The Nolans, as girls-next-door, or urban witches (without neatly laundered souls) exert a powerful kind of magic. It was enough to thaw Birmingham for the night.

Mandy Root

Diana Dors **Pics: Kevin Cummins**

LIVE!

LIVE! settles scores with Yank trash, Brit witches and the tribal sex wazzocks. Laurie Anderson settles with a masterpiece.

LAURIE ANDERSON

Dominion

IF YOU expected an overview of American civilization from the vantage point of a New York City loft, you would have got both *more* and *less* than you bargained for. Laurie Anderson makes her intentions clear in the programme notes:—

"When I began to write 'United States' I thought of it as a portrait of a country. Gradually I realised it was really a description of any *technological society and of people's attempts to live in an electronic world."* A big claim. Can she justify it?

It all depends what you mean by "description". Laurie Anderson doesn't "describe" in any scientific sense — presenting you with the facts to incorporate into the unchanged structure of your assumptions and perceptions. What she does is *suggest*. She lays before your eyes and ears a profusion of images in carefully considered sequence and juxtaposition, which shed new light onto what you thought you knew already and draw unexpected connections between hitherto unrelated ideas. In short, she makes you feel and think in a new way. Unspecific, but resonant nonetheless. As she says later in the programme notes:—

"...I have tried to make a distinction between art and ideas. Because ideas have a direct line to the brain; but art sneaks in through the senses. It drifts in..."

'United States' is in four parts spread over two evenings and clocking up over six hours. The material has been accumulating for around ten years and much of it has already been presented in less grandiose settings, such as on the 'Big Science' LP. However, the long-awaited culmination of her efforts mirrors the scope and scale of her subject matter. This almost leads to her undoing, because 'United States' is about a third too long. But, unlike most over-extended projects, it peters out towards the beginning before building up to a really stunning opening climax.

Much of Parts I and II (tentatively titled Transport and Politics) recur more fully and strikingly realised in Parts III and IV (Money and Love). Not surprisingly the titles have been more or less dropped, because they impose headings which hinder rather than help understanding. To be sure, Part III (Money), for instance, has many images of exchange, corruption and exploitation, but these overlap and inter-connect with ideas throughout, giving new slants and meanings depending on the context.

Furthermore, clear-cut corporate divisions would disrupt the almost seamless flow necessary to maintain the spell. Laurie Anderson lowers the emotional temperature in order to stimulate and sensitise the mind. The audience has no involvement in the performance in a dramatic sense. We attune ourselves to the rhythms, shapes and textures of the medium, the better to understand the message.

"Let's have a look around the stage at all this sophisticated state-of-the-art gadgetry with which I cast my spell," she announces at one point.

A gigantic screen fills the back of the stage. Films, stills, cartoons, animations and shadow-play appear in an endless montage, superimposing, dissolving and reappearing. Sometimes the screen images are the focus of one's attention, accompanied and counterpointed by Laurie's musical and verbal commentary. Other times the roles are reversed, but the relationship is fundamentally equal and complementary — a dialogue.

Percussion, voices, woodwind and saxes (that quintessentially New York instrument) provide a musical backdrop to Laurie's keyboards, violin, telephone and even more exotic devices. The whole sound recalls fellow New Yorker, the systems-music composer Philip Glass. The deliberately repetitious, modular music (*"aha a aha a aha a aha"* in 'O Superman' is an obvious example) is both delightfully hypnotic *and* corresponds to much of the visual imagery. The screen will show a pattern of squares which transmogrify to the typically American urban grid-plan or else the criss-cross of windows in vertiginously photographed sky-scrapers.

And stepping from the imprisoning regularity of the man-made environment to the mass-production of technology, Laurie dwells on pioneers such as Edison and Tesla. But more importantly, one of her recurring themes is the increasing resemblance of man to the machines he has created which now condition him to their way of working.

Laurie herself loves gadgets. Her performance is an avant-garde variety show, complete with conjuring tricks which don't just amaze but illuminate — literally, in the case of her violin. She uses vocoders wittily to summon forth a host of disembodied voices. But the most effective instrument is her own natural voice. It is calm, clear and perfectly modulated — its cadences soothe and caress the psyche. (Clad in silky but functional black, her elfin frame is coolly assured in every movement and gesture.)

By the end, the culminative impact is deeply chilling and eerie. Feeling and meaning have been left behind by the methods of communication. Symbols and language acquire a sinister autonomy, unconnected with what is originally represented.

Uneven and overlong perhaps, but 'United States I-IV' is a masterpiece. And this is the record of the time...

Mat Snow

DIVINE

Manchester Hacienda

IT MAY seem something of a contradiction but Divine is really just as impotent and banal as the most bland 'London Night Out' style of comic.

Divine is too tragically immersed within the creation to be anything of the sexually subversive threat he would at first appear. A lot of Mae West via Bette Midler but lacking the paradox and observation which make for true comic genius.

The venue previously reserved for Divine in Manchester has been the gay wendy-house, Heroes, so not surprisingly the Hacienda had more than its usual quota of clones; however, one got the feeling that Divine wasn't quite sure who was out there and how to approach them. He seemed to struggle to establish some kind of base to work from but failed, rapport and communication sadly lacking.

For the first ten minutes or so it was easy to titter and smirk at the sexually blatant innuendo and the camp excess. Yet the spectacle of a glazed, distant creature glibly miming to a prepared tape of tepid disco muzak became distinctly uncomfortable. Alone on the draughty stage, Divine seemed almost small and frail...if that image doesn't strain your imagination too much.

The best of comic creations are figures to laugh with, they possess a ragged sort of pride. Divine is to be laughed *at*, pitied — I found it both sad and desperate. The 'performance', a few rather obvious ham-fisted disco-punk parodies in the vein of 'Shoot Your Shot', 'Born To Be Cheap' etc. complete with the well-rehearsed between-song patter. In all it must have lasted perhaps 30 minutes, allowing for the rests Divine had to take after every number.

I was left feeling depressed and empty, witnessing Divine's self-destruction proved to be something of a traumatic experience. I suppose Divine *is* the ultimate pop act — combining plagiarism, vulgarity and voyeurism; producing something quite tame yet offering a vicarious kick for the consumer.

Divine was brought back for an encore.

Liz Neer

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT

Manchester Poly

"The crisis consists precisely in the fact that the old is dying and the new can not be born; in this interegnum a great variety of morbid symptoms appears."
Antonio Gramsci

Let's get it straight from the start — it is not time for a Southern Death Cult backlash, they are not the morbid symptoms but simply their victims. In fact, despite it all there is a vague tingle of freshness still present in their sound. There is even evidence of a promise that when the cult of exaggeration has died its sudden death, they may continue along their worthy path towards their humble goal. Let's make it equally clear, though, Southern Death Cult are not the answer.

In London they were received as saviours, even if the palm branches were trodden underfoot in the crush at the threshold of Heaven. In Manchester there's more of a mixed crowd with lumpen punks rubbing shoulders with black romantics and a great deal less excitement. Here they're closer to where this whole thing started — and Southern Death Cult are just another band, singled out from a rich musical pasture that contains far more substantial contenders.

One girl, in her 'Fatman' T-shirt stamps the ground with a determined adulation, glaring defiantly at the bemused bystanders with a look that says "I *haven't* been taken in. I *don't* look bloody silly. They *are* the most significant thing since super soft bog roll, no matter what you lot think."

Meanwhile the band hammered relentlessly on.

Southern Death Cult's major fault is that they lack any form of charisma. The majestic burst of Carl Orff that provides their intro-tape sets a standard dramatic mood, but once the band hit the stage the excitement slumps to zero level. There's no getting away from it, this band *plod* — there is no wild abandon, no inner scream, just an overwhelmingly earnest performance. The reticent guitarist conceals his embarrasment behind a curtain of hair and throws some clever lines of the strangled Shadows variety. Barry looks like he has a millstone strapped round his neck rather than a bass and the drummer pounds away. This is all very well but it leaves poor Ian as the potential star of the show and, God bless him, Iggy Pop he ain't. He rises and falls and moves from side to side, but with an overwhelming lack of urgency — there is no desperation here. This music demands a cry that bubbles through blood, a final flooding release cramming a lifetime into evry three minutes. In principle Southern Death Cult's songs should sound like a final confession, in practice they sound like drawn out small talk.

Southern Death Cult do not have the nitrate night rush theatrical attraction of The March Violets and they certainly don't have the Sisters of Merry's brittle walking-on-the-edge-of-parady humour. Southern Death Cult are a rock band...There's absolutely nothing wrong with being a rock band, but don't accuse them of being a vanguard.

Don Watson

LIVE!

BIG COUNTRY

London The Venue

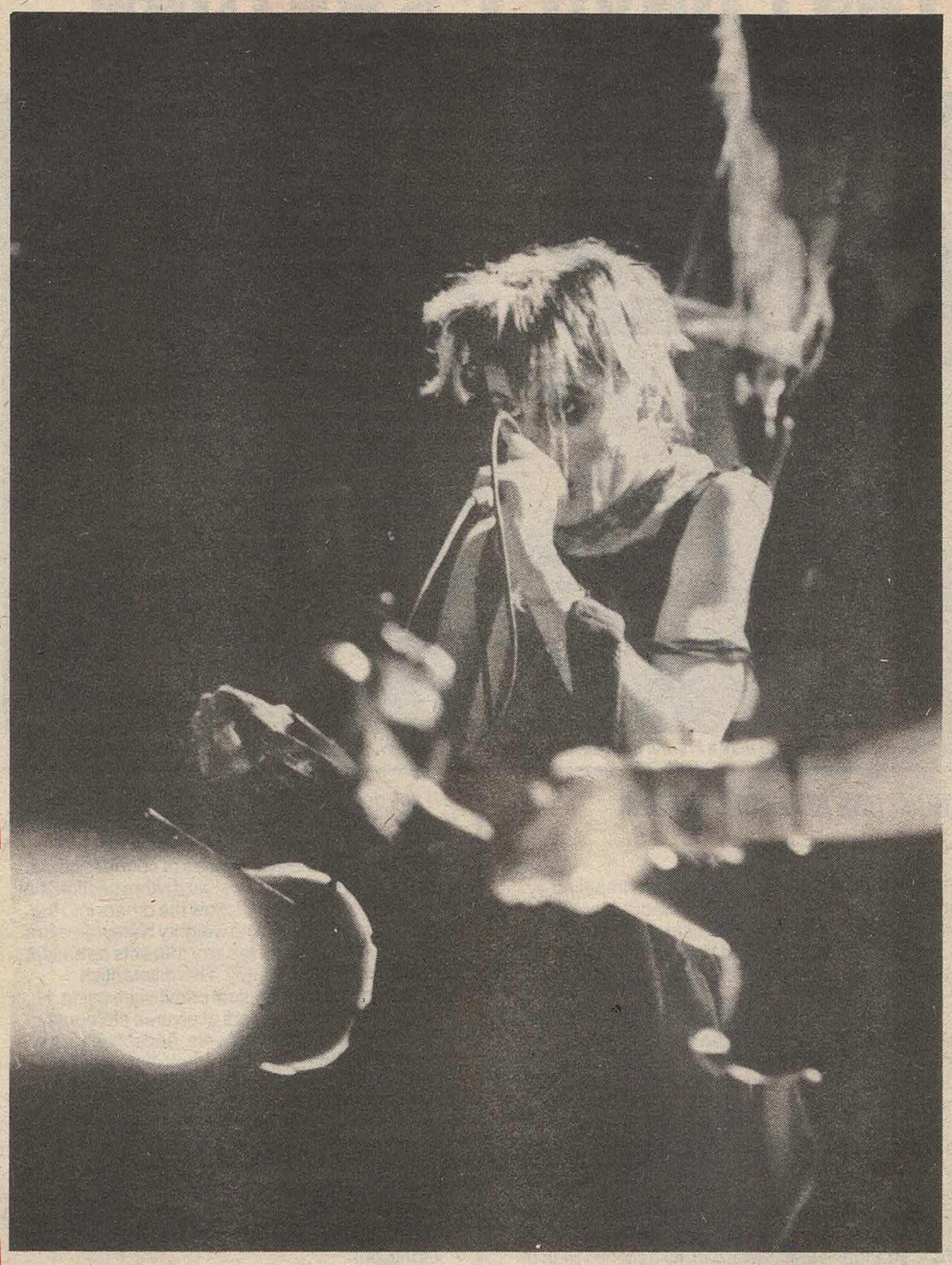
I HAPPENED to see a Big Country gig some months ago in Glasgow where a huge crowd deservedly worshipped them from the moment they came on stage right through to second and third encores. I was impressed too, by solid drumming, fluid bass and edgy discordant guitars that burst in from nowhere giving the sound a Celtic leaning which in turn provided an extra rough edge. The atmosphere was electric and very exciting.

Tonight in the Venue, though, the story is different. Big Country start out steadily enough playing well and receiving a good response to obvious favourites; 'Harvest Home' their single which had a brief flirtation with the bottom end of the charts last year, and 'Close Action' with its deliberate beat and strong hook. But vocalist/guitarist Stuart Adamson (formerly of The Skids) looked unsettled and his combined efforts with guitarist Bruce Watson were inaudible, leaving a gaping hole in the overall sound.

By the time they got to 'Balcony', a slow eerie number showing Adamson's rich strong voice to its best advantage, the absence of the scratchy nervous guitar work, which would have re-captured the now waning attention of the audience, was all too evident.

From then onwards things went gradually downhill, letting up sufficiently during a rousing rendition of 'Heart and Soul' to enable the band to return for encores, but when they had finally left the stage, all I felt was disappointment.

Regine Moylett



Death Cult — Pic: Lawrence Watson

THE HUMAN LEAGUE
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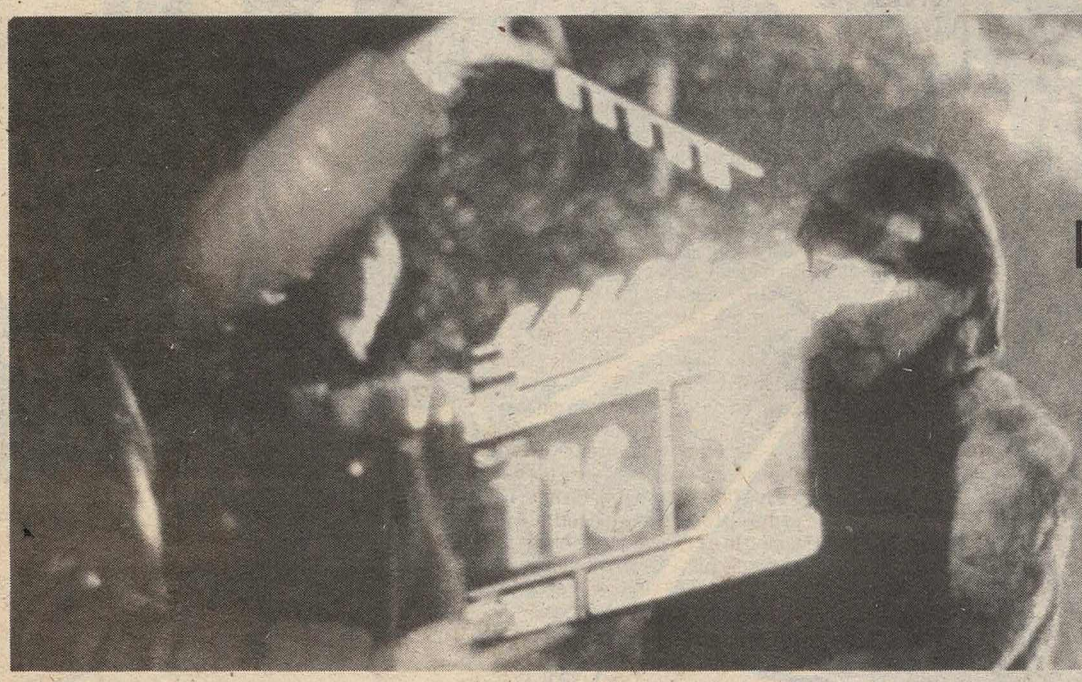

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THE CONVICT'S RETURN

More Aussies lob in — Chris Bohn takes a tumble to the latest reffos H And C.

Australian person trying to play a French horn upside down and without blowing into it. ***Piccos: Bleddyn Butcher***

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS

London The Venue

BRITONS, SUCK on Australian rock! Impelled by the twin frenzies of a desperate media search for virgin territories and a deep mistrust of the choreographed stupidity of home movements, the mob turns up hungry and inquisitive for Melbourne's Hunters And Collectors.

If they were expecting more of the Molly-coddled stereotypes reinforced by the sodden idiot introducting *The Tube's* down under special with an ugly, inane patriotic composite of blood, beer and sand, they were gladly disappointed.

Hunters And Collectors instead share the predilection of more sensitive countrymen (c.f. *Mad ! Max*) for a technicolor expressionism that goes way beyond the suffocating grasp of the balls'n'surf breakers looking to ride in on this latest wave. That much has already been made clear by their 'Talking To A Stranger' video, what with its delirious rush of muddy earthern imagery.

Their debut is immediately impressive. A giant backgrop of grotesque distortions of pop art — more ham than Bacon, but no matter — is a vividly accurate hint of the livid gashes of sound to come. They're arranged round a stoic rhythm section that resists all temptations to follow the others into the wilderness. Maybe it's the weighty boiler the extra percussionist is forced to carry that acts as ballast against any flights of fancy. This dilletantish embracing of post-industrial primitivism aside, H And C are efficient jugglers of diverse elements.

In rediscovering Kevin Ayers' deceptively lazy guitar spirals, they've found a hole through the funked up fug inadvertently instigated by The Talking Heads. H And C's guitars chime gloriously, swing and sway absurdly but powerfully enough to withstand the genuine chill conjured up by the electronics operator. Personally, my scepticism melted when three unlikely looking horn players stumbled onstage in the middle of one number to blow something resembling Taps.

Lights out.

Chris Bohn

THE BLUEBELLS

Liverpool Dingwalls

I'VE HAD a soft spot for these cheery young Scottish scallies since they played an effervescent support to Haircut last year and almost succeeded in charming the fringes off a thousand teeny Scouse heads. Massive Number Ones and Bluebell mania seemed only a lucrative recording contract away. Unfortunately the debut single 'Forevermore' lacked the brash irresistible frothyness of their live set, and 'Cath', while being an enormous improvement, doesn't seem to be the one to take them to the top of the sloppy thirty.

But thankfully there's no sign of the Bluebell bubble bursting. To a mere handful of people (sadly Liverpool can't support another venue, especially one that charges 80p a pint) they twanged, crooned and fooled their way through some of the best tunes you'll hear all year. Yeh, so it's very sixties, but there's surprising depth and hardness to the sound that only adds to the bubbly attraction of their compelling hooks and soaring choruses.

You can't keep a good tune down and these Blueboys produce a whole sack full of 'em, as they neatly avoid the accusations of tweeness levelled at fellow Scot popsters Orange Juice and Altered Images. Poor Edwyn must cry himself to sleep, and rue the day he helped these pop geniuses get underway.

All this, and they seem like real *nice*, fun boys too. Vocalist Ken Mclusky, who's a ringer for mouldy old Roller Les McKeown, confesses himself 'mortified' about his messed up hair, but the girls swoon anyway. It's just a shame Bobby Bluebell (guitar and vocals) looks like a stray Ramone.

The Bluebells are still among the ones to watch and hopefully they'll soon be bringing some welcome warmth and sparkle back to a chart bogged down in electro pop sterility.

Kev Mc

POLECATS

London The Venue

THIS WAS embarrassing. What's left of The Polecats' share of the 1980 'billy boom clustered faithfully, but barely flicked a quiff or ponytail at the band's increasingly desperate antics. Meanwhile, across the Great Divide, the Stray Cats are regarded as the proverbial feline's nightwear. How come Brian Setzer and his mob are cleaning up when The Polecats are falling victim to the apathy of an inevitably diminishing audience? What went wrong?

Lack of good *chewns* for one thing. Most of their songs are one-dimensional, mechanical and utterly dreary. Of the remainder, 'John (I'm Only Dancing)' is unimaginatively translated into The Polecats' semi-revivalist format. However, it's a useful pointer to the singer's antecedents. In the grand old tradition of the Marquee, he's elaborated a style embodying the more hackneyed trademarks of Jagger, Bowie and Rotten.

Otherwise, the rhythm section cook up an unrelieved sub-Ants Burundibilly chug, and the lead guitarist gets in his two cents of twang. Scotty Moore deserves better than *his* feeble homage.

Of the other songs I can remember, 'Lady Medusa' is the sort of horror novelty The Cramps would have rejected as sub-standard. 'Make a Circuit With Me' updated the old girl-car nexus to comparing my baby to oscillators and transistors and all that. You can tell I'm clutching at straws here...

And depressingly ironic was 'Marie Celeste'. Great Unsolved Mysteries — whatever *did* happen to The Polecats?

Mat Snow

THE AU PAIRS

Liverpool Club Fiasco

"FOUR GREENHAM Gals go round the outside..." and what a mercy it was to behold the ranks of feather cuts, Martens and boiler suits — a welcome antidote to the Shiny sickness currently gripping the nations weenies, the most undiscerning record-buying public ever. Give 'em a smear of lip gloss, a steradent smile, a CRIMINAL barnet, and they go bananas. Kajagoogoo at no.1 is an abomination — flabbergasting. The least we could expect from The Au Pairs in such a climate was a firm commitment to petulance, realism, tasteless clothing — a bit of *politics*.

So what did we get? Nothing at all, at all, at all. Nothing that is, except a group that would be shiny. Knocking on acceptability's door, they seemed incapable of deciding which key would unlock it. Should it be Bristol funk? New Rock? Or....*Powerpop*? The indecisiveness showed as they struggled through a depthless set. They jangled where they should jar, soothed where they once spat. Some of the newer songs — 'Intact', 'Don't Lie Back', 'America' — showed traces of the old gall, but the lasting impression was of a band striving for a winning sound, but sounding desperately normal.

It was a couple of Auld Pearls that went a long way towards slaking the eager "How *dare* you!" contingent — the hacksaw 'Diet' and 'It's Obvious', genuinely moving, robustly delivered. A bad sign, though, when the mob are shouting for oldies two songs into the set.

For the lingering old faithfuls, The Au Pairs were a disappointment. Who now to knock some bollocks back into today's clean, cowardly music? Oh! for a cement mixer full of dung to smother upon them all.

Sammy

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REFRESHING DEPRESSION

RICHARD HELL AND THE VOIDOIDS

The Lyceum

I CAN'T help but laugh at the way so many rock writers hide out in their privileges (free access, free records) as if these constituted some unbreachable bunker of *ipso facto* cool. How often do they take to pondering with 'critical seriousness' the effect some seminal performer's latest gig is supposed to have on that awe lugged into the event by his idolatrous adherents, rather than laying their own estimate on the line. Jeez! Sunday evening or no, ANY time I trek out to some niterie and feel the lights dimming, *I* want *something* delivered. As the lights go down at the Lyceum on two-thirds of a sub-Artic house, a familiar Faulknerian larynx lurches into one of its sporadic encounters with the front microphone long enough to drawl, "Hi, we're the Beatles" and the lights leap up on a short spurt of sheer Hell.

By number no. two — 'Blank Generation'; in public terms, sheer Hell has ever been 40% genius and 60% salesmanship — it is quite apparent that these 'Voidoids' had but recently met Richard and t'wasn't exactly Destiny Street. This is clarified for onlookers when Hell takes a swing at his lead guitarist's headband, leaving the poor fellow almost on his ass for a few awkward moments. But it hardly needs stating that the Richard Meyers' schtick has never included anything as stable as consistency, let alone polish.

Undeniably, though, there is present not just the stuff of which the later-maligned punk was invented, but also the essence to which every punk 'movement' aspires: passion. As a frontman Hell's feeling is still a-boil, coiled like a spring which bursts outwards — full-tilt, all-out and often unpredictably shambolic. (His English audience would fail to decipher Kentucky dipthongs delivered at such velocity anyway, but Hell is also out of breath for the first three rockers and rarely within range of his mike for far too much of the evenings.)

I'd contend the above are unfortunate, because by number no. four *(his ballad 'Time') Hell is in good voice for stuff like "The most a man can do is say the way explaining feels / And know he only knows as much as time to him reveals".* He pays no heed to the hack nature of his backing (Jeff Freeman and Michael Paumgardhen on guitars, Chuck Wood on drums and his own 'oh-yes-it's-*this*-encumbering-my-neck' bass playing). And, although I wouldn't quite agree with Robert Palmer that Hell writes "rock poetry as compact and crystal-clear as the songs of Smokey Robinson and Chuck Berry," I think some of his repertoire's pretty damn good. Of that latter category, we get 'Blank Generation', 'Downtown At Dawn', 'The Kid With The Replaceable Head', 'Walking On The Water', 'Ignore That Door' and 'Love Comes In Spurts'.

Band or *no band,* too, there are these interesting arguments breaking out all over the floor between couples attending together. The boys have definite irritation in their tone and real glints behind their glances; I hear the words 'scumbag' and 'old' repeated a few times. The ladies and many of the nouveau vague (ie non-tribally dressed) speak more in terms of 'charisma'.

Such communal / marital wranglings can be heard later all the way out into and along the street. But I'm not sure these folks hear Hell introduce 'Lowest Common Denominator' with a cursory "Leather's only skin you know, so . . ."; nor, I expect, do they all know the searing little rhyme scheme which renders 'Downtown At Dawn' so *perversely* catchy. *("The drop out disco offers / Love so undisguised / That you can just get all / Decivilised . . . That you can best escape by droppin' out / Downtown at dawn / Where the fallen / Are callin'.")*

But then that's hardly their problem — it's Hell's. And his dilemma of having only half a story to tell will persist until he reconciles his passion with some concrete rationale for its existence — one in which he himself believes. To paraphrase Albert Ellis (The Institute of Rational Living, 45 E 65 St, New York 10021 USA; cassette $7.50), no one can *refreshen depression and make it his friend* with the same feeling or — yes! — charisma as Richard Hell. But these are modern times and the real modern guy is gonna be the one who fills *in* the blank, who fuses a collective fire under all our asses.

A fire something, perhaps, like the barn-burning live intensity displayed by tonight's closer, 'Ignore That Door'. After all, love has been known to come in spurts. And for now, Hell's half-life seems as inexplicably radiant and stubbornly enduring as that of a splintered atom.

Cynthia Rose

BOYS WILL BE TOYS

FAD GADGET

London The Venue

An amusing invention. It walks, talks and even cries. And the packaging is faultless.

A trio of throaty, decorative backing singers and a functional, if predictable, band veil the shiny new commodity. Fold back the wrapping to reveal — the Fad Gadget doll made from real plastic.

It even looks human. This toy displays a range of tricks that would turn Action Man as green as his combat suit. One moment it demonstrates the limp flexibility of a puppet, and the next it struts around the stage with the military precision of a clockwork mouse. At times it adopts tormented, threatrical postures with the frenzied energy of a thespian on speed. At one vivid point, the doll pulls two spray cans from baggy trousers in a hideous pardody of Heavy Metal Heroes and sprays itself with foam.

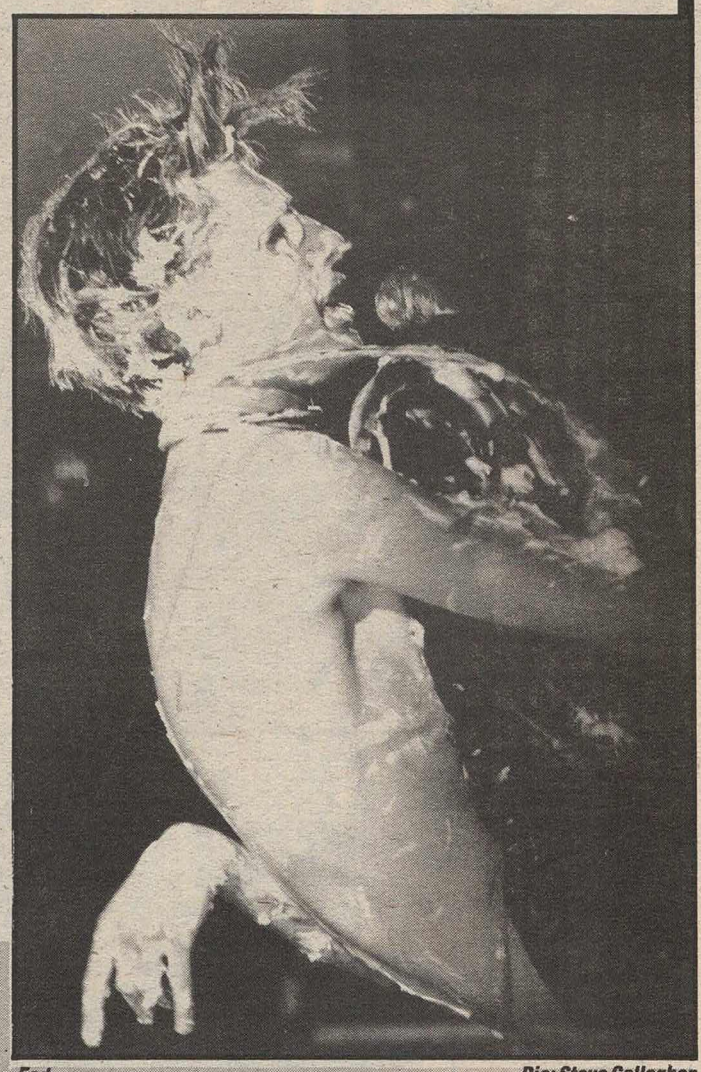
With a gesture verging on spontaneity, the ragged creature hurls itself into the audience and stares out with mad eyes. The crowd smiles indulgently. How can a mechanical toy threaten?

Its visual antics could keep one absorbed for hours. Someone informs me it can even sing. Must admit I was too busy watching the trickery to take much notice, although I seem to remember the mouth contorting. The wonders of modern technology never cease to amaze...

I thought about buying one, but these new-fangled gimmicks lose their attraction pretty quickly. What seems exciting and innovative at first glance becomes tiresome when its limits are exposed. This toy will quickly be dumped in favour of the next product to hit the market.

Just another passing Fad.

Jas Bancil



Fad **Pic: Steve Callaghan**

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RALPH MACDONALD **PERCUSSION**

Ralph MacDonald admits to being described as the number one percussionist in America. Who would doubt the choice of Quincy Jones, David Bowie, or even fellow bashers like Harvey Mason and Bernard Purdie? He also keeps himself busy with songwriting, production, and running a publishing company and recording studio, and this summer releases a collaborative LP with Steve Gadd. "Music is very, very simple," he explains. "People make it hard."

WORKERS' PLAYtime

INTERVIEW: TONY BACON

"I've been playing since I was about five years old, maybe 30 years. My father was a musician, a drummer, in New York and my mother was from the Caribbean, they were British subjects. They went to America and I was born in New York. I had eight uncles who were all drummers, so there was nothing unusual in me playing percussion. Everybody in the family did.

I'm a creative percussionist — generally when people call me I'm considered a specialist. I listen to the music and fit in what I think should go there, I'm not like the normal percussionist who comes in, shake-shake-shake, boom-boom-boom. I try to deal more with music. As a songwriter also, I tend to look at the music differently than a normal percussionist would.

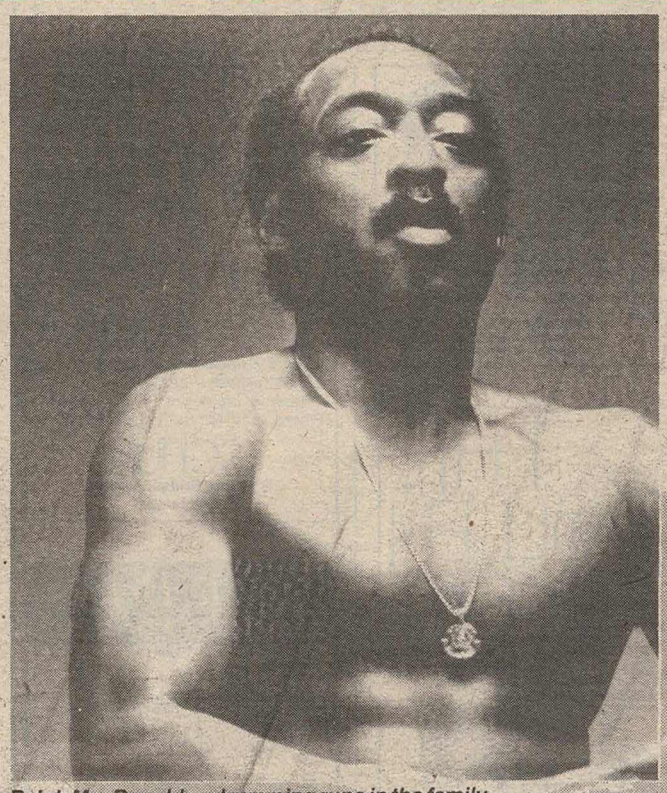
There's no basic set-up I use, it depends on what the music dictates. I play Latin Percussion conga drums, and mostly Latin Percussion instruments. LP make, I think, some of the finer things in percussion, although you can go round and find various instruments from different places. But for what I do — record dates, production, commercials — I find Latin Percussion very good. When I get a call they'll say bring your conga drums and your Latin Percussion kit, what I call the bag of toys. That consists of whatever's in the bag, all kinds: agogo bells, tambourines, cow-bells, woodblocks, African castanets, cabasas, maraccas, guiros, bells, chimes — basically, anything that makes a sound is a percussion instrument to me.

I know guys in California, they have eight or nine big trunks of percussion instruments. And they end up wanting to use a tiny little bell, because that's what the music dictates. A lot of these guys have an attitude *because* they have all this stuff, and to make sense of them carrying it all they want to use it. That's got nothing to do with music or why you're actually there, and that's the problem with many percussionists who think you've got to acquire a whole lot of stuff.

When you get to the position I am in, people come to you with instruments. Even Latin Percussion will make something and send it to me, ask me what I think about it, how it can be improved. People have no idea how these instruments come about — the guy who makes them sends them to me.

Take a cow-bell. Now there's certain metals in that cow-bell, and ten years ago they were different. Consequently the sound is different. The world is glutted with wars, this and that country with oil, energy . . . they're changing these formulas because something isn't available any more, or this is too expensive. So they have to use substitute materials, and every time they do that the sound changes. When I get a new instrument and hit I say, 'Man, *what* . . .?

There's a lot of new instruments that come up, nothing that takes anybody by storm. It depends on what part of the world you come from — I like a lot of ethnic instruments, instruments you may only find in certain areas of the world, and when you find that kind of thing and can introduce it into another kind of music . . . Music is the only international language that we have, it's a form of communication all over the world. I tend not to try to categorise or limit — you can't do that with music. People do it all the time with each other, and governments and countries, but music, I don't care where you go, when I play there's communication. That's what it's about.



Ralph MacDonald — drumming runs in the family

I don't know if my playing has changed — I think it's a matter of how you relate to the music, you know? Again, I'm a creative percussionist, so I'm constantly creating something different all the time, there's no set pattern. At the same time it's not abstract stuff, you're still working from some kind of base.

The only thing that's really changed in percussion is the electrified stuff — it's all right. I like electronic instruments if the music dictates it. I don't like it when it's just for the sake that it's electrified. I have a pair of Syndrums and stuff like that, and if the music calls for it I'll use it.

In America, kids'll say, 'What can you tell me that'll help me get into the business, I wanna do what you do'. In New York, where I live, there's 30,000 musicians in the local union, just in New York City. Out of 30,000, you know how many do records and commercials and movies? Two hundred! You have better chances of being a doctor, a lawyer . . . so you have to realise that to get to this position you have to be very serious about what you're trying to do.

It takes time. I find a lot of musicians want to start high up and go right to the top. It doesn't work like that. I've been playing professionally for 22 years to get where I am. And I tell kids you're probably even better than I was, so maybe it'll take you ten, 11.

I'd just like to tell younger players to keep their minds open, open, open to music. I find a lot of people'll say oh, I don't like this or that kind of music. You can't do that. Keep an open mind and listen to all kinds of music as much as you can, and don't try to form yourself into one corner, because if you specialise in one kind of thing, when that thing is over and done what you gonna do?

I consider myself a musician, meaning that I can go anywhere in the world with another group of musicians and play music. That's how I like to consider myself. I find that if you can't do that, you're not really a musician.

MACDONALD MENTIONS

Musical tuition: "I never studied percussion in school — I probably had more study just being around my family. I'd travel about with my father's 14-piece orchestra."

Favourite percussionist: "Armando Peraza, plays in Santana, he's *fantastic*. I can't say enough. I admire him to the utmost."

Favourite studio: "My own, Rosebud Recording. I've recorded Grover Washington Jr, Roberta Flack there, my album 'The Path', stuff like that. I kind of like my own little place."

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P3274 WINGS
P3131 BEATLES
P3198 E.L.O.
P3190 ABBA
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TA1018 ANGUS YOUNG
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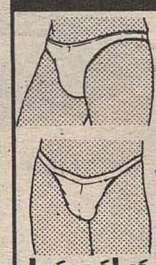

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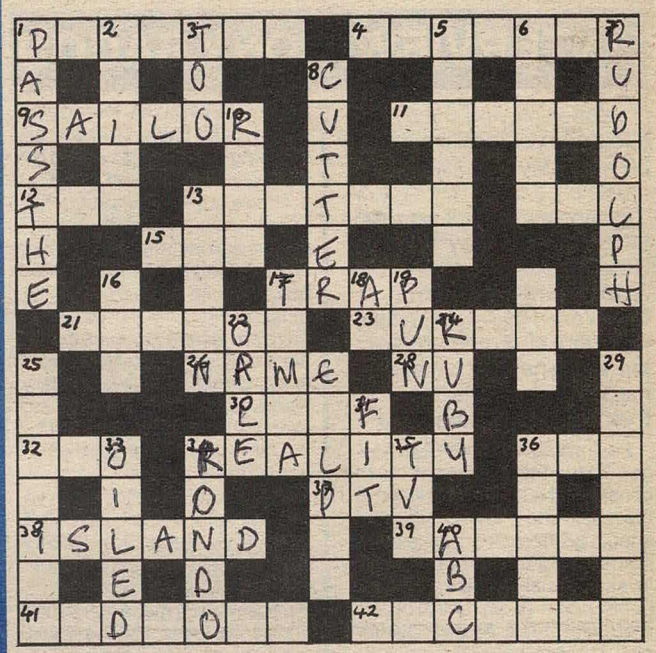

Compiled by **MICHELE NOACH**

CLUES ACROSS

1. and 29D. A real deceased presidents' disaster. (7,7)
4. A striking band who go flying. (7)
9. Maritime group who celebrated wine and women. In separate songs. (6)
11. The Beatles, my dear. (6)
12. As opposed to skin or punk, f'rinstance. (3)
13. One of GBH's prerequisites. (7)
14. Starship's octopus should have been on cherry. (3)
15. Kerouac's paradisical character is now solo, classically. (3)
17. The Rat's snare. (4)
21. African band from the jazz era? (6)
23. Comebacks are not the password for this chap. (6)
26. H17 didn't have one for their song, but Abba did for their game. (4)
28. Gary recycled man. (2)
30. Symbol at start of stave. (4)
32. It's a really simple operation guessing this label. (1,1,1)
34. If you're going to run riot in a psychiatric hospital this is the ward to head for. (7)
36. Wonder at the fact that he's not just a duke. (3)
37. What has happened to T.G.s offspring, surely not just drifting? (1,1,1)
38. How many bands have been palmed off with this record company? (6)
39. Where Hendrix found his Spanish magic. (6)
41. Time Out man, Petit's on the road type film. Except that it never really got that far. (5,2)
42. What Sugar Minott ain't got. (7)

CLUES DOWN

1. She taps Dutchie, but that's not right. (4,3)
2. What sort of hush for Karen. (1,4)
3. The bed's a little big without you. (3)
5. Furniture absent from Wire's vinyl. (6)
6. Stage instructions for K. (5)
7. Hess Ballet company. (7)
8. Snip snip from Echo. (6)
10. It's real by XTC. (4)
13. The Quarter where Cabaret Futura used to live. (5)
16. Coleman, of rushing off to Iceland for nothing fame. (3)
17. One half of the greatest soul partnership ever formed. (5)
18. Initials of designer who dresses many including Ferry. (1,1)
19. Play on words. (3)
20. Fosters at work. (3)
22. Singular of where Queen or Groucho might spend the day. (4)
24. Goodbye to Tuesday's little gem. (4)
25. Toyah doesn't go to Brighton to get her rock. (7)
27. Townshend project doomed. (3,3)
29. See 1 across.
31. Tight embarrassment. (3)
33. Drop a letter from early Human League 45 to get well greased. (5)
34. A blue Brubeck steal. (5)
35. David's channel 15. Always ahead of his time. (1,1,1)
36. Is it just coincidence that the Moody Blues sheets are an anagram of stain? (5)
40. The simplest lexicon. (1,1,1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Steppenwolf, 6 Fat Man, 9 Isn't She Lovely, 10 Room, 11 Both Ends (Burning), 12 Party (Party), 16 If I Can Dream, 17 Year Of (The Cat), 19 GBH, 20 Clair, 21 I'm A (Believer), 23 Party, 25 Eva, 28 Gregory Isaacs, 31 Beat, 32 Third, 33 Anne, 34 Burning, 37 WEA, 38 Weir, 39 Stiff, 40 Hell, 41 Ghost (Town), 42 Freed.

DOWN: 1 Shipbuilding, 2 Einstein (A-Go-Go), 3 Pissed And Proud, 4 Wall Street (Shuffle), 5 Love (Song), 6 Fay (Ray), 7 Terry Hall, 8 A Go Go, 13 Ray, 14 Gang, 15 A Forest, 18+20 The Cat, 22 American (Girl), 24 Ray Davies, 26 Jam, 27 Believer, 35 29 Song, 30 Shuffle, 32 Town, 35 Girl, 36 Star, 38 Wah.

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PALIN

FROM PAGE 25

complete world; traced, in this case, in the dark images of the meagre natural light of a gas-lit era (the work of lighting cameraman Peter Hannan). What is startlingly different about the film, though, is the depth of characterisation — it's certainly a long way from the ground covered by Python.

"Yes, Python always steered clear of emotion, certainly of emotion between a man and a woman, because it wasn't really an area that we were into — we dealt more with caricatures. This time I wanted to make a film about real people."

I got the impression, watching the film, that Palin identified with Charles Fortescue, the unconventional missionary of the title, a great deal more than with any of his previous creations.

"The thing that I quite liked about Fortescue is ... well, I wanted to make him reasonably direct and honest and not particularly attached to one group — the sort of man who, in the nicest possible way, questions all possible conventions."

One of the outstanding features of the film is the performance of Maggie Smith as the errant aristocrat Lady Ames. What was it like for Palin to act opposite her?

"Well, it was first of all quite daunting, because she is so competent and so skilful, that there's not a lot of room for error. You've got to be concentrating very hard. There was the feeling that there was so much coming off her, that really you just had to be there giving all you had, and a little bit more, to make the scene work."

Did he find he was behaving more like a serious actor then?

"No, not really — there was quite a lot of silliness went on, but it wasn't like Python films where sometimes the less restraints you had the better. In this I had to remember that I was playing what, I hoped, would come out on the screen as a fully rounded character, well balanced, well judged and well created, so yes — that was quite hard work.

"I had to remember that I was trying to convince the audience that this man was doing something for a reason, that he wasn't just the butt of other people's jokes. He's going through life with the strongest possible motives, and he must appear on screen to believe in them, and the audience must believe that he believes in them. Only then will it work.

"So every time I had to resist the temptation to play a caricature. You had to get beneath the usual Python approach and begin to bring layers off that were baring one's soul a little bit more."

Finally, after years of heavy workloads, having moved straight from *The Missionary* to the new Monty Python film, *The Meaning Of Life*, is Palin going to take a rest now?

"No, not really," is the simple answer, "You see, in a sense, each job you do affects the next one, so I want people to read the kids' book and I want to hear what they think of it. I want to hear what people think of *The Missionary* so that I'll know whether to do another film on my own of the same sort.

"The new Python film was so enjoyable and so successful to do, from my point of view, that I think there probably will be another Python film. Basically, though, I'm just sort of waiting, and there are various things I might do. I might do a film with Terry Jones — we've discussed doing that for a long time. I might do another film on my own. Just as long as I do something which I don't know about at the moment — that's what's the fun of it.

"I might do a documentary on the North Pole. I don't want to get settled — I just want to keep on changing."

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing from a semi-frequency — I fought with my twin an *NME* within 'til both of us fell by the way. . .a continuing Saga! A triple box set of "48 reggae classics of the '70s" comprises 'The Trojan Story — Volume 2', from early I Roy's 'Musical Pleasure' to Barry Brown's 'Mr CID' via contributions by Delroy Wilson, Little Roy, Dennis Alcapone, Alton Ellis, Big Youth and others. . .**horseplaying disease is killing me by degrees, while the Law looks the other way**. . .also new on Trojan is the Reggae George album previously spoken of to this STATION by producer Prince Far I, a nine track effort entitled 'Mix Up' and including the single 'Stop Push The Fire'. . .**your partners in crime hit me up for nickles and dimes**. . .on their own People Unite label Southall rockers Misty bring forth their third album 'Earth', recorded in West Germany. Changes of personnel in the group following their nine month tour of Zimbabwe and Zambia include Delford Brisco on keyboards, Laurence Crossfield on lead guitar and original keyboards Joe Brown switching to drums. . .**the man you were loving could never get clean**. . .an alliance of reggae and rock styles is the New York singer Snuky Tate's 'Babylon Under Pressure' set co-produced with Chris Stein for his Animal label via Chrysalis. Tate tackles Smokey Robinson's 'My Girl' and Jim Morrison's 'Light My Fire' among ten titles. . .**it felt out of place, my foot in his face, but he should have stayed where his money was clean**. . .duo Gladstone Grant and Vernon Buckley as The Mighty Maytones feature on 'The Best Of. . .' on the Burning Sounds imprint by way of CSA, a compilation set of six sides apiece from the group's pair of LPs for the label in the '70s 'Madness' and 'Boat To Zion'. . .**I been into the roots of forbidden fruits with the juice running down my leg**. . .a new Samantha Rose album produced by Winston Curtis and Les Cliff for 'Together In Love' is released on World International of Stoke Newington. . .**and I've dealt with your boss, who's never known about loss, who always was too proud to beg**. . . pair of titles issued on Classic Cha Cha dispense Sonia Ferguson, 'Natural Women' c/w Wild Bunch, 'Make Me' and Sam Hinds, 'Walk Away' c/w Wild Bunch, 'Runaway' — with arrangements on both courtesey W Lindo, F Waul and Cha Cha. . .

★ ★ ★

THERE'S A WHITE DIAMOND GLOOM on the dark side of this room and a pathway that leads up to the stars. . .at the Moonshine Arts Centre, Harrow Road, NW10 on Friday — 7pm to 11 — is a programme featuring Ras Michael and the Brent Black Music Co-op's Ready Squad with sounds by Prince Tubbs Hi Fi. Adm: £1. . .**if you don't believe there's a price for this sweet paradise just remind me to show you the scars**. . .similarly, the following night at Hill Top Community Centre, Stonebridge Park, NW10 — 8pm to 2am — features Ras Michael and the Brent Black Music Co-op's Ready Squad, Undivided Roots, Crucial Recruit and cultural dancers. Sounds by Fat Man Hi-Fi. Adm: £3. . .**there's a new day of dawn and it's finally arrived**. . .live onstage at Lancaster Hall, Lancaster Road, W11 on Saturday is Wisdom supported by Diamonds. 8pm till late. Adm: £2. . .**if I'm ready in the morning baby you know I've survived**. . .also on Saturday, Yardy, Crissus & Mikey present a nite of raving at Kelvidan Hall, Kelvidan Road, SW6. . .**I can't believe it, I can't believe I'm alive**. . .and on the same night at Michael Sobell Sports Centre, Hornsey Road, N7 is a Fashion Show and Dance from 7pm to 1am. Admission by ticket from the Caribbean Development Foundation. Tel: 01-802 2825. . .**but without you it doesn't seem right**. . .on Sunday evening at the Tabernacle, Powis Square, W11 — 4pm to 10 — jump-up with Ebony Steel Band plus Shadow sound. Food and bar. £1 at the door. . .**oh, where are you tonight?**. . .and at the Ace in Town Hall Parade, Brixton Hill this Monday — 7pm to 11.30 — direct from J A Tapper Zukie supported by The Alarm and sounds by Nasty Rockers. . .**One Love**. . .

Alton Ellis: wise bird.

THE NARROWS WAY

BROOKLYN regge label Narrows has now set up distribution outlet in the UK. Current discomix on the label is the latest of several **Alton Ellis** versions of his Spring Ditty 'Wise Bird', **Little Roy** with 'Swing Song', **The Voice Royce's** demanding 'Justice', **Sammy Levy** and **Ranking Carl** pleading 'Special Kind Of Love' — all titles produced by Narrows president Barrington Bailey and mixed by Bunny Tom Tom.

In addition is a Stereo Fletcher production for **Thomas Whyte's** 'Ivory Girl' delineation and also **Enforcer,** 'Her Eyes' c/w **Eleta Homer,** 'Never Gonna Let You Go', produced by Castro Brown.

On slate is a four track showcase featuring toaster **U Brown** with 'Rolling Reggae Rockers', plus dub cuts of each and a Don Mais production with the Roots Tradition party on a rhythm reprise for **Phillip Frazer,** 'Never Let You Go' c/w **Ranking Toyan** accompanied by **Sammy Dread** invigorating 'Tracks And Sacks'.

REGGAE RUNNINGS

Sunday Step

EVERY Sunday at the Blanche Neville Youth Centre, 30 Philip Lane, Tottenham, N17 — from 7pm till 11.30 — featuring **Fatman Hi Power** with **Mikey Printo** at the turntables and **Raymond Naptali** & **Yabby Youth** at the controls plus **Seven Warriors** number one entertainer plus prizes and surprises.

Also every Sunday at Willows, 240 Amhurst Road, Stoke Newington, N16 — from 7pm to 11.30 — in tune to **Sir George.** Girls free before 8.30pm.

And every Sunday night — 9pm until 3am — is a raver's paradise in the champagne rooms and restaurant of Hackney's All Nations Club, Martello Road with Music by **Casual Affair.** Raffle.

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

FURTHER ON U sounds are manifest from the Adrian Sherwood production unit with release this week of an album apiece from New Age Steppers and The London Underground.

Powered by the drums of Radics mainman Style Scott and showcasing lead vocals shared between former Slits singer Ari and the man from Chancery Lane Bim Sherman, New Age Steppers collate nine titles for Foundation Steppers (ON-U LP 21), with Sherman lending his distinctive voice to a quartet of self-composed songs 'Vice Of My Enemies', 'Memories', 'Misplaced Love' and 'Dreamers', while Ari supplements on two tracks recorded in Jamaica 'Some Love' and Koeher-Arlen's 'Stormy Weather'. Instrumentals 'Stabilizer', '5 Dog Race' and the brief "Chinese" dub 'Mandarin' make up the remainder of the set, while additional musicianship is provided by a host of sessioneers including Bonjo I and Eskimo (percussion), Flabba Holt, Crucial Tony and George Oban taking turns on bass, horns from Vin Gordon and Bammy, plus Kishi interspersing Chinese flute accompaniment.

Stylee Scott. Pic Kishi Yamamoto.

UK quintet The London Underground's effort is entitled 'At Home With. . .' (ON-U LP 22) and features adaptation of Bob Andy's 'You Don't Know' plus original reflection on 'Ridley Road', 'Moving Mountains' and 'Great Expectations' among its eight tracks.

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BAG O' NOTES

Don Watson conducts as readers blow their trumpets

I've just finished reading "A Series of Shock Slogans and Mindless Token Tantrums", which your paper reviewed (5.2.83).

Today I read Richard North's article on "Punk Warriors". He describes, or rather dismisses, Crass as a stark, bleak Oliver Cromwell new model army, who have sense but no sensuality. I wish that Richard would have more sense of priority or at least realise that sense and sensuality can only co-exist, or are we trying for another Glam/Punk rock revival?

Sandy, London W14.

Kensington? Bet it's really tough at the barricades in Kensington. — DW.

With reference to your article 'Crass Launch a Peace Offensive' (January 29): it's not very kind of you to give publicity to the megalomaniacal ravings of 'Penny Rimbaud': doing so only fuels his delusion of omnipotence.

From this last gratuitous and absurdly arrogant diatribe it appears that he already believes that his voice is of such consequence — (Christ? His Album?) — that he has the right to deliver down to us lesser mortals what he clearly thinks is a well-deserved and stern rebuke. We have been concentrating on "shallow fun and cretinous escapism" (instead of listening to his Word): tut, tut, it seems that we have done those things we ought not to have done.

Alas for the would-be Patriarch, his is the cretinous, though sad, retreat into escapism since it really does appear that he has managed to convince himself that his ability to maintain a despotic influence in the defended citadel which is his own little area of activity gives him his Own Given Right to berate, like some hell-fire preacher, those of us who still live in the real world.

And he has certainly not done those things he ought to have done if he wants to assume the mantle of the saviour. This prophet of doom has for years refused all requests that his band should provide overt support for the Anti-Nuclear movement. The elitism inherent in his doctrine proscibes that he and his Family remain aloof from any involvement over which he cannot expect to excercise control. This is the guy, remember, who refused to support No-Nukes concerts and gave as his excuse that he thought the name was silly (and he runs a business called 'Crass'?) And if memory serves we have yet to see any mention of Crass in Cynthia Rose's long-running and comprehensive weekly coverage of the area of anti-nuclear protest.

I'm afraid for Mr. 'Rimbaud' that it's too late for him to begin acting as if he is the only human being who has sufficient breadth of understanding to comprehend the dangers of the modern world. What he might do, however, is to try, just once, to offer a positive suggestion as to how, in real terms, things might be changed for the better, Calling his beloved 'grey men' naughty names isn't quite enough. And when the house is already well alight we don't need graphic descriptions of the flames, or accounts of the horrors of death by burning: still less do we need po-faced lectures on the dangers of playing with matches.

If, as the Messiah of the Crass suggests, "it is our responsibility to warn of what is happening in the dangerous world", why does he persist in putting on the agony with his mindless flagellation?

Conrad S. Marlow, London SE27

Why indeed. Alas it seems that maintaining an attitude of misery is some people's idea of entertainment. Given the perfect society the likes of Crass would die off for the lack of something to complain about.

On no! Here comes another po-faced lecture. Deep breath. Ulp. — DW.

For some time now your paper has lost sight of itself as a cultural weapon, and the musical culture it now represents is as vacuous as anything or everything belonging to the pre-76 Rock mythology.

Pomposity and impermanence are the order of the day once again and political consciousness is a rearguard action, we assume it's THERE and understood, but we don't exhibit it. We have the Techno-hippy who cannot tear himself away from The Great Video Spectacle long enough even to pen letters to *Gasbag* of the 'More Zep, more Sabs' variety we abhorred so much. Performance is technically dead, especially in London where we have the DJ instead to jack us up with bad NYC smack, yet another middleman laughing all the way to the bank along with the Producer.

We have 'Hip' (we can drop the 'py' now) always gesticulating as 'alternative' no matter how mainstream its affectations happen to be, Shalamar LPs et al.

We just tear the arse out of our jeans now, if we were still hippies we'd patch them up again. There is nothing so vaguely interesting as a clash of styles (or what used to be called 'cults') to brighten up the scenery, all we have are degrees of the same thing.

And I have seen, from counter level, that those kids who bought Rough Trade singles and 'At Home He's A Tourist' on EMI are fanatically intent on consuming only the greatest inanities available like 'E.T. Boogie', 'The Smurf', 'Last Night A DJ Saved My Life' etcetera. Consciousness now spans 12 inches and nine minutes, cupboard culture with a shelf-life of two weeks.

Where is the sensuality, the intelligence and the wit that freed so many, or at least gave them access back to their own resources?

'The Message' — a classic record perhaps, but only within the context of 1982, the year of The Emperor's New Clothes. What The Five had to say was pretty bloody obvious to anyone with a scrap of sense, but in the constructed reality we have to trip over the obvious and bang our heads quite nastily to actually see the obvious. No great shucks, kids. Cowardice is the temperature of the times, there is no spite, no stance, not even any angst anymore, just the worst kind of superficiality — the kind that's so superficial we KNOW we're kidding ourselves with mass-marketed fake ethnicity and peasantry in dress. British youth has either never heard of or forgotten about its stylistic and revolutionary potential.

Even the excuses don't wash anymore. It's fine for Wham! to break-dance into unreality, throwing off glib, hollow cliches as they get nice fat royalty cheques from other peoples' unemployed misery. Choose to cruise? Now come on, whose choice?

Still there's always the time-honoured escape clause for one and all — 'We were only joking, it was all done in fun, yeah?'. 'Just obeying orders'. Seen.

Nobby, London SE13.

You sound as if someone was holding a gun to your head and forcing you to consume what you obviously find so abhorrent. Are you sitting around waiting for some alternative to drop into your lap from the domain of the Gods (or EMI)? —DW.

The level of complaints in the last *Gasbag (19/2/83)* ranged from petty to paranoid stupidity. Reading the allegations of Capitalism, Sexism, Record biz collusion and to cap it all anti-black racism by a black writer left me embarrassed and exasperated.

Embarrassed because I'm a regular reader and don't want you to get the impression that we are all left wing equivalents of McCarthy. It is Thatcher and *her* press we must fight, not *NME*. The *NME* is the only music paper that has a political/social conscience and not just a 'here is a pop-star, worship it' outlook.

It seems a fair number of your readers spend their entire lives looking for fascist plots behind every article whilst the Tories dismantle the country.

You do need criticism; sometimes you do piss me off and I'm too apathetic to write, so maybe it's the fault of people like me that *Gasbag* is full of concerned liberal shit.

All I'm trying to say is that there are readers who believe that the *NME* is at least trying to be something worthwhile. Keep treating the shit with the contempt it deserves.

Ian, Orpington, Kent.

Ian, old mate, you have single handedly restored my faith in the intelligence of our readers, nay my faith in the human race. Sniff! Thanks. Good Lord! More good sense follows. —DW.

As it was no surprise (it was obvious this time last year that they'd do a repeat in '83), I shouldn't moan too much about The Jam's domination of the poll. I'd just like to suggest a new category for the next poll, 'Best Defunct Act', for Jam zombies to take their aggressions out on, leaving other categories free for other groups. Another category might be 'Best Adjective to Describe The Jam' (my money's on 'honest' or 'committed').

If fan is short for fanatic, "person filled with excessive and mistaken enthusiasm" (OED), they'll be voting for them again next year.

I once liked The Jam, but experimentation was never their strong point, songs like 'Precious' were exploitations of an already popular alternative musical genre, and a bit late too. They just became very predictable after 'Setting Sons'.

Things like Paul Weller winning Best Dressed Male or Haircut of the Year make a mockery of the poll, as it shows that people aren't voting for each category on merit, but simply choosing their idols and blanket voting them.

Simon Witter, London.

Yeah, this Weller geezer is beginning to get on my nerves too — God.

Positive Punk? Punk was never about that and it ain't today. Punk was the voice of an angry generation rebelling, today it is still going at grassroots level, the youths are still angry but they are now working towards change. Your so called positive punks seem only to be interested in poncing themselves up and being the centre of attention at pop hypo-stars parties, they play at all the trendy places and as quick as they can they sell their souls to the first record company that comes along.

Most of the places they play the average kid in the street can't afford, and even if they could they wouldn't be let in because they aren't poncy enough.

So don't make me laugh, these punks are about as positive as the Nolan Sisters or Shakin' Stevens.

Joe a Socialist (New Regime), Derby.

Hold on Joe, this next one'll really have you in hysterics — DW.

I'm getting rather pissed off with the politics I find infesting your so-called music paper. What annoys me most is the bigoted idealism that your 'writers' indulge in.

Thatcher is, surprise, surprise, the total villain of your own world. Of course, the tragic level of unemployment in Great Britain is very sad, but something that your correspondents ignore is our now healthy inflation rate, which offers hope for a genuine fall in unemployment. Obviously your expertly-trained economic brains cannot understand this, as they are too busy looking for bandwagons to jump on.

Talking of bandwagons, your stance on nuclear matters is equally narrow-minded. What you omit in this case is the considerable, even overwhelming, evidence that comrade Andropov would like to do for the west what he's kindly done to Poland, Afghanistan, Soviet Jews and dissidents — obliterate their basic human rights.

Is *NME* a cowardly magazine giving their readers what they think they want to hear, or are they just stupid?

A Devoted Reader.

Dear me, the crosses we poor hacks have to bear, first we're jaded cynics, the next we're bigoted idealists. As for you, devoted reader, you're obviously more in touch with the beat of British politics than we are. I'm sure the coverage on French television is very good.

My opinion is you sound as if a portion of your brain has been removed and replaced with a chapter from the Conservative Party manifesto. Abuse of human rights isn't any Government's monopoly—DW.

Dear Gavin Martin, As it happens things are very well here in Sweden thanks, we have little reason to jump into fjords. I would say you have more reason to leap off the Cliffs of Dover in lemming procession if you compare your grim little lives back in Great (joke) Britain.

How can things get slow here if you take into account all the positive aspects of Scandinavian life.

Such as the High Education level, where most people speak three languages (how many English people barely speak one?) or the fact most Swedes know more about English (and World) history etc, than the average English Schooled Moron.

Or the best Social System in the World, add Medical to that and the fact people genuinely care about one another here.

The breathtaking beauty of the landscape, and that of the women folk (unlike the Plain, Dowdy, Boring English versions).

They have a wealth and affluence that England has never seen and it didn't come from Colonies either.

I can't speak for Oslo but Stockholm generates more positive energy and vitality in a day than that grey, lumbering, dull witted giant London does in nine years, and our night life is open to at least 3 if not more, gasp. Besides most people can afford to go out at least four times a week, and the transport runs all night.

If you compare just these few things to your : record unemployment, the ever present strikes, how's the water strike going?, no money, no jobs under Thatcher, rampant racism, Trident, the Falkland fiasco, the grim no-hope reality for '83, and England's Third World Country image outside the shores of your "Sceptred" Isle. You don't have much reason for stupid little remarks concernining Norway/Sweden, eh.

It's small wonder that as soon as any reasonably talented Bands/Artists make a few bob they piss off as soon as possible and take residence in NYC is it? Or that NME's becoming increasingly filled with sneering negative cynicism thinly disguised as witticism each week, the product of the society's sickness I guess.

As for you Gavin, what can one expect from one who's probably never been further than Brighton and the adventure of his life must be working in Carnaby Street.

An Ex-Patriot Londoner, Stockholm, Sweden.

You may be interested to know that Gavin hails from Northern Ireland, which is a little further away than Brighton. Funny you should mention lemmings, did you know that they don't

Illustration Shirley Barker

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actually commit suicide. Lemmings, in fact, are highly intelligent little animals who just happen to be a mite short sighted...(continued in *NME*'s sizeable new publication 'Andy Gill's Guide To Useless Information') — DW.

After reading your review of the Flux of Pink Indians record, I had to wonder how people like Don Watson get to write in your paper. He slags off a band that charge low prices for their records, low entrance fees at their gigs, and just because they want to be left alone and live a peaceful life they are called "wet lefties".

One thing they are not and never will be are lefties. You condemn them because they say any forms of violence are not acceptable but go on to say that it is "Mindless Violence that is wrong", do you mean that , if given a good enough reason violence is OK?

It's amazing you didn't slag them off about their views on animal liberation or for being vegetarians. These old hippies don't need wankers like you, so why don't you fuck off and listen to your shitty Newtown Neurotics records?

Anarchy and Peace, Woodford Green, Essex.

I didn't slag them off for charging low prices for their records and I most certainly did not mean 'lefty' as an insult — it was the 'wet' bit that was supposed to be pejorative, which I notice you haven't attempted to disclaim. If they want to be left alone, why do they record LPs informing everyone of their petty little world views?—DW.

I have been enjoined by various feckless boobies to dispatch an epistle to your organ containing remarks of a derisory nature concerning a collective of hibernian upstarts who call themselves U2. Ever since the sad defection of Monty Smith fo the *TV Times* your organ has been unable to unearth a "Cahier Cinema" of similar ilk. Were Monty still in the land of the living he would have pointed out that 'New Year's Day' bears more than a faint resemblance to the theme music Carpenter wrote for *Assault On Precinct 13*. As it is that shower of 1977 reprobates have escaped unscathed from the sort of criticism that The Jam received when they released 'Start'.

I hope this will redress the balance.

Wally Tompkins, Edinburgh.

I can't imagine Monty bothering to listen to U2 in the first place. But worry not feckless boobies, consider the balance redressed. — DW.

A letter purporting to come from myself was printed last week, the gist of which criticised Liverpool bands and in particular two promising new bands The Bamboo Fringe and the Icicle Works. Being the manager of The Bamboo Fringe I would like to make it clear that the letter was not written by me nor do I subscribe to its opinions.

The letter was obviously written by some scurrilous person in a further attempt to undermine The Bamboo Fringe. I am sure the Icicle Works will also feel annoyed at this because they too are a good band. We are trying hard to build up a reputation and secure a record publishing deal and this sort of publicity merely makes my task harder especially appearing in a paper which has given favourable reviews in the past.

Peter Lea (the original), Wallasey, Merseyside

A good piece on Tracey Thorn and Ben Watt, but anyone would think that gentle acoustic music was some radical new departure. Don't you hacks ever set foot inside a folk club?

Graham Larkbey, Balham

Oh yus! X Moore has been spotted many a time standing at the bar of the Rustic Peasant, acting like a regular old Narodnic, straw in hair, cider in hand and finger in ear listening to the vital pulse of such classics as 'Yo tiddle ho, round the maypole go (Hey Nonny Nonny)? — DW.

GRACE JONES gives some sisterly advice to New York TV person David Letterman on how to flip his wig. *Pic: Joe Stevens*

T-ZERS

AS DUSK drew its dark cloak over a stunned city, zootist hordes began to assemble in solemn silence at one end of Greek Street. Kipper ties hung at half mast and a hundred high-rise hairdos started to droop like wilting willows.

What was once unthinkable had now come to pass, leaving the trendies of London like sheep without a shepherd: the hedonistic oasis that they called Friday Night At Le Beat Route was to be no more.

Doorman **Ollie** and deejay **Steve Lewis** had finally called it a day and the effect on their many thousands of disciples was shattering.

"It's the mobile knives I feel sorry for," sobbed one young fop into his whiskey sour, recalling the dulcet lyrical tones of **Spandau**'s 'Chant' with poetic poignancy.

"It was always the place to shoot, like," echoed his pal.

"Yeah, we'd just go down, down past the Talk Of The Town, down Greek Street, then it was underground...I just can't believe that it's all over," spluttered another.

For these young hipsters and their ilk, it seems like the end of an era. Without the night that became the butt of a thousand 'cocktail set' jibes and spanned a generation of 'hard timers' in meticulously-torn jeans, their lives would be empty.

These so-called bastard-style sons of the 'new romantic' movement had already suffered one major body blow with the recent demise of their bible, *New Sounds New Styles* but the end of Friday nights as they knew them has left some almost suicidal.

And while the tributes flood in like crates of Pils and detractors like **Paul Weller, Ray Lowry** and **Gavin Martin** claim that they were only joking all along, protest groups have already started to form. A single, 'Don't Do It, Ollie' by **Zoot Strides And The 68 Carlsbergs** is selling like lightning on import in Groove Records while cocktail set guerillas are reported to be planning raids on 'positive punk' gigs while they wait for a new watering hole to open up.

But their efforts are unlikely to have much effect. A hedonistic hive of cultural upheaval has closed its drink-stained doors for the last time. A one-minute silence please for Friday Night At Le Beat Route (January 1982-February 1983). No flowers by request. Hic...

NOW THAT Sheffield post-industrialists **Cabaret Voltaire** have severed all ties with Rough Trade, no less than five major companies are vying for their new LP. Currently in great demand, disco-wise, via their vengeful **Arthur Baker** re-mix of 'Yushar', the few tracks heard by the Three Dots put the vaunted Voltaire "accesibility" beyond all doubt; they *are* inaccessible...

Sly Stone arrested last week in Arizona and later released on bail having being charged with possessing a sawn-off shotgun and cocaine. I want to take you higher?...

Suave **Richard Strange** meets his match — and who else should it be but another version of himself — when he plays rival poker players in a new film short called *Duet*. Cleverly animated from a set of stills taken by one time *NME* contributor **David Corio,** the film features no dialogue as such; the only noise comes from bland **Blancmange**'s soundtrack...

Liverpool's burning! Not content with running away with the League title, news reaches us that the exhibition of pics by *NME* contributing photographer **John Stoddart** (who he?), due to open at Liverpool's Open Eye gallery last Saturday, is off (side). Why? The gallery was petrol bombed twice in one night destroying almost all of the pics on show...

A Moral Tale of the times: **Kevin Turvey** and The Bastard Squad, AKA **The Young Ones,** arrived at Sheffield Poly last week for the start of their mammoth English tour only to find out that the bozo students there had booked them for the wrong date. After failing to drag in a disinterested passer by for an exclusive preview, the Youngsters demonstrated their Mammoth Social consciences by extracting a fat fee before splitting...

Still up in Sheffield, concerned social workers **The Au Pairs** have agreed to make their services available for a mere pittance by headlining a benefit at Sheffield's Leadmill this Thursday (tonight). The gig, a launching pad for a new musical co-operative called **Manifesto,** also features an early recital by that formidable Thespian actor **Richard Jobson.** Jobbo's services are costing close to a yankee dollar which given the current exchange rate makes him about twice what he's worth...

On the horizon the Three Dots spy an upcoming **Nick Heyward** single called 'Whistle Down The Wind' (possibly the wet **Hayley Mills** movie theme?), co-produced by the ex-**Haircut** himself with **Geoff Emerick,** and a new **Junior** single entitled 'Communication Breakdown'. The Streatham Soul Wonder was recently in Las Vegas to receive a *Billboard* award for best newcomer from none other than the Godfather **James Brown**...

BOY GEORGE, holding strong with a number four single in the States, is currently wooing the American public at large by admitting in interviews, "I also like **The Eagles.** I respect talent. Music is the international language of the world." We say white boy, him speak with forked tongue...

Bad News for **The Clash** in our now permanent *King Of Comedy T-Zer*. Consoling ourselves from the loss of Le Beat Route, **The Beat's** departure from Arista, Tottenham's disappointing season, and the death of **Gary Crowley's** Tuesday Club radio show, we nipped over to see the new **De Niro** flick at its premiere in the Big Apple. And guess what? El Clash have been clipped from the cut we saw. **Joe Strummer**'s girlfriend and **Kosmo Vinyl** are in, but out go **Strummer** and **Jones.** Stranger still are the credits at the end which list **Ellen Foley, Pearl Harbour, The Clash** etc, without any of them making an appearance...

Back at the Grammy awards in Hollywood, the fabulous **Grace Jones** and **Rick** 'Bad Boy' **James** did some of the presenting before **Joan Baez,** in a grand finale, led the whole crew into a stunning rendition of 'Blowin' In The Wind'. The Three Dots reached for the Kleenex and were soon sobbing uncontrollably into their pina coladas...

Apart from telling us that **Yazoo's** lead singer is a black girl called **Moyet,** the erudite *NY Times* carried the following quote from one **Michael Philip Jagger.** "People have quoted me as saying I don't want to be singing 'Satisfaction' when I'm 40," drawled out the World's Most Boring Rock Star. "What it means is that I don't want to be doing the same thing with no other interests for the rest of my life.

"I wouldn't mind singing old **Rolling Stones** songs when I'm 45, but I don't want to do it 365 days a year..." To which we can only reply, amen...

Whilst **Grace Slick** gets herself a positive new spikey hair do to jump on the 'positive punk' bandwagon, **Chic** are currently suing Motown for 93,000 dollars over their work on **Diana Ross**'s 'Diana' album. These are the good times, eh?...

Filthy rich rock star **Ringo Starr** has just had a £500 grant application for his 79 acre home turned down by the local council. Said a council spokesman, "We felt that with only £7,500 at our disposal for the whole area, priority should be given to buildings which the public could see or enjoy. This is not the case with Ringo's home." Enough said...

Hold on to your safety pins! Will **The Birthday Party** play at London's Son Of Batcave club on Wednesday (That's yesterday if you're stuck out in the suburbs) or won't they? The Cave say they will, friends say they won't and The Three Dots couldn't care less...

Erstwhile skiddlyboppers **The Chevalier Brothers** have sacked their tea-chest bass skiffler **Lloyd.**

A cappuccino froth blower is now being sought as a replacement...

Sick Joke Dept or when will these people ever grow up? **Marc And The Mambas** are currently in Israel, Marc's chest emblazoned with a skull cum **Hitler** T-shirt. That's really hilarious...

In Kidnap Riddle, A Pop Star! According to his girlfriend, **Carolyn Williams, Beach Boy** mastermind **Brian Wilson** has been kidnapped by his record company and held in a psychiatric ward in Hawaii. "He said he had been forced to go to Hawaii and begged me to try and help get him home." **McGarret** and the Five-O squad are currently on stand by...

Bitchy gossip from the Grammys. Overheard quotes included "that **Laura Branigan,** when her agent promised to make her the toast of the town she didn't know the town was Tijuana."...

Whatever next? **Peter Powell** at a **Southern Death Cult** gig. **John McVicar** at the Palace ("just casing the joint like") and old **Stevo** in a near fisticuffs situation with **Jimmy Vaughan** of **The Fabulous Thunderbirds...**

Hey Elastica! are currently working on thir first LP for Virgin, a nearly non-going situation when the bass player and drummer split the scene a few weeks before...

AFRIKA BAMBAATAA held his annual Cultural Freebie Jam in honour of Black History Month at the Bronx River Community Centre last Thursday. Those who joined him looking for the perfect beat were **Cool Herc** (widely acknowledged as the first scratch DJ) **Phase One, Busy Bee, Ikey C., Fab Five Freddy, Tommy** 'Boy' **Silverman** and a whole host of others the Three Dots have never heard of before...

Baker, the **Arthur** variety, makes his third *T-zer* appearance this week with the news that he's just produced the new **Freeez** elpee and is now working with **New Order...**

Neil Young recording a country album after his foray into electronics on the recent 'Trans' album...

Lady Di thrilled by the news that her hubby's Boston funk band, **Prince Charles And The City Street Band** have their first two albums released in vinyl form in Blighty courtesy of Greyhound records and Virgin...

Whilst in transit between New York and Europe, **Lydia Lunch** called in on **The Birthday Party** in Brighton, greeting their complaints of ill health with the plum remark: "sickness becomes our kind". So it does. She will be returning to New York next week to deliver a few readings, sorry, storytellings for friend and foe alike. "I don't discriminate..."

Earth Wind And Fire to produce **Level 42** and New York's hottest tootsie **Madonna** as a solo chanteuse for Sire who have also just signed **The Belle Stars** in the U.S. of A...

David Bowie's new LP said to contain covers of **Iggy's** 'China Girl' as well as a new version of **Paul Schrader**'s *Cat People* theme 'Putting Out Fire.' Other originals entitled 'Modern Love' and 'Ricochet'. . .

Patrons at New York's Lone Star cafe, there to view a gig from **Rick Danko** and **Levon Helm,** were stunned by an appearance from none other than upcoming whizz kid **Bob Dylan.** According to our informant, who was blind drunk at the time, he joined the ex-**Band** duo for "some old folk song"...

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OUT OF LONDON SHOPS BIRMINGHAM 74 Bull Street · BRIGHTON 5 Queens Road · BRISTOL 12/14 Merchant Street · CARDIFF 6/7 Duke Street · CROYDON 46 North End · DURHAM Unit 9, Milburn Gate Centre, North Road · EDINBURGH 131 Princes Street · GLASGOW 28/32 Union Street · LEEDS 145 The Briggate · LIVERPOOL Units 4 & 7 Central Shopping Centre, Ranelagh Street · MANCHESTER Unit BB, Arndale Centre, Market Street · MILTON KEYNES 59 Silbury Arcade, Secklow Gate West · NEWCASTLE 10/14 High Friars, Eldon Square · PETERBOROUGH 34 Queensgate Centre · PLYMOUTH 105 Armada Way · PORTSMOUTH Units 69-73 The Tricorn, Charlotte Street · SHEFFIELD 35 High Street · SOUTHAMPTON 16 Bargate Street · **LONDON SHOPS** 9 Marble Arch · 150-154 Oxford Street · MEGASTORE 14-16 Oxford Street · **ALSO AT AMES RECORDS AND TAPES** ACCRINGTON 25A Broadway · ALTRINCHAM 91A George Street · BLACKBURN 19 Market Way · BURNLEY Balcony, Market Square · CHESTER 52 Northgate Street · ECCLES 74 Church Street · NELSON Marsden Mall Arndale Centre · PRESTON 12 Fishergate Walk · RAWTENSTALL 27 Bank Street · ST. HELENS 8 Palatine Arcade · STOCKPORT 20 Deanery Way · WARRINGTON 2 Dolmans Lane, Market Square